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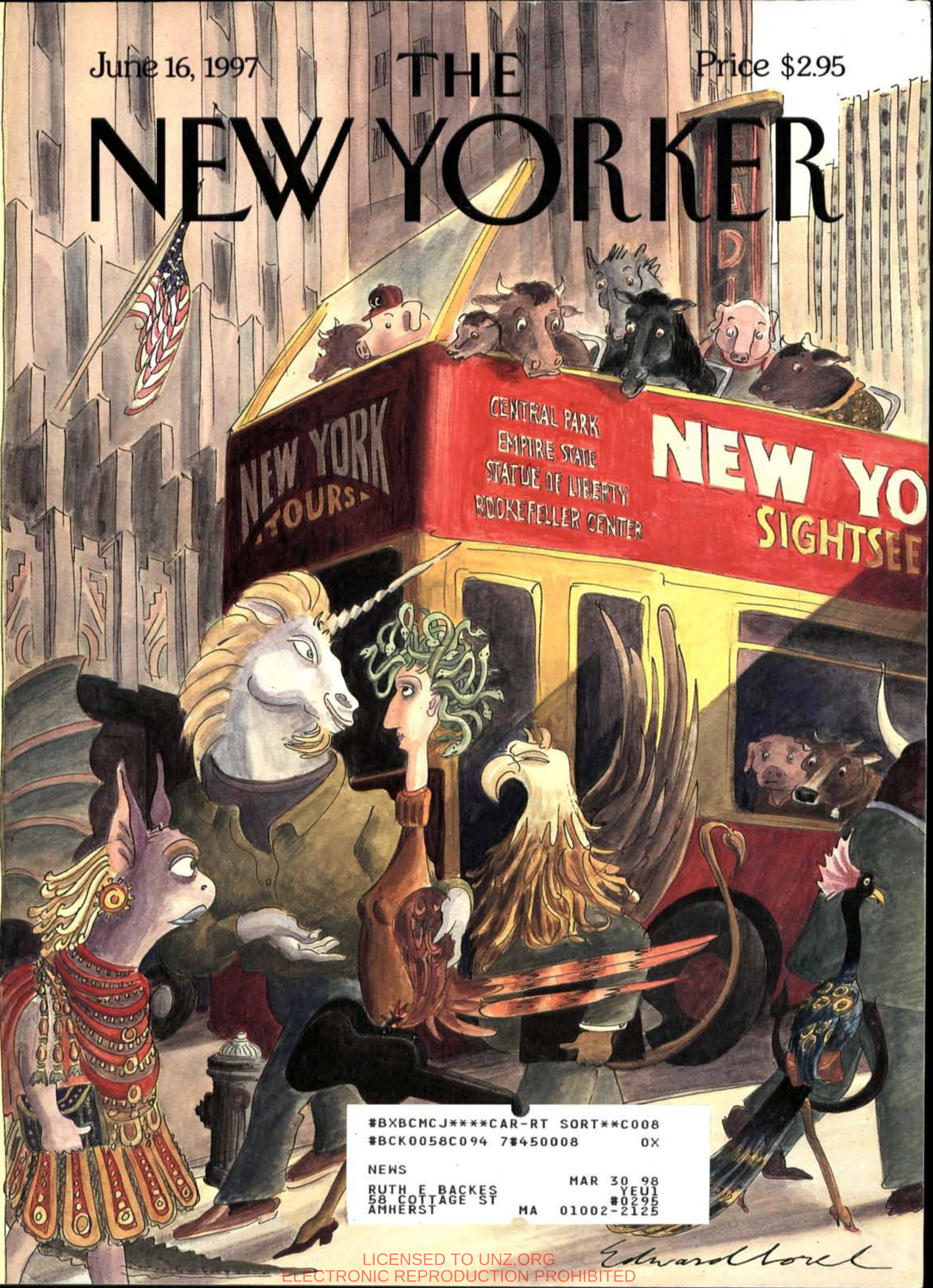

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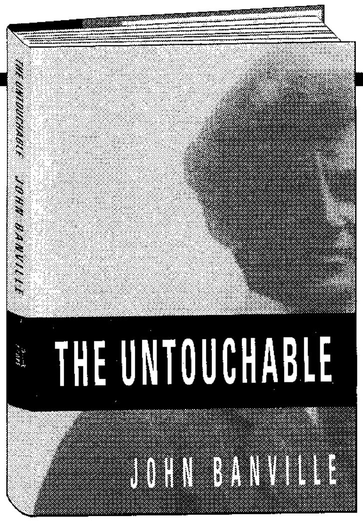

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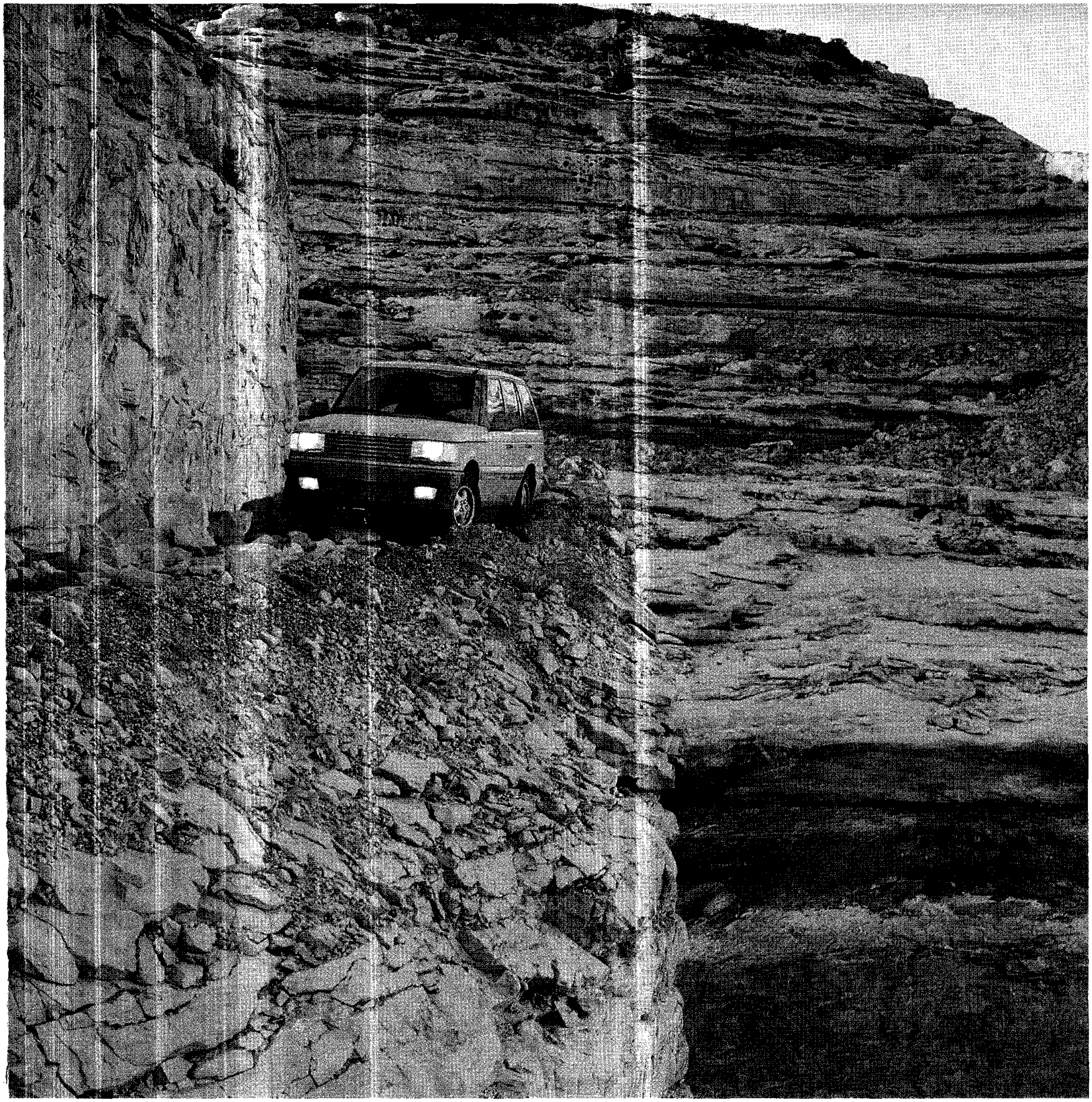
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: the last week of February and the first week of March, the last week of April and the first week of May, the last two weeks of June, the last week of August and the first week of September, the last two weeks of October, and the last two weeks of December) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXIII, No. 16, June 16, 1997. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $39.95; two years, $72.00. In Canada, one year, $83.00 (includes GST and HST where applicable). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, $91.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80328-6447. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



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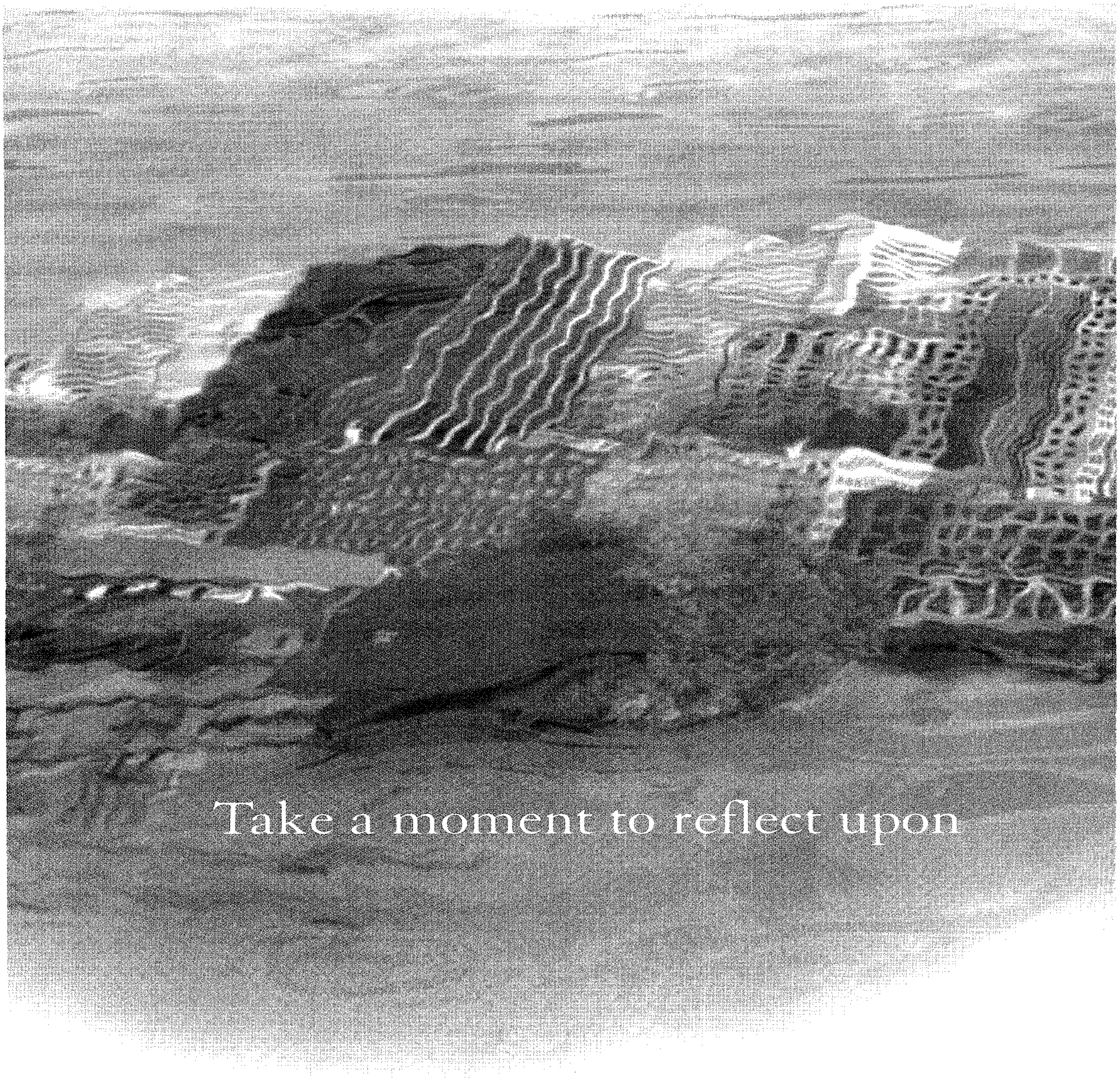
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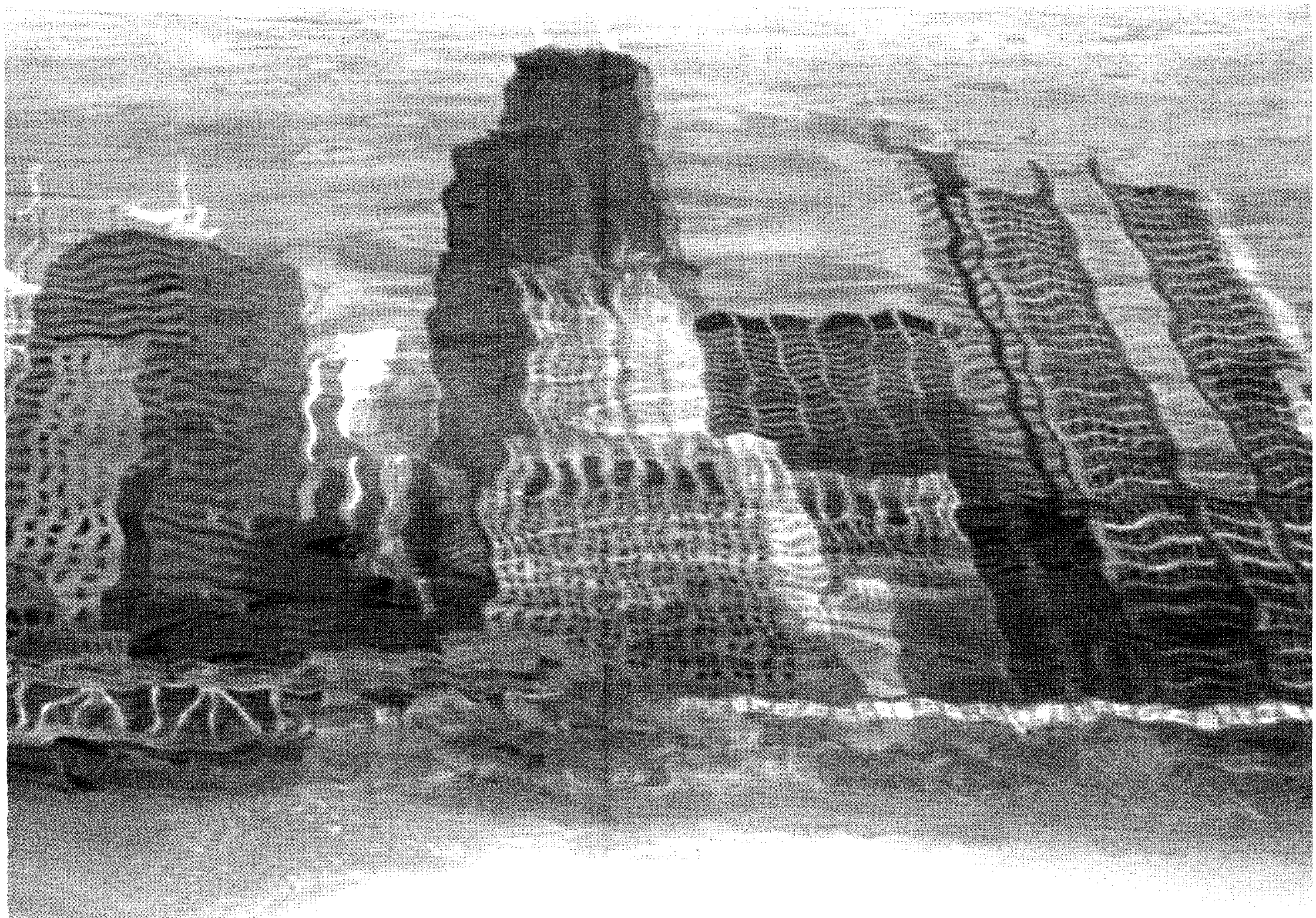

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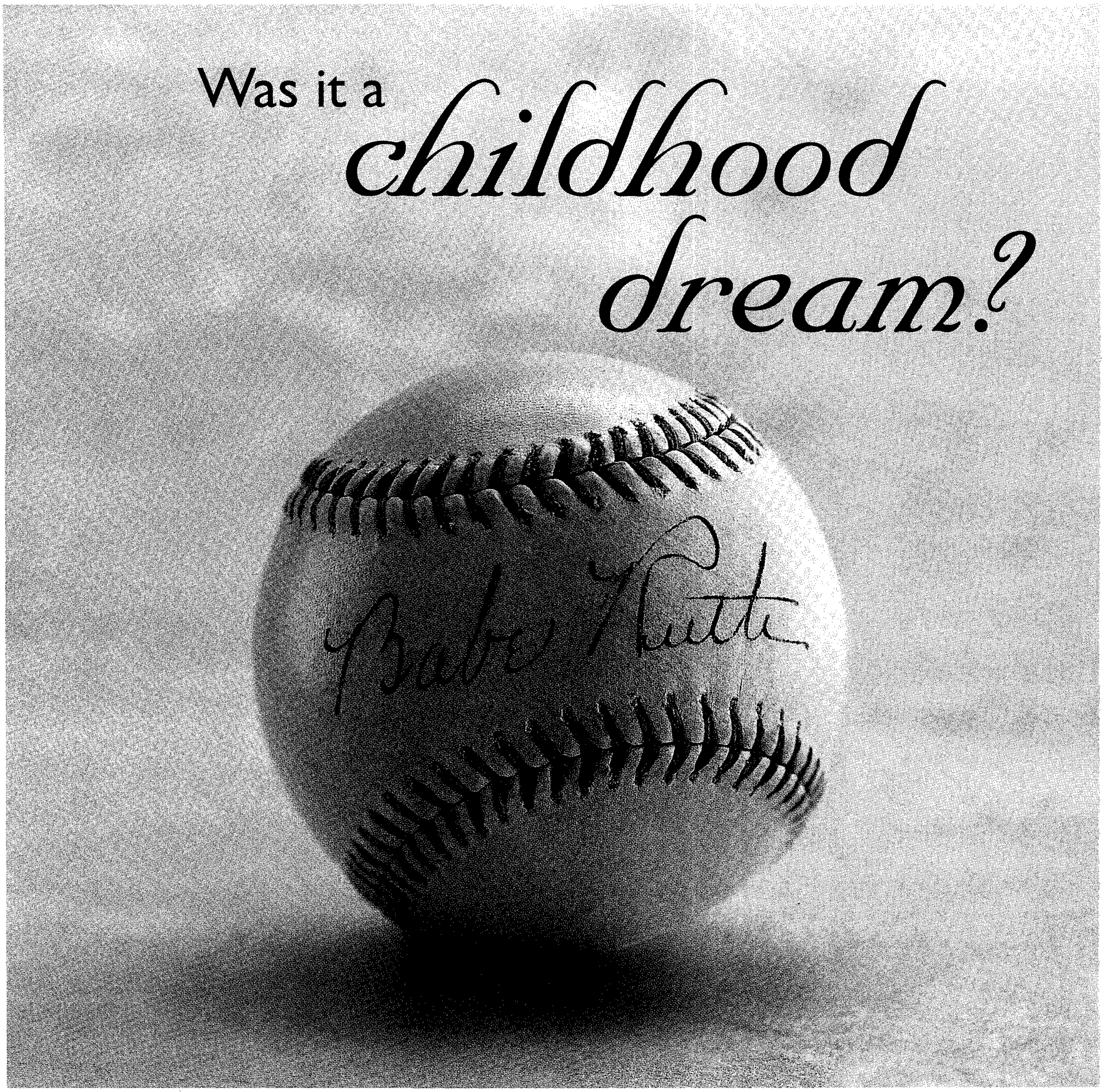
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COMMENT

ANIMATION NATION

The Toons take over.

ARE you by any chance hoping that the millennium will usher in some sort of cleansing cultural flood tide—a next big thing that's not just a half-ironic recycling of a previous big thing, like miniskirts or Corinthian columns? Well, it may have happened already. The new era, which is about to ripen into its golden age, was born eight and a half years ago. It was then, over a brief period in 1988 and 1989, that "Who Framed Roger Rabbit?" posited a world cohabited by human beings and cartoon characters, "The Little Mermaid" inaugurated a new Disney animation hegemony, and—the key event—"The Simpsons" went on the air.

What will be the big musical of 1997? "Hercules," the Disney cartoon that opens in New York this weekend. What is the only successful new television series of the year so far? "King of the Hill," a cartoon. What is the only genre of TV program to which Steven Spielberg attaches his name? Cartoon shows—four of them, including "Freakazoid" and "Pinky and the Brain." Which is the most successful new cable channel? The Cartoon Network. What cable network is insanely profitable? Nickelodeon, thanks partly to its cartoon shows "Ren & Stimpy" and "Rugrats." Who are the most deeply resonant, compellingly humane people on the tube? Cartoon characters.

There are now entire genres and character types that audiences will wholeheartedly embrace only in cartoon form. The live-action movie musical has been a fading form since the time of "Mary Poppins," but put old-fashioned tunes and drippy sentiment in the mouths of animated lions and princesses and toy cowboys, and audiences will buy them (plus all licensed gewgaws). Even small children aren't innocent enough nowadays to put up with actual human beings who profess love, perform heroic deeds, and then break into song about it. But animated characters can still plausibly portray purity and nobility. Cartoons—and, pretty much, only cartoons—allow us our corn.

Satire, too, has been rather suddenly yet thoroughly colonized by the cartoons. There's "Duckman" (USA Network), "Dr. Katz, Professional Therapist" (Comedy Central), and "Beavis and Butt-head" and "Daria" (MTV). Not only is "The Simpsons" smarter, sharper, and more allusive than any

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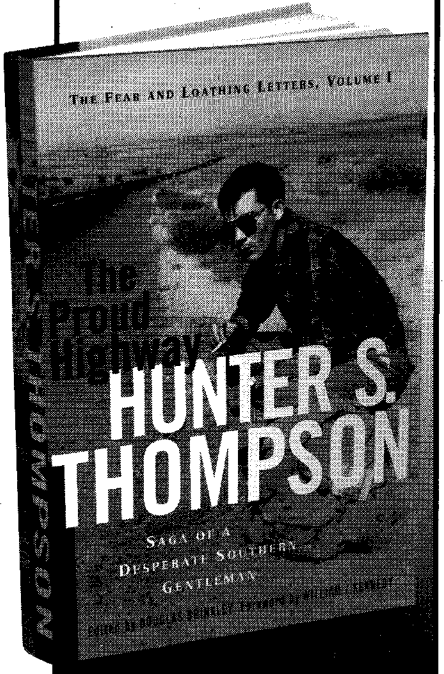
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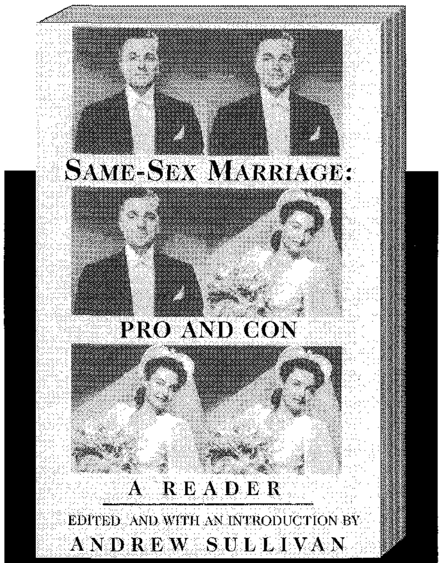

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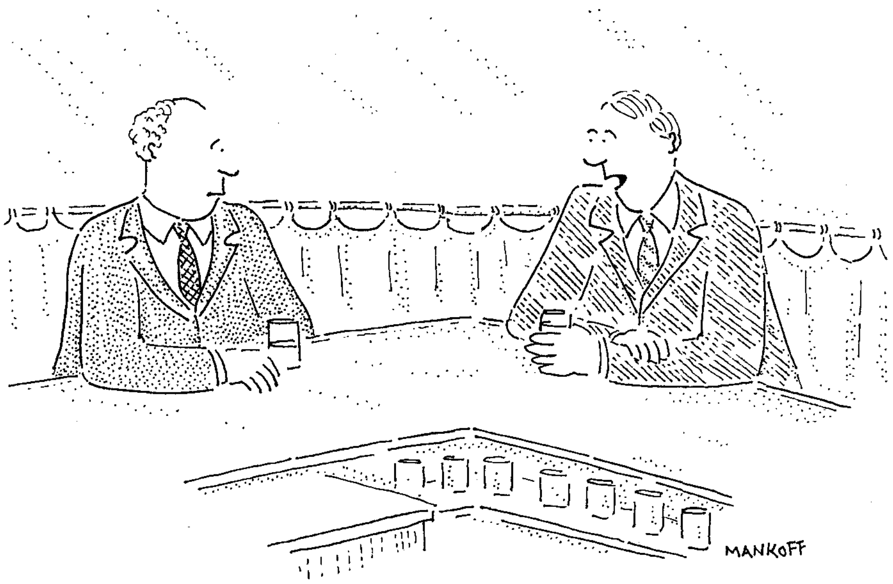


"I think he should cut a deal and invite Paula Jones to join NATO."

• •

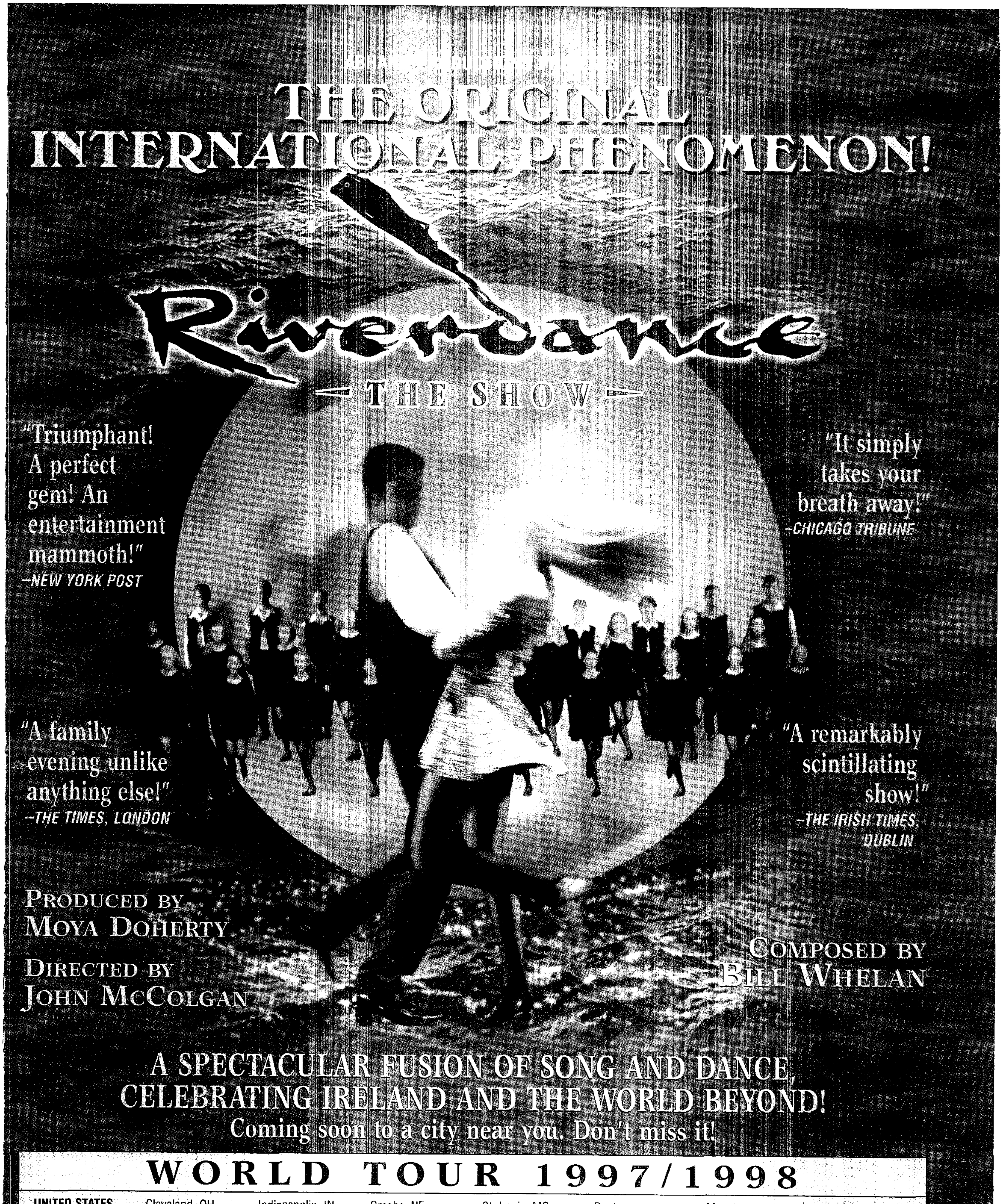
other show on television; it's also TV's oasis of commedia dell'arte (a flesh-and-blood Homer Simpson would be bathetically repellent), and of believable warmth as well.

If cartoons on TV have become the form in which we permit ourselves to enjoy poignancy and sass and human weirdness, in movies the distinction between cartoons and live action is blurry, on the way to moot. Digitally animated special effects transmute reality into cartoons and cartoons into reality. In Spielberg's new megahit, "The Lost World: Jurassic Park," the animated dinosaurs seem in every way more genuine and less mechanical than the people. In "The Fifth Element," Bruce Willis zooms through a real-looking twenty-third-century New York designed by the legendary French cartoonist Jean (Moebius) Giraud. The fourth in the current series of Batman movies will open against "Hercules" next week. A live-action "George of the Jungle" is to come out next month; two different "Casper" movies are on the way; and Philip Kaufman, who made "The Unbearable Lightness of Being," is developing a movie about the Marvel Comics character Sub-Mariner.

It cannot be coincidental that millions of people now achieve their most intimate and satisfying human connections electronically, by going on-line behind cartoony noms de net and exchanging pixels with other, uh, characters. Flirting with someone in an Internet chat room, making love to Jessica Rabbit—what's the difference? The plot of "Roger Rabbit," remember, concerned a development scheme by a money-mad evil genius to destroy the cartoon characters and their funky L.A. quarter, and replace them with human beings: justice triumphs, Toontown survives. We are now living in a sequel, "Toontown Strikes Back," in which the animated creatures (thanks to certain money-mad L.A. geniuses) have left their old ghetto and moved en masse into our human neighborhoods.

Welcome, Toons! A recent "Simpsons" episode lampooned, with perfect contempt, various live-action TV genres. Its parody of a sitcom included, of course, plenty of robotically hysterical canned laughter. It was a joke that only an animated show could do perfectly, and it highlighted another virtue of "The Simpsons": almost alone among TV comedies, it doesn't have a laugh track. "King of the Hill," which follows it on Sunday nights, doesn't have one, either. If we find these shows funny, we have the luxury of grinning or chuckling or guffawing without electronic encouragement—by ourselves, at home, in real life. Thanks to cartoons, we can respond like human beings.

—KURT ANDERSEN



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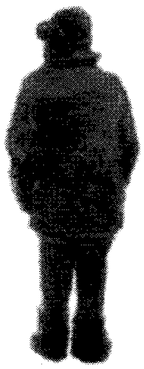

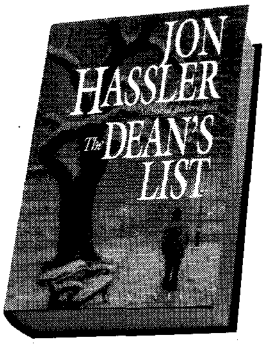

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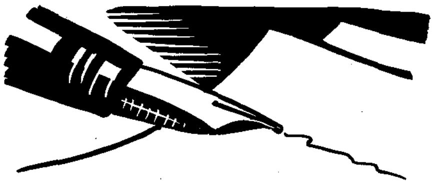

THE RIGHT WAY

Jane Mayer is shocked—shocked—to find that Henry Regnery is a publisher with a political agenda ("Solid-Gold Dish," May 26th). The article comes at the very moment when the San Jose *Mercury News* is obliged to back away from its charge that the C.I.A. introduced crack cocaine to the slums of Los Angeles, and follows at some distance the discrediting of the anti-Reagan "October surprise" conspiracy theory, which was pursued with more passion than logic by PBS and ABC. Since Regnery's agenda is tilted toward the right, his books are attacked rather than simply being labelled "feisty" or "irreverent," but the ironic timing of this article makes it clear that Regnery needs no lectures from the functionaries of the "mainstream" press.

Mark Richard
Worthington, Ohio

LUCE CANNONS?

Gore Vidal's description of the relationship between the Luces (Books, May 26th) lends credence to something Henry Luce told me, and which I recently included in my memoirs. About 1954, at a dinner for some visiting NATO dignitary, I was seated next to Henry Luce. As we talked, he said, "I once made a trip with Clare to interview Hitler. He was then at the peak of his power, before the war. On the plane to Berlin, talking about him, Clare and I agreed that about all that could stop him now would be an assassination. Clare looked hard at me and said, 'You must do it.' "

As Luce told me this, in his staccato, abrupt way, his forehead began to sweat. He went on, "I said to her, 'You must be crazy.' 'No,' she said, 'I see it clearly. It is your duty. You have accomplished everything else you wanted to do in this world. Now you have a chance to do something for humanity no one else can do. You are well known, going to give him an interview. His people will want to make a favorable impression. They will not search you.'

"When I said I wouldn't know how to get a gun," Luce continued, "she said she thought the Marines at the Embassy could give me one. Finally, I talked her out of it, but she gave me a real scare." By then, Luce was sweating profusely. Just at that point, the speaker was introduced, so I was spared making a reply.

Amory Bradford
Edisto Beach, S.C.

COMPOUNDING THEIR SINS

In her examination of Switzerland's efforts to confront its past ("Manna from Hell," April 28th & May 5th) Jane Kramer quotes a Swiss banker, Hans Baer, as taking issue with an article of mine that appeared in the *Wall Street Journal* in 1995. In fact, the *Journal* accurately reported what was known at the time. The article was about the stonewalling tactics of Swiss banks when confronted with historical claims. One example was the Blum family's search for their late parents' account at the Bank Julius Baer and the bank's curt, misleading response: that they could provide no information to the family.

After my article was published, the Bank Julius Baer did an about-face, as Kramer noted, and as the *Journal* reported in a follow-up article three weeks after the original article was published. The bank acknowledged having possessed information about the Blum account all the time. Neither Hans Baer nor the bank's lawyer had a convincing explanation of why the bank hadn't simply given this information to the Blums in the first place. The Bank Julius Baer's behavior raised some of the serious legal and ethical questions that, as Kramer recounts, have since come to be asked about Switzerland as a whole.

Peter Gumbel
The Wall Street Journal
Los Angeles, Calif.

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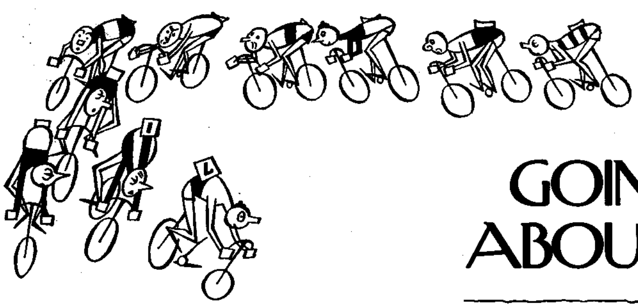

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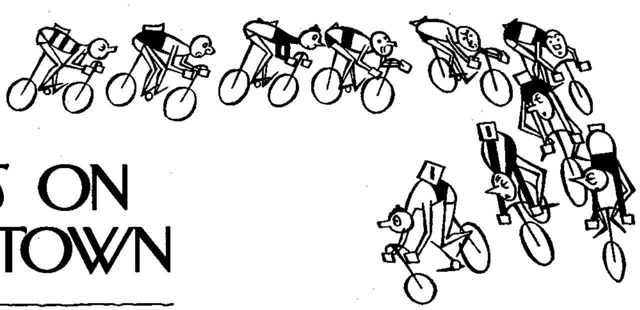

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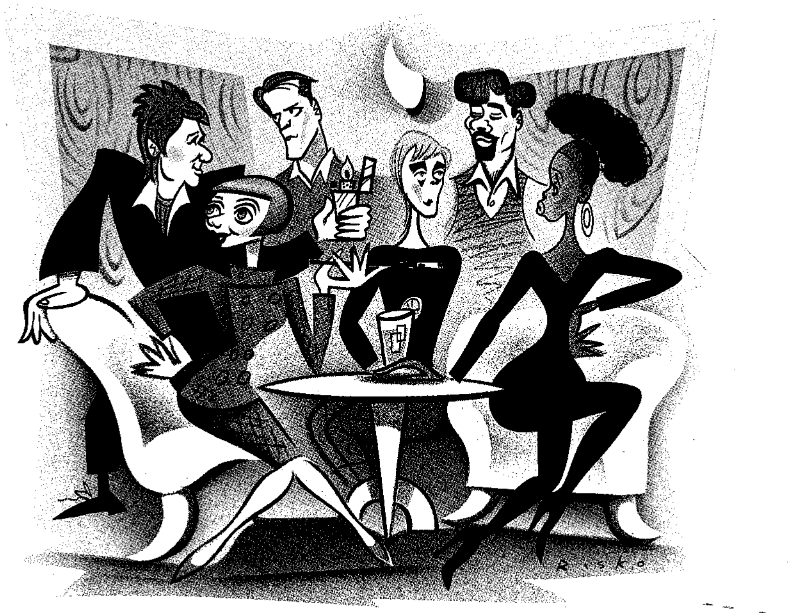
As Bees in Honey Drown—Mark Brokaw directs a comedy by Douglas Carter Beane, about a Manhattan socialite who hires a novelist to write a movie treatment based on her fabulous life story. A Drama Dept. production. In previews. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 629-4656.)

Counting the Ways and **Springtime**—A pair of one-acts presented by the Other Theatre, the first written by Edward Albee and directed by Joseph Chaikin, the second written and directed by Maria Irene Fornes. Opens June 12 at 8. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 332-0636.)

A Flower of Water—A prostitute living in Edo-period Tokyo resigns herself to suicide, only to be reincarnated as a prostitute in the present, in a drama by Yuko Hamada and Yukihiro Saji. In previews through June 14. Opens June 15 at 4. (Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 262-0234.)



Douglas Carter Beane's "As Bees in Honey Drown."

ROBERT RISKO

Forever Tango—Fourteen dancers join a singer and an onstage orchestra for an evening of Argentinean music and dance, created and directed by Luis Bravo. Previews begin June 16. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Homework—Kim Coles stars in a one-woman show, which she co-wrote with Charles Randolph-Wright, chronicling the lifelong friendship of three women from Brooklyn. Preview on June 11. Opens June 12 at 8. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

Jest a Second!—James Sherman's new sequel to his 1991 Jewish-family comedy, "Beau Jest," in a Jewish Repertory Theatre production. In previews through the June 15 matinée. Opens that evening at 7. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

My Night with Reg—The New Group wraps up its season with British playwright Kevin Elyot's 1995 comedy about a group of six gay friends. Maxwell Caulfield is in the cast; Jack Hofsiss is the director. Preview on June 11. Opens June 12 at 8 and continues through June 29. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Queens Blvd.—A comedy by Paul Corrigan, in which two roommates take in a third whom they've found through the personals. In previews. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 239-6200.)

Seeking the Genesis—A drama by Kia Corthron, about a single mother trying to raise two sons in an inner-city housing project. In previews through June 15. Opens June 17 at 7:30. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Something Blue—A wedding comedy, written and performed by Michaela Murphy and directed by Tim Blake Nelson. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Tell-Tale—Theatre Couture puts a drag spin on Edgar Allan Poe, in a comic thriller starring Sherry Vine and Jackie Beat and featuring puppetry by Basil Twist. Preview on June 12. Opens June 13 at 8:30. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

You Don't Miss the Water—The poet and first-time playwright Cornelius Eady and the cellist and composer Diedre L. Murray have teamed up on a musical about a young black poet coping with his troublesome family. Directed by Evan Yionoulis. In previews. (Vineyard's 26th St. Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 353-3874.)

OPENED RECENTLY

All My Sons—A strong production of Arthur Miller's wrenching 1947 drama, about the cost of maintaining the sacred illusions of American life. Both John Cullum and Linda Stephens, as the heads of a Midwestern family, are good as "normal" people who appear to have nothing to hide; Michael Hayden is convincing as their tormented son; and Angie Phillips gives a solid and disciplined performance as his girlfriend. Barry Edelstein directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/2/97.) (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes June 29.)

An American Daughter—A doctor undergoing confirmation hearings for the post of Surgeon General gets run through the wringer by the media, in Wendy Wasserstein's latest, a moving, compelling drama that resonates well beyond the feminist arena. Daniel Sullivan is the director. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Annie—Can the powerhouse waif find another bonanza in this twentieth-anniversary revival of her Broadway musical? With eight-year-old Brittny Kissinger wearing the red fright wig, anything is possible: no one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the New York public. Directed by Martin Charnin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Baby Anger—In Peter Hedges' new comedy, Kristen Johnston and John Pankow portray a couple whose crummy childhoods have made them anti-procreation, until a diaphragm fails them; once their child arrives, they try to use his telegenic looks to buy themselves happier lives, without regard to how it all affects him. Hedges (author of "What's Eating Gilbert Grape?") seems to have written a those-who-cannot-remember-the-past-are-condemned-to-repeat-it cautionary tale, but in spite of an excellent production, fine acting (Robert Ari and Linda Emond are especially good in several supporting roles), and Michael Mayer's crisp yet sensitive direction, it doesn't quite work. The quick-vignette script, although smart and funny, is disjointed and fuzzy, and, by the time you get around to wondering where the show is going, it's over. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes June 22.)

Barrymore—Christopher Plummer's rich, unmiked voice hits every note of sarcasm and self-loathing in William Luce's rambunctious script as he perfectly captures the grief behind the old ham's gallant frivolity. Well directed by Gene Saks. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—In this silly farce, a sexy gambler on the skids (Joseph Bologna) returns the zing to the lives of two elderly women, a Jew (Renée Taylor) and a Catholic (Nanette Fabray), whose sullen daughters have put them out to pasture in a Las Vegas retirement home. Bologna and Taylor's script traffics in the kind of cookie-cutter stereotypes that rate high on the matinée-crowd yuk-o-meter. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Boy x Man—Ed Bullins's semiautobiographical play is an appropriate choice to open the Negro Ensemble Company's thirtieth season: through one family's history, it outlines some of the philosophies and social stresses

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that created the atmosphere in which the company was founded. The play has some lengthy stretches of exposition, but it's funny and instructive once it settles into the tale of Brenda, a self-described "new Negro woman" of the thirties, and Will, a family man whose pride rests on working constantly rather than on changing the world; Johnny Kitt's moving performance as Will gives the play heart. Directed by Clinton Turner Davis. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Closes June 15.)

Candide—Spectacle substitutes for satire in this revival and revision of the 1956 Leonard Bernstein–Lillian Hellman–Richard Wilbur musical, directed by Hal Prince. Ultimately, the production drowns out all personality, with the exceptions of the expert Andrea Martin, who knows a laugh and how to get it, and Arte Johnson, a little comic who is large on charm. Also with Jim Dale, Jason Danieley, and Harolyn Blackwell. (5/19/97) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

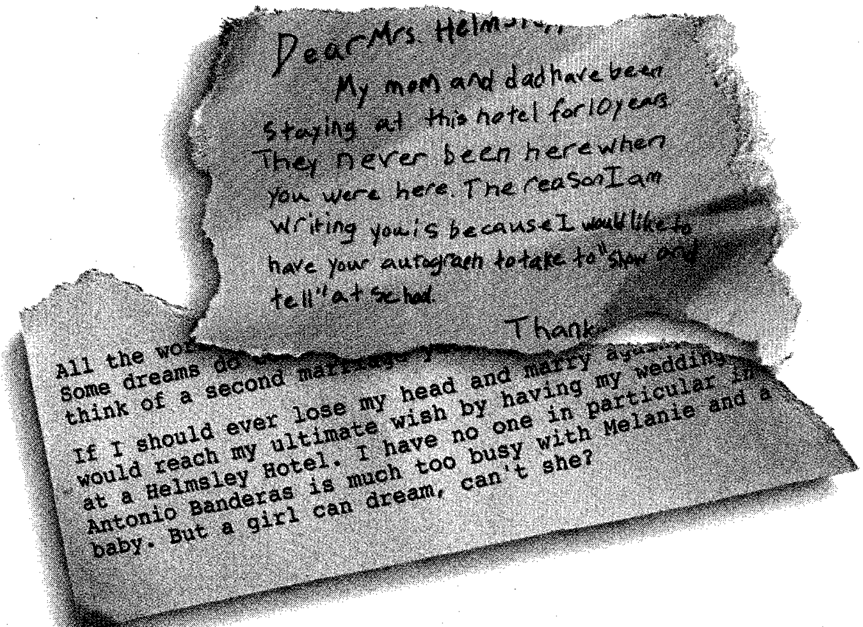
Capitol Steps—A political revue performed by a troupe of former Congressional staff members. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. Closes June 29.)

Chicas 2000—In her latest camp comedy, about love in the age of genetic remodelling, Carmelita Tropicana finds herself in the slammer for murdering a man who illegally cloned her buttocks cells. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088. Closes June 21.)

Clean—Edwin Sanchez's latest drama about love in a world of violence. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies takes on the subject of literary betrayal in his new play, which stars Maria Tucci as a distinguished short-story writer and Debra Messing as a graduate student who absorbs her professor's lessons all too well. The pair are well directed by Lisa Peterson, and Tucci, whose character is a cross between Professor Kingsfield and Margo Channing, is especially good at expressing the various degrees of heartache that inevitably come to all mentors. (6/2/97) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

WHEN IT COMES TO YOU-KNOW-WHO, PEOPLE WILL TALK. THEY'LL ALSO WRITE.



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A Doll's House—A thrilling version of Ibsen's play, imported from the West End. Anthony Page's scrupulous, sensitive direction catches all the music and irony in the collusion between Nora (masterfully played by Janet McTeer) and her husband, Torvald (the passionate Owen Teale). (4/14/97) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Dream—A train wreck of a tribute to the great lyricist Johnny Mercer, in which only the singer Margaret Whiting and the singing jazz guitarist John Pizzarelli get out alive. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

A Drop in the Bucket—Two widows do Atlantic City, in a dark comedy by Edward Belling. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes June 15.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—The final series in this year's six-week marathon of one-acts continues through June 15 with plays by Frank D. Gilroy, Craig Lucas, John Ford Noonan, and Vicki Mooney. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405.)

Fairy Tales—A revue about gay life, by Eric Lane Barnes. Directed by Mark Cannistraro. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

The Gin Game—Julie Harris and Charles Durning shine in the National Actors Theatre's funny, poignant revival of D. L. Coburn's 1977 play, about two elderly people who discover an antidote to their loneliness in a card game. Charles Nelson Reilly directed. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—Writer-director Moisés Kaufman treads the well-worn ground of Wilde's martyrdom to Victorian intolerance in an intriguing and ultimately moving new way: he renders the playwright's trials from edited transcripts, interposing letters from some of the principals, passages from Wilde's published writings, and assorted bits and pieces of other people's memoirs and commentaries. The result, thanks to Kaufman's clever (if occasionally self-indulgent) direction and a strong, versatile cast, is surprisingly theatrical. This story is so resonant as a modern morality play that sometimes it can seem as though there's nothing personal left in it; with the aid of Michael Emerson's paradoxically powerful portrayal of Wilde's increasing fragility, this production makes it once again the story of one man's tragedy. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's memory play, about a young woman (Mary-Louise Parker) who comes of age too quickly under the tutelage of her pedophile uncle (David Morse), is a clear-eyed marvel. (Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

Jekyll & Hyde—Enjoyable bombast, loosely based on the Robert Louis Stevenson novel, with music by Frank Wildhorn and lyrics and a book by Leslie Bricusse. While there is much here to laugh at, the show exerts an undeniable pull, aided by the solid direction of Robin Phillips and the lovely voices of Linda Eder and Christiane Noll. (5/12/97) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—In this romantic comedy of manners, set in Atlanta in 1939, Alfred Uhry stays true to a Southern sense of propriety: he takes on an unsavory topic (anti-Semitism among the Jewish upper crust) without dwelling on it long enough to offend anyone, and, like a practiced host, he shows you a good time without taxing you. Ron Lagomarsino directed. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

The Life—This new musical about the oldest profession in Times Square before it became known as the new Times Square (surely you remember all those singing hookers you used to pass on your way to the theatre) and the men who profit from its practitioners is a cynical, poisonous concoction, featuring phony funk, fake blues, overcooked pop, and a cartoonish, insulting book. The game cast includes some good singers, notably Lillias White and Pamela Isaacs. (5/12/97) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

The Little Foxes—In Lillian Hellman's cunning dissection of greed and sexual politics, set in the New South in 1900, the Machiavellian Regina Hubbard shakes down her brothers, who are on the brink of a new business venture, for a larger piece of the family pie. Stockard Channing's Regina is a steely, intelligent woman, ravished both by money and by the momentum of the new industrial age. While the rest of the casting in Jack O'Brien's production is uneven, the lineaments of the exciting chicanery and the fierce feminism underneath it come through. (5/19/97) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes June 15.)

London Assurance—As a vain, preening dandy, Brian Bedford serves up so much ham in this production of Dion L. Boucicault's 1841 mistaken-identity farce that you're ready to push the plate away and leave the table long before the meal has ended. The play has been ballyhooed as foreshadowing Wilde, but it's at least twice as annoying as it is witty. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes June 29.)

Men on the Verge of a His-Panic Breakdown—Felix A. Pire, who has such fine stage presence that he makes even the costume and set changes interesting, brings a wacky improvisational spirit to his portrayal of six gay Latino immigrants, in a one-man show penned by Guillermo Reyes. Some of the characters seem to be hanging onto their American existence by a thread, but, make no mistake, *gringito*, these are tough, tenacious men: as Federico, a lovable recent arrival from Central America, says, "I'm here to stay. Get used to it." Joseph Megel directed. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 265-1086.)

Mere Mortals and Others—Six short plays by David Ives, who created the wonderful "All in the Timing." Only two are new, but they are Ives at his clever best. "Time Flies" is about the short life of two mayflies—only one day to grow up and get it on before going to the great beyond—and the two actors who play them, Anne O'Sullivan and Arnie Burton, are perfectly buggy. "Dr. Fritz; or, The Forces of Light" is a piece of insanity set somewhere south of the border, and Nancy Opel, woman of a hundred lunatic accents, gives an inspired performance as a *loca* local and as a mad German doctor. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052.)

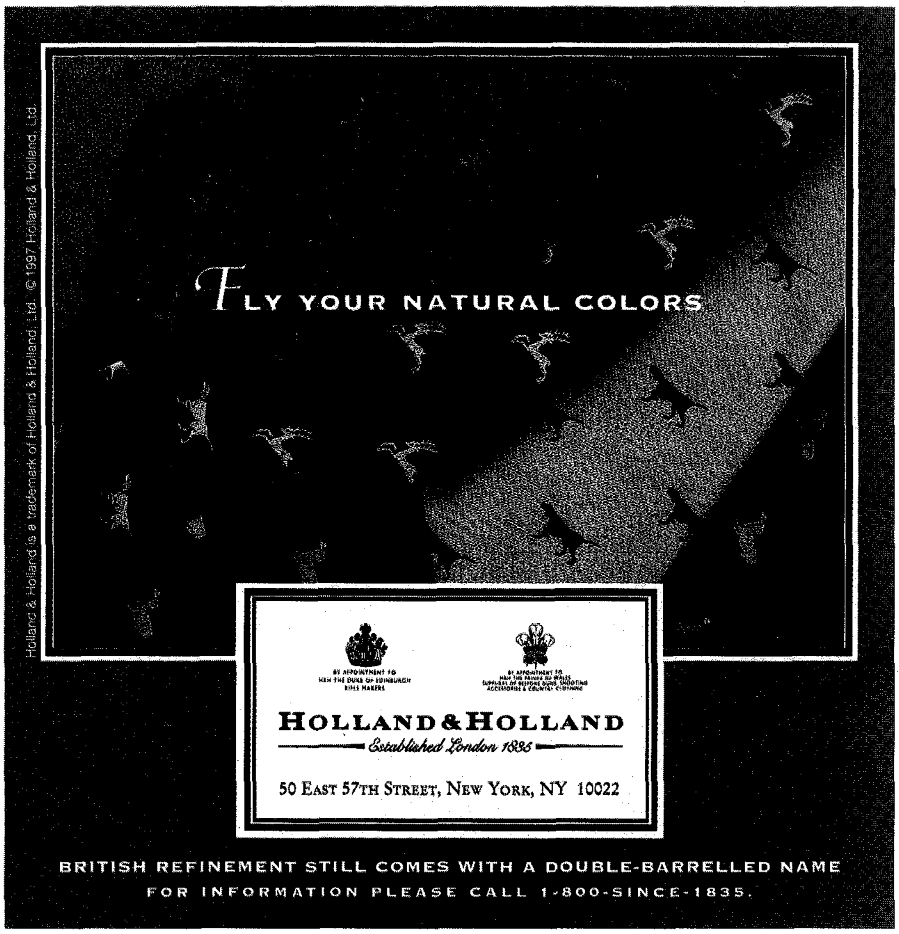
Notions in Motion—Jeremy Dobrish's very loose adaptation of Pirandello's "Each in His Own Way" isn't entirely successful on any terms, even though Mr. Dobrish's work and the Adobe Theatre Company's production both show a lot of promise. The play consists of some very funny sketches stitched together by long stretches of overblown blather, nearly redeemed by a surprise ending that effectively (if a little cutely) subverts the entire notion of theatre and theatrical truth. The cast is for the most part terrific—particularly Kathryn Langwell, as a grandmother, and Stacey Leigh Ivey, as a very stupid Mafia moll. Wittily directed by Mr. Dobrish. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 560-7387. Closes June 28.)

Steel Pier—John Kander and Fred Ebb's new musical takes place at a dance marathon in Atlantic City in 1933: it's a slick Depression fantasy with imagery and ideas that have long been overused in movies and television. (5/12/97) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Stonewall Jackson's House—Jonathan Reynolds's comedy hits all its targets—from multiculturalism to the misuses of history—with deadly aim, and the versatile cast is hilarious. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

Tap Dogs—Australia's work-booted tap troupe. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

Titanic—Though this musical about history's most tragic maiden voyage contains no small number of historical and theatrical misjudgments, it nevertheless manages to take you very close to the heart of the matter—the enormity of the disaster and its heartbreaking human details—and it qualifies as a genuine addition to American musical



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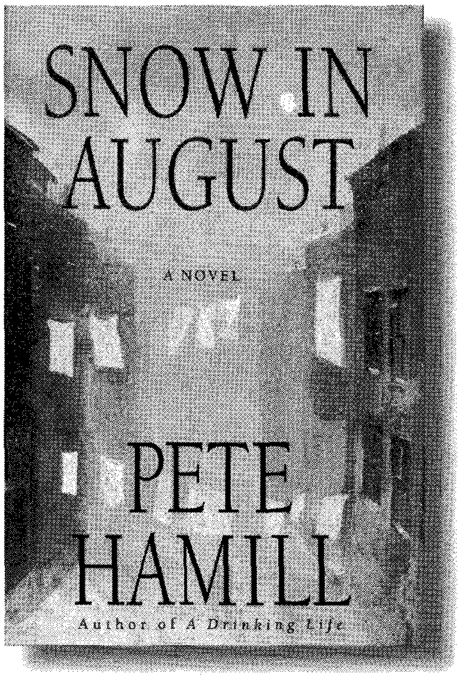

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theatre. Richard Jones directed. (5/12/97) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

To Catch the Lightning—A Puerto Rican Traveling Ensemble staging of a new play by Carmen Rivera, about a man losing touch with reality. Performances are in English Wednesdays through Fridays and in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 354-1293. Closes June 30.)

Translations—The Irish playwright Brian Friel's 1981 political and cultural allegory, set in Ballybeg, County Donegal, in 1833. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318. Closes June 22.)

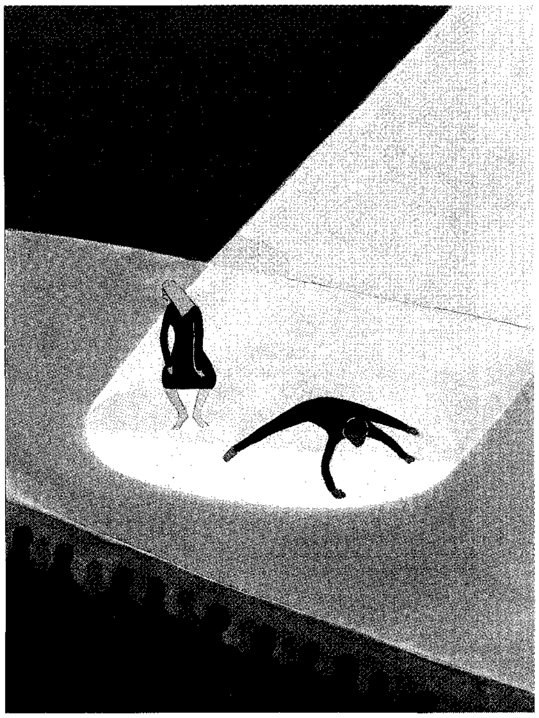
Women of Manhattan—John Patrick Shanley's 1986 comedy, about five lonesome people. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 479-8589. Closes June 28.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY STRIKES BACK!:** Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599. . . . **FULL GALLOP:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHEN PIGS FLY:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **JOSEPH GABRIEL: MAGIC ON BROADWAY:** Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE KING AND I:** Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. . . . **LATE NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **MASTER CLASS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN:** Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 239-6200. . . . **VICTOR/VICTORIA:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.

DANCE

New York City Ballet—June 11 at 8: "Circle of Fifths," "A Schubertiad," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ June 12 at 8: It seems typically modest of Jock Soto that, when asked to talk about his partnering, he says, "I basically try not to do much of anything," then talks about someone else's technique. "Peter Martins used to hold a girl and make her look like she weighed about five pounds. You would notice *him*, because he was such a beautiful presence, but you never saw a lot of hands on a body. And the girl knew she could do more—try three pirouettes instead of two . . ." Although Soto regularly performs similar sleight of hand (he disappears, while his partners look light as tulle), not many ballerinas are used to such generosity. Monique Meunier, the stellar corps member who is paired with him in the première of Christopher Wheeldon's "Slavonic Dances," had to learn to let go. "He wants me to let him do everything," she says, "so I don't always have to worry about being on balance." With "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet" and "Brandenburg." . . . ¶ June 13 at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ June 14 at 2: "La Source," "Pavane," "Schoenberg/Wuorinen Variations," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ June 14 at 8: "La Source," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ June 15 at 8: "Slavonic Dances," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ June 17 at 8: "La Source," the première of Robert La Fosse's "Concerto in Five Movements," and "I'm Old Fashioned." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 29.)



GEOFFREY PARKER

American Ballet Theatre—June 11 at 2 and 8: "Apollo," "Other Dances," and "Cruel World." . . . ¶ June 12-13 and June 16 at 8 and June 14 at 2 and 8: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ June 17 at 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through July 5.)

Parsons Dance Company—For his troupe's tenth-anniversary season, choreographer David Parsons brings three programs, mixing repertory ("Ring Around the Rosie," "Caught," and "Bachiana," among others) and new works ("The Almighty," which is about money, and "Closure"). (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. June 11-13 at 8, June 14 at 2 and 8, and June 15 at 2 and 7:30.)

New York Baroque Dance Company—The nine-member troupe performs choreographer Catherine Turocy's eighteenth-century-style dances (including a parody of Baroque ballet, to a score by P.D.Q. Bach), with the Concert Royal Chamber Orchestra providing accompaniment. (Alice Tully Hall. Lincoln Center. 875-5050. June 12 at 8.)

"A Double Purpose/A Double Emploi"—Danspace Project hosts another installment of its Global Exchange dance program, in this instance joining New Yorker Wally Cardona and his company with Hervé Robbe and Le Marietta Secret, of the French city of Brest, where the work premièred in February. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. June 12-15 at 8:30.)

Wendy Osserman Dance Company—In the premières of "Red Right Return" and "Sense-mayá." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. June 12-15 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

"WKTU House of Love"—Is WKTU the best radio station in New York? It is if you're addicted to pure butt-blasting disco—the sort of kinetic pogo music best captured by that "Saturday Night Live" three-greasy-club-guys-from-the-boroughs skit. If that's your thing, this is the party of the year: RuPaul, Jon Secada, Sister Sledge, Amber, and the Blackout Allstars. (Hammerstein Ballroom, Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. 564-4882. June 11 at 8.)

Ronnie Spector—The former lead singer of the Ronettes joins the Uptown Horns to kick off a series of ten free lunchtime concerts presented by the Brooklyn Academy of Music and the MetroTech Center. (MetroTech Commons, Flatbush Ave. at Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn. For information, call 718-636-4100. June 12 at noon and 1.)

"The Blues Music Festival"—A guitar catharsis, courtesy of B. B. King, the Robert Cray Band, Tower of Power, young buck Jonny Lang, and rock legend J. Geils. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. June 12 at 7.)

"Music in the Anchorage"—The annual high-concept music festival that takes place in an ersatz Morlock village under the Brooklyn Bridge and presents some of the hippest music around. It's not all good, but it's certainly new. June 12: Former Living Colour guitarist **VERNON REID** plays hip-hop jazz, while sonic sculptor **MC 900 FT JESUS** creates some heavy sounds. June 13: **PRAXIS,** a punk-jazz collective featuring *Über*-producer Bill Laswell, guitarist Buckethead, keyboardist Bernie Worrell, and DJ Soul Slinger. June 14: The **NINJA TUNE STEALTH TOUR,** a convocation of great d.j.s from the cutting-edge Anglo-Canadian label Ninja Tune. (Cadman Plaza West at Front St., Brooklyn. For information, call 212-206-6674, ext. 252. Doors open at 9.)

The Moody Blues—In concert with the Long Island Philharmonic. (Jones Beach Theatre. 516-221-1000. June 13 at 8.)

"Guinness Fleadh '97"—Two days of killer rock, much of it Celtic. Among the featured performers are (on June 14) Van Morrison, Sinéad O'Connor (with hair), Christy Moore, Shane MacGowan (formerly of the Pogues), John Prine, Black 47, Steve Earle, Ashley MacIsaac, Maura O'Connell, and Jimmie Dale Gilmore; and (on June 15) Van Morrison (again), Natalie Merchant, Paula Cole, the Neville Brothers, Billy Bragg, Richard Thompson, Suzanne Vega, Wilco, Freedy Johnston, and Luka Bloom. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. For information, call 718-330-1234. Gates open at 11 A.M.)

Donna Summer—An evening of maximum divatude. (Jones Beach Theatre. June 14 at 8.)

"Ozzfest '97"—It's a week rich with disco, electronica, Irish rock, and jazz, but it wouldn't be summer without a little old-fashioned death metal. The great bird-biter returns, both solo and reunited with Black Sabbath. Also on the bill: the Gothic vaudeville of Marilyn Manson, the phlegmatic sludge of Pantera, Type O Negative, and Fear Factory. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 212-307-7171. June 15. Gates open at 3.)

Art Ensemble of Chicago—This opening-night concert starts the Texaco New York Jazz Festival off with a bang. (See also the Knitting Factory in Jazz and Standards.) Still mavericks after all these years, this four-decade-old group of avant-gardists continues to rankle the mainstream with the wildest of them. Throwing everything into the blender and hoping for the best, they traffic in risk and provocation; they can piss people off as easily by having fun as by unleashing a good, old-fashioned sonic assault. Praising the individual gifts of the quartet (retired saxophonist Joseph Jarman hasn't been replaced) is easy: trumpeter Lester Bowie's copious tone, saxophonist Roscoe Mitchell's exacting phrasing, bassist Malachi Favors's brutish swing, and drummer Famadou Don Moye's

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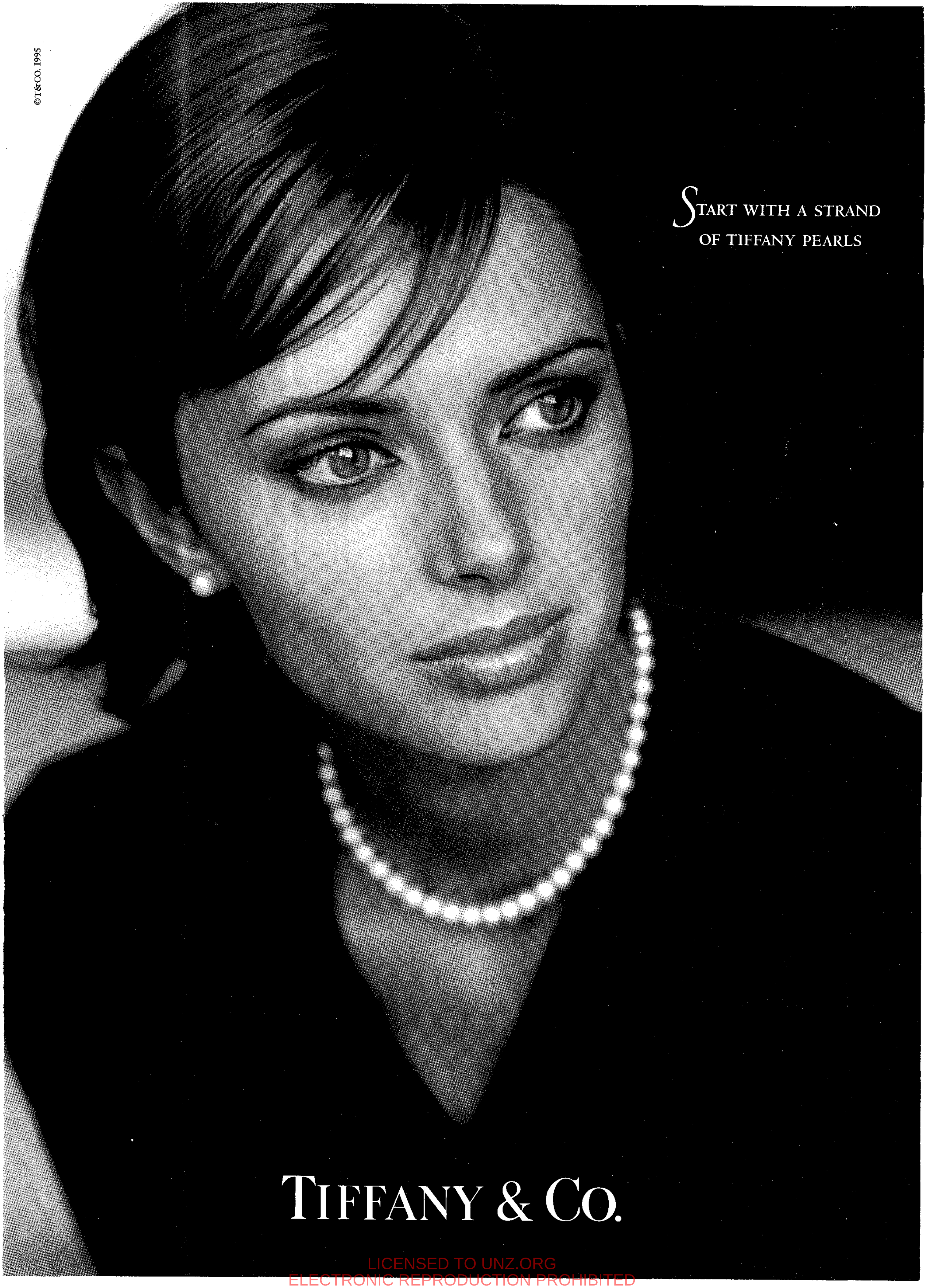
START WITH A STRAND
OF TIFFANY PEARLS
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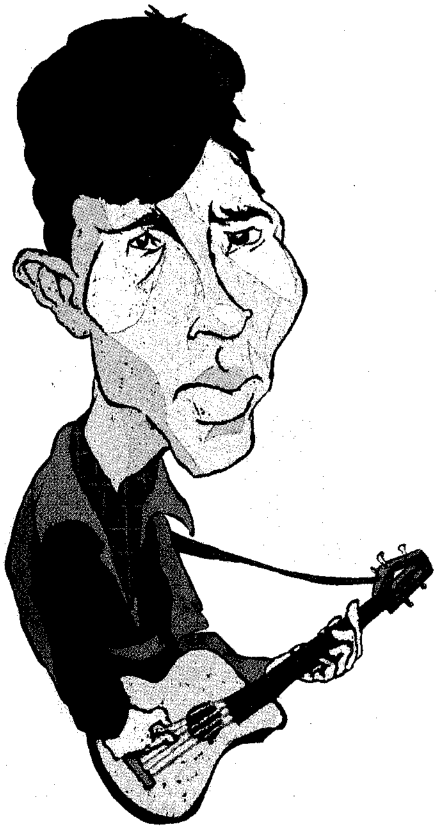
rhythmic generosity come quickly to mind. But the fearless parachute-corps bond is what really makes the group's sporadic appearances occasions not to be missed. (New York Academy of Art, 111 Franklin St., between Church St. and West Broadway. 966-0300. June 16 at 7:30.)

GINGER BAKER GROUP / DON WAS'S ORQUESTRA WAS—After the midlife triumphs of his last two jazz-inflected recordings, "Going Back Home" and "Falling off the Roof," the former Cream drummer can almost be forgiven for introducing the extended—and now obligatory—drum solo into rock music thirty years ago. His exhibitionism aside, he's always been a musical drummer whose sense of swing combines primal directness with gambols of dazzling polyrhythmic complexity. / The Detroit mega-producer and bassist's jazz-funk outfit features trumpeter Terrence Blanchard, saxophonist Dave McMurray, and vocalist Sweet Pea Atkinson. (Hammerstein Ballroom, Manhattan Center. June 17 at 8.)



Smog, at the Knitting Factory.

ANDY RASH

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

BIRDLAND, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—Bassist **LEON LEE DORSEY** brings his quartet in on June 11. The gifted pianist **MICHEL PETRUCCIANI** (June 12-15) is one of those elusive jazzmen who blithely follow their muse while we scramble to keep up. This engagement finds the diminutive virtuoso fortified by a rhythm team straight out of the seventies: drummer **STEVE GADD** and bassist **ANTHONY JACKSON,** two kings of the pop studio scene. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**HERBIE MANN'S CELEBRATION** and the **ARTURO SANDOVAL** sextet are in through June 15. File flutist Mann alongside Dave Brubeck, Stan Kenton, and a few other lucky players who have enjoyed amazing long-term popularity. His forte seems to be his chameleonlike adaptability—one year he's Latin, the next he's R. & B., the year after that he turns up lite-rock—but whatever the phase, he's an amiable tooter. The extroverted trumpeter and pianist Sandoval plays like he's trying to make himself heard in his native land, Cuba. Chops this Clifford Brown devotee has in abundance; taste is another story. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through June 28, the inimitable **BOBBY SHORT,** accompanied by his eight-piece orchestra. On Mondays, **WOODY ALLEN** plays with the **EDDY DAVIS NEW ORLEANS JAZZ BAND.** . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through June 15: The **JACKY TERRASSON** trio. Pianist Terrasson plays the way he wants to play: tempos, dynamics, and arrangements are just so much wax to be bent, shaped, and messed with. A Terrasson set is flexible—it all depends on his mood. The spontaneity may be admirable and exciting, but why does it all sound so mannered? **HILTON RUIZ** subs for Terrasson on Friday the 13th. From June 17: Vocalist **ABBEY LINCOLN.** Mondays belong to national treasure **LES PAUL.** Dining.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Don't put money on the likelihood that a duet between guitarist **JOE MORRIS** and violinist **MAT MANERI** (June 13) will conjure up visions of Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli. Morris never met a note he couldn't render off balance, while Maneri has his own slanted tendencies. Then again, this may be their back-to-the-roots project. Either path will have its fascinations. The Knit's **TEXACO NEW YORK JAZZ FESTIVAL** (formerly the What Is Jazz? Festival) is still the downtown event of the season. This two-week lineup highlights both intrepid experimentalists and veteran heavyweights. (See also Art Ensemble of Chicago, in Concerts.) June 16: Sweet home Chicago comes to New York in the form of the crafty **ETHNIC HERITAGE ENSEMBLE;** a trio led by the soulful keyboardist and vocalist **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS;** and Art Ensemble saxophonist **ROSCOE MITCHELL'S NOTE FACTORY.** The non-Windy City ringer is the exciting young trumpeter **RON MILES,** with guest guitarist **BILL FRISELL,** who takes over the stage the next evening (June 17). Frisell plays guitar like Miles Davis played trumpet: in the hands of such radical thinkers, their instruments simply become different animals. And, like Davis at his best, Frisell loves to have a lot of leg room when he improvises—the space that terrifies others quickens his blood. A performance by his fiercely interactive quartet followed by a solo recital should provide all the transcendence anyone could desire for one night.

LENOX LOUNGE, 288 Lenox Ave., between 124th and 125th Sts. (427-0253)—June 13-14: The **DIZZY REECE** quartet. Dizzy Reece—now there's a name from the past. Having put out some highly regarded albums on Blue Note way back when and a few more on obscure labels over the years, this highly proficient Jamaican-born hard-bop trumpeter is a minor legend. If he's still got the goods, his uptown engagement could make you feel like you're stepping out of a time machine into 1962.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—The great cabaret in the sky. Soul singer **FREDA PAYNE** pays tribute to Ella Fitzgerald through June 14.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**HAROLD ASHBY** (in through June 15) has been carrying on the tradition of the big-toned, heart-on-the-sleeve tenor-sax man ever since Duke Ellington hired him as a resident romantic in the mid-sixties. His straight-ahead swing can surely cure what ails you. Starting June 17: The **JIM HALL** quartet. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Through June 14: Amiable, dependable, sleek—pianist **JOHN BUNCH,** guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** aren't in the business of ruffling feathers. What they do best is weave a broadloom of gently intoxicating swing. From June 16: The chamber-jazz trio of guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN,** bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** and clarinettist **KEN PEPLOWSKI.**

ROCK, ETC.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Singer-songwriters **CHRISTINE LAVIN, DAVID BUSKIN, CHERYL WHEELER,** and others sign up on June 11 for "Honey We Have to Talk: Love Songs for the Romantically Impaired." June 12: Another theme night, "A Bunch of Songwriters Sittin' Around Singin'," features **TOM T. HALL** and **BILLY JOE SHAVER.** June 13: **ED PALERMO** and his big band play the music of Frank Zappa. June 14: The fierce and uncompromising singer **TOSHI REAGON** once turned down a major record deal because the suits wanted to reshape her image; now she releases her records herself. Her shows are celebratory—a shower of retro funk, urban blues, and folk—and they're all sung with evangelical fervor. To hear her is to believe. With comedian Marga Gomez. June 16: The respected English electric folkies known as **STEELEYE SPAN** are going on thirty years in the business. June 17: Clarinet and mandolin virtuoso **ANDY STATMAN** is in with his quartet.

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—June 13-14: **SON SEALS.** One of the leading figures of post-sixties blues, this son of an Arkansas juke-joint operator plays in the slashing, urgent style of his mentor, Albert King. Such aptly named classics as "Chicago Fire" (1980) helped seal his reputation, and onstage he still smolders.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—June 11: **JOHN S. HALL,** the once and future front man for King Missile. June 17: **HOMER EROTIC** heads up a bill of female-dominated bands. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—June 13: Somebody call Tipper Gore—**MOTÖRHEAD** and the codpiece meanies of **W.A.S.P.** entertain the mosh pit. June 14: An evening of music and comedy with Janeane Garofalo and a few friends, including the always welcome **KIM DEAL** and her **BREEDERS.**

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—June 11: Three bands on the brink of greatness: **BABE THE BLUE OX, DEUS** (from Belgium), and **VERY PLEASANT NEIGHBOR.** June 13: Woodstock veteran **RICHIE HAVENS.** June 14: **SMOG.** Deep in the bowels of his home studio, Smog's obstinate genius, Bill Callahan, cobbles together a near-perfect union of professional sparkle and lo-fi charm. Last year's "The Doctor Came at Dawn" was a miracle of pop minimalism, with arrangements so spare you could almost hear tumbleweeds a-rollin' between verses. The new "Red Apple Dawn" evokes an earlier, fuller Smog sound without sacrificing the intimacy achieved on "Doctor."

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064)—June 11: **PAPAS FRITAS** (see Mercury Lounge). June 12: The brisk melodies and taut, driving arrangements of singer-songwriter **JEFFREY GAINES.**

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—June 11: Top-shelf indie rock with **WALT MINK** and **CAKE LIKE.** June 12: Music from two of the best bands you've never heard of: the whimsical power pop of Boston's **PAPAS FRITAS** and the slick, Garbage-style waif rock of L.A.'s **THAT DOG.** June 15: The critically acclaimed but commercially ignored singer-songwriter **AMY RIGBY.** June 16: Local power pop with **44.** June 17: Like her neo-folkie colleague, Jewel, the Welsh-born **KATELL KEINEG** first raised a buzz playing tiny clubs; now she has a major-label deal. The wistfully forthright folk-rock on her new record, "Jet," has a delicate charm, but her strident vibrato makes her less of a bet for Jewel-scale success.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—**TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS** throw a reggae bash on June 12. **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO** (June 13), the eponymous ambassador of zydeco music (a Cajun gumbo of accordion-heavy grooves), is a true party professional. Seasoned by decades of touring, he knows how to make even the most uptight New York crowd dance. With **LITTLE BUSTER AND THE SOUL BROTHERS.**

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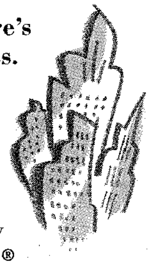
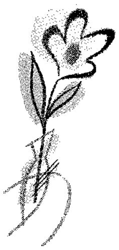
TASTE OF NEW YORK

The VISA® Preferred Guide to Dining

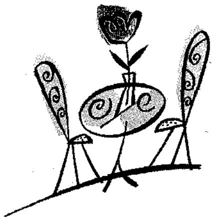
By Susan Breslow Sardone



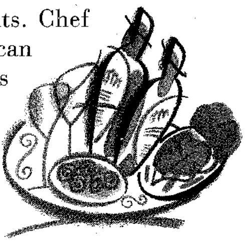
Now that the weather's warmer, there's fresh incentive to explore new places. Whether you want to celebrate a special occasion or you simply yearn for a change of fare, the following restaurants are certain to delight. Thanks to Visa and the "Taste of New York" feature exclusive to *The New Yorker*, every time you charge a meal using your Visa® card at the participating restaurants in this and other supplements, you'll also contribute to Citymeals-on-Wheels, the not-for-profit organization that delivers hot meals to the homebound elderly.*



BOLO • 23 East 22nd Street • 212-228-2200 Bolo is more matadorable than authentically Madrileño, yet the liberties that chef Bobby Flay takes with Spanish cuisine yield a modern, intensely flavorful dining experience. Banished are the traditional lard-laden offerings. In their place, fish, chicken, and beef are dramatically seasoned to pique even jaded palates. Begin your repast with a pitcher of pear-infused sangria. For an appetizer, try the Bolo salad with chorizo, blue cheese, tomatoes, and a buttery, twenty-five-year-old sherry vinaigrette. Baby clams swimming in thick green-onion broth come with crusty bread to soak up the soup. Those who prefer to soak up the atmosphere can linger at Bolo's mahogany bar and quaff Spanish wine.

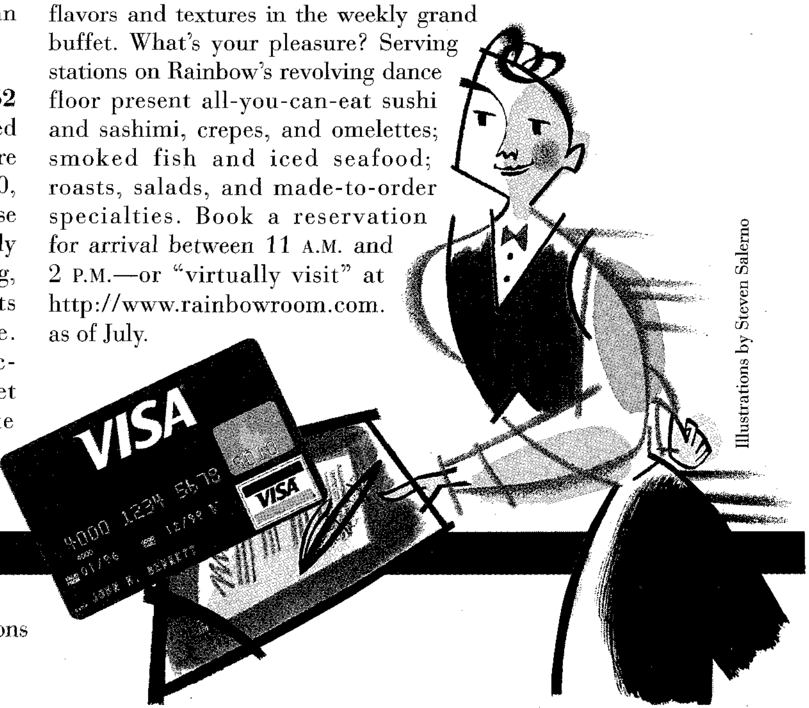


LA CARAVELLE • 33 West 55th Street • 212-586-4252 This grande dame of a French restaurant has maintained her chic, updated kitchen, and grown more charming over the years. Opened in 1960, La Caravelle has hosted everyone from Rose Kennedy to Luciano Pavarotti. Perennially pretty in pink, the restaurant's soft lighting, murals of Paris, and tabletop bouquets make for a most romantic atmosphere. Executive Chef Cyril Rénaud's classic-contemporary French cooking yields lightly sauced yet deeply flavorful dishes. Specialties include truffled pike quenelles in lobster sauce, layered smoked salmon with mango, and grilled rosemary-glazed swordfish with citrus emulsion. To make a visit truly special, uncork one of La Caravelle's rare French vintages.



LENOX ROOM • 1278 Third Avenue • 212-772-0404 As tasteful as a private living room on the Upper East Side, the two-year-old Lenox Room caters to its tony neighbors in the style to which they are accustomed. That means service as attentive as a doorman before Christmas, cushy banquettes with eye-level mirrors to check out the crowd, and imaginative floral arrangements. Chef Matthew Geraghty serves progressive American cuisine, which includes seasonal selections such as lobster spring roll with tamarind sauce and sautéed Maine codfish. The oyster bar is a comfortable place where those dining solo can savor a cocktail and a plate of raw Malpeques, Fisher Island selects, or Bluepoints.

THE RAINBOW ROOM • GE Building • 30 Rockefeller Plaza • 212-632-5000 With live, cool jazz playing in the background, you won't find Fred and Ginger waltzing through Sunday brunch at The Rainbow Room. Nonetheless, it remains that kind of space—elegant, glamorous, Hollywood's image of New York at its peak. Up on the sixty-fifth floor, Chef Waldy Malouf deliciously mingles flavors and textures in the weekly grand buffet. What's your pleasure? Serving stations on Rainbow's revolving dance floor present all-you-can-eat sushi and sashimi, crepes, and omelettes; smoked fish and iced seafood; roasts, salads, and made-to-order specialties. Book a reservation for arrival between 11 A.M. and 2 P.M.—or "virtually visit" at http://www.rainbowroom.com. as of July.



Illustrations by Steven Salerno

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ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—The museum's collection of Chinese art, one of the finest outside Asia, now has room to glow: after two years of construction, a new series of galleries nearly doubles the exhibition space. These cool, quiet rooms create the ideal atmosphere in which to grasp the rarefied sensibility of imperial Chinese painting and calligraphy. Upstairs, four new galleries are devoted to a spectacular collection of Chinese decorative art, ranging from polychrome painted ivories to carved lapis lazuli and jade to resplendent textiles (including one of gold-brocade rabbits leaping across a field of silver, from the tomb of a seventeenth-century emperor). . . . ¶ "The Gods of War: Sacred Imagery and the Decoration of Arms and Armor." Some of the most sublime refinements of civilized craftsmanship have been pressed into the service of socially sanctioned slaughter. Predictably, the Japanese are the aesthetic victors here. A nineteenth-century horse's headdress, used in military processions, is a boldly stylized, golden-horned, flaring-nostrilled, furry-mustached triumph of the sculptor's imagination; a shield-like seventeenth-century *jingasa* helmet depicts a gorgeously plug-ugly literary god. . . . ¶ "The Glory of Byzantium." Through July 6. . . . ¶ "Cartier: 1900-1939," a glittering exhibition of bijous from the great jewelry workshops of Paris, London, and New York. Through Aug. 3. . . . ¶ "Indian Court Painting: Sixteenth-Nineteenth Century." Through July 6. . . . ¶ "The Print in the North: The Age of Albrecht Dürer and Lucas van Leyden." Through July 13. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

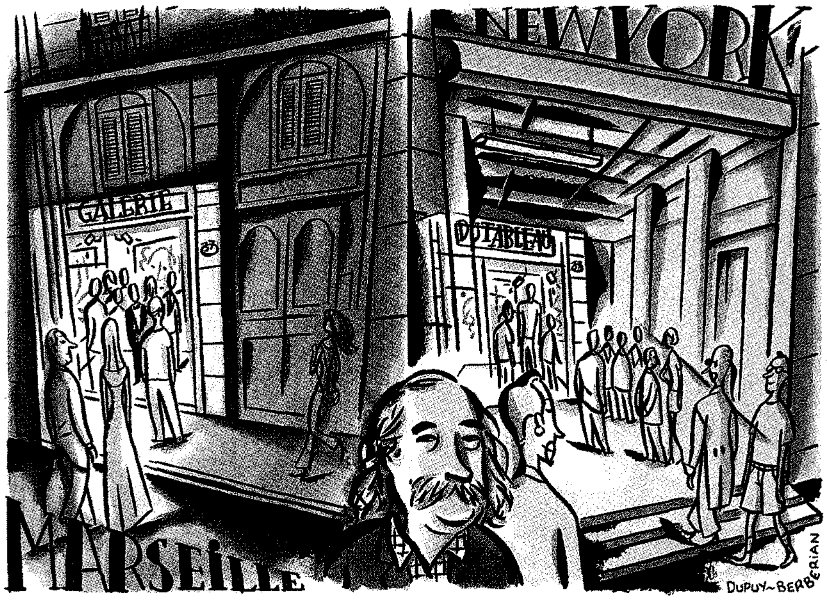
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—"Objects of Desire: The Modern Still Life," an exhibition devoted to domestic arrangements, from Cézanne's apples to Warhol's Campbell's soup cans. Through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ "Stenberg Brothers: Constructing a Revolution in Soviet Design." A retrospective of the work of the polymath siblings Vladimir and Georgii Stenberg, whose radical ideas for bridges, automotive plants, women's shoes, and movie posters set the tone for the early Soviet avant-garde. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ "More Than One: Twentieth Century Print Portfolios" assembles examples of serial presentations from Expressionism ("Hell," by Max Beckmann) to Conceptualism ("Demolished," by Rachel Whiteread). Through Sept. 2. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—Selections from the permanent collection are on view. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—The final days of the 1997 Biennial. The second and third floors remain open through June 15. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5100)—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs." Fossils, time lines, and a re-creation of a paleontological dig, displayed in the shadow of a seventy-foot-long reconstruction of a mamenchisaurus. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ "Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk," an exhibition about vanishing and extinct species. Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ "Up in Central Park: Birds and Birders" provides a guide to the discipline, with displays devoted to seasonal birds, full-time residents, and the habitats of both in the adjacent park. Through Aug. 14. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-6894)—"Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929-72." Through Aug. 31. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)



GALERIE DU TABLEAU: *Dealer Bernard Plasse in front of his temporary exhibition space, at 526 West 26th Street (633-8359). Through July 2.*

Compact Import—While the gallery owners deserting SoHo continue to open up ever grander spaces in Chelsea (Paula Cooper's new digs, on 21st Street, look like a cathedral), the newest arrival in the West Twenties is tiny and not even real, exactly. In the middle of a dusty warehouse called the West Chelsea Arts Building, on West 26th Street, a dealer named Bernard Plasse has installed an exact reproduction of his storefront gallery in Marseille, the Galerie du Tableau, molded in plastic by the French stage-set builders Act II. With a hundred and seventy square feet of floor space, the Galerie du Tableau is about as airy and capacious as the efficiency kitchen in your first apartment. Plasse's solution is to keep moving the stuff in and out: just as he does at his "real" gallery, back in France, he mounts a new show here every week. This Friday, June 13, an exhibition by the French photographer Goria will open; photographer Alain Andrade follows on June 20; and a show by a noted Marseille painter, Jean Bellissen, opening on June 27, concludes the season.

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700)—"The Proud Republic: Dutch Medals of the Golden Age." More than forty examples of seventeenth-century work, predominantly in high relief, with full-face and three-quarter-view portraits—of Cromwell, Joost van den Vondel, Maarten Tromp, and their ilk—and reverse scenes of sea battles and cityscapes and allegorical tableaux. Through July 27. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (838-6690)— "The Collector Collected: The Horblit Archive of Sir Thomas Phillipps." Correspondence, photographs, legal papers, and, of course, books belonging to the nineteenth-century bibliomane. Through July 31. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155)—"Enlightenment Embodied: The Art of the Japanese Buddhist Sculptor." To inaugurate its exquisitely redesigned galleries, and to celebrate its ninetieth anniversary, the society has assembled a once-in-a-lifetime exhibition of Japanese Buddhist sculptures, ranging from a tiny, naïve bronze of the infant Siddhartha to a life-size thirteenth-century polychrome wood carving of the reclining Buddha at the point of death. In addition to the objects borrowed from museums, the exhibit includes several images removed from temples where they've been enshrined for centuries; priests in Japan dislodged the statues' "souls" before their journey to foreign shores and will resanctify them after their return home. Through July 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008)—"Private Histories: Four Centuries of Journal Keeping" presents the personal records of such diarists as Charlotte Brontë, Victor Hugo's daughter Adèle, Walt Whitman, and Sylvia Plath. Through Aug. 31. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. (831-7272)—"Realigning Vision: Alternative Currents in South American Drawing" presents examples from forty-six artists from Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Venezuela, Uruguay, and Peru. Through Sept. 7. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St. (977-7170)—"A Passion for the Past: The Collection of Bertram K. and Nina Fletcher Little" offers eighteenth- and nineteenth-century portraits, landscapes, and everyday objects (hooked rugs, decoys, blanket chests, case clocks) from rural New England. Through July 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, uptown and downtown galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; Chelsea galleries are generally closed Tuesdays and open Sundays.)

Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—Two shows for connoisseurs of twentieth-century artist books. The small but superb "Matisse and Tériade," at Yoshii (20 W. 57th St., 265-8876; through June 28), documents the collaboration between the French master and the book-and-magazine publisher E. Tériade. The show includes materials for the interior spreads and covers that Matisse did for the influential magazine *Verve,* as well as drawings and cutouts for "Jazz," his most famous published work. A complementary exhibition at Hirschl & Adler Modern (21 E. 70th St., 535-8810; through June 20) includes an original set of twenty stencil prints for "Jazz."

Odd Nerdrum—There's something spooky about the work of this Norwegian artist, who, using heightened chiaroscuro, scumbled pigment, heavy impasto, and even yellowing varnish, has managed to reproduce perfectly the painterly techniques of the Netherland-

DUPUY-BERBERIAN

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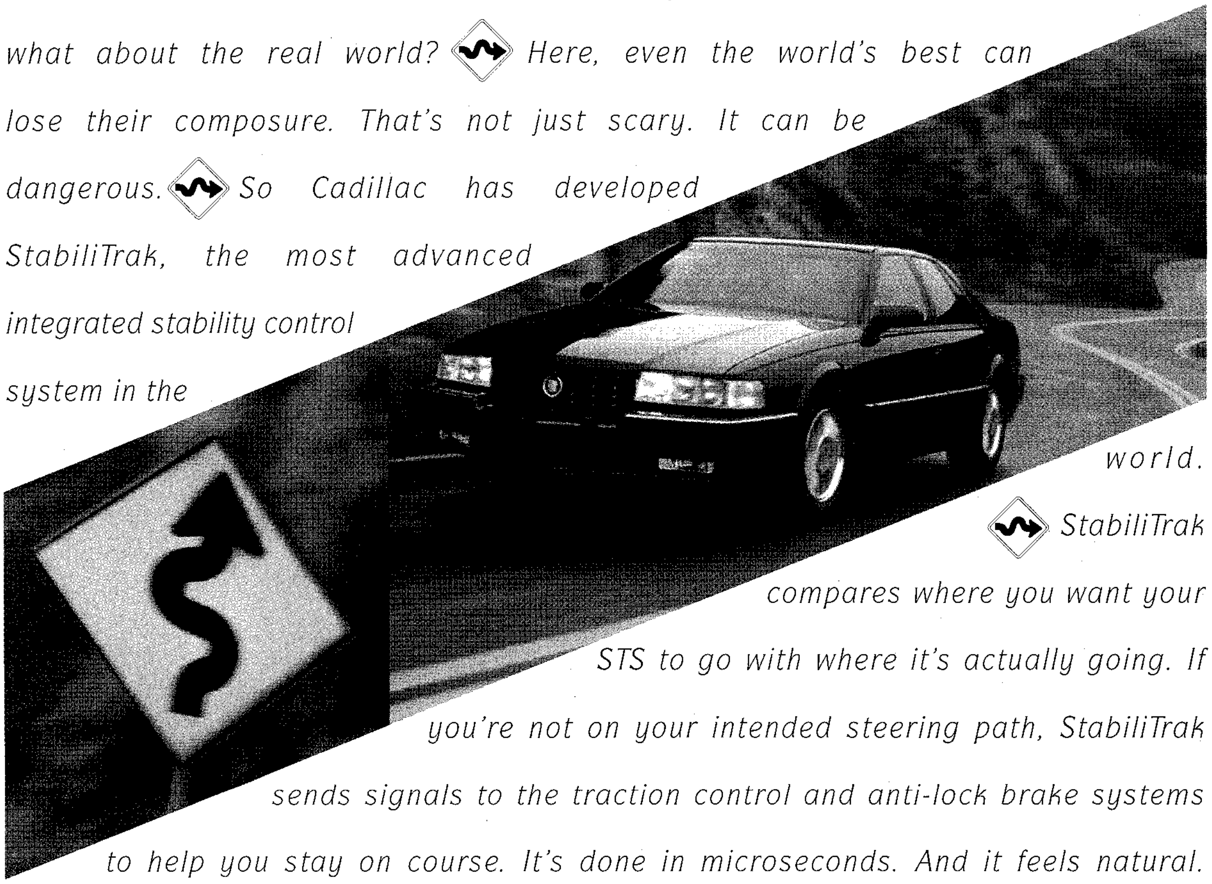

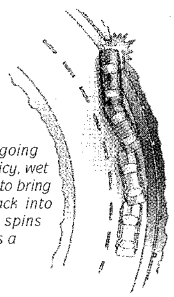

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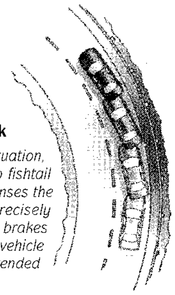

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ish Baroque school. The allegorical subjects suggest the classical and Biblical themes of Rembrandt's circle as well, though they are refracted through a contemporary, neurotic sensibility. Every time Nerdrum shows here, the imagery gets a bit stranger: his new exhibition includes a highly realistic portrait of a hermaphrodite and one of a double amputee. Through June 27. (Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 355-4545. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

"Allegory"—A thoughtful, wide-ranging exploration, curated by Joseph Helman, of ways that contemporary artists are reinventing symbolism; it includes works by some very distinguished artists. Roy Lichtenstein has a new sculpture here—a flattened-out bronze bust of a woman, blond on one side and brunette on the other—called "Woman: Sunlight/Moonlight." Paul Waldman has contributed a spectacular sculpture of a little frame house floating in space, accessed by twisting staircases embellished with gargoyles and tiny birds—an obscure homage, he says, to Yeats. Other artists represented include Louise Bourgeois, Enzo Cucchi, Eric Fischl, Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen, and Joel Shapiro. Through June 21. (Helman, 20 W. 57th St. 245-2888.)

"Latin American Masterpieces" / Saint Clair Cemin—A superb grab bag, comprising a quirky little Frida Kahlo (a classic self-portrait with a tiny image of Diego Rivera infixed on her forehead); a pair of enigmatic Roberto Mattas; ghostly little allegories by Remedios Varo and Leonora Carrington; sculptures by Fernando Botero and Rufino Tamayo; and some powerful political tracts, including a painting of the Zapatista army by José Clemente Orozco, and a reproduction of a hallucinatory anti-Fascist mural by Juan O'Gorman which hung at the airport in Mexico City until the Mexican government destroyed it, in 1938. / Four monumental works, in steel, iron, bronze, and mahogany, by the Brazilian sculptor. Both shows through June 20. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

"Mexico Self-Portraits"—A remarkable collection of twentieth-century paintings and drawings, which runs the gamut from an early, sombre José Clemente Orozco to a series of exuberant fantasies by the contemporary painters Julio Galán and Ray Smith. Through June 13. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. 399-5510.)

Short List—**PAT ADAMS,** Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 752-1223. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays; through June 21. . . . **RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER,** Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 752-2929. Through June 28. . . . **FRANCESCO CLEMENTE,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. 744-2313. Through June 14. . . . **ELENA CLIMENT,** Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. 288-2213. Through June 28. . . . **MORRIS GRAVES,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. 888-1122. Through July 31. . . . **MARÍA IZQUIERDO,** Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 6; through July 27. . . . **WHITFIELD LOVELL,** DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 247-2111. Through July 11. . . . **MASAYUKI NAGARE,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. 319-1996. Open Mondays; through June 30. . . . **CHARLES SELIGER,** Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. 247-0082. Through Aug. 20. . . . **WAYNE THIEBAUD,** Stone, 113 E. 90th St. 988-6870. Through June 27. . . . **JOAQUÍN TORRES-GARCÍA,** Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. 755-7288. Through July 18. . . . **PETER WAITE,** Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. 327-2529. Through July 12.

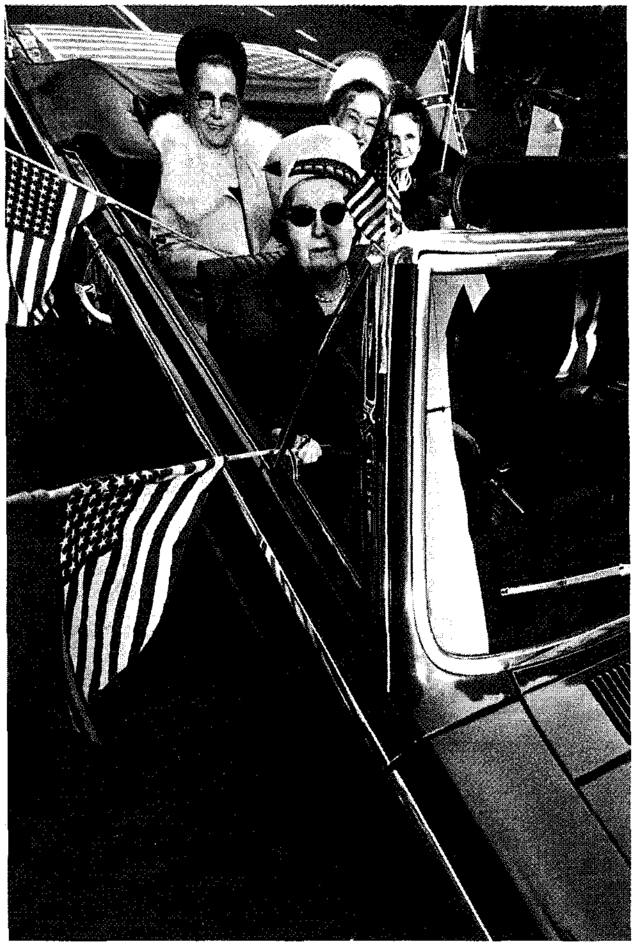
GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Maureen Gallace—Small paintings of country roads and houses in landscape settings. Initially, their conventional subject matter is utterly soothing; only after a moment's reflection do you come to dwell on the spatial incongruities, or on the fact that none of the buildings are equipped with doors or windows. The images have an abstract quality, and they transmit a frisson of existential unease. Through June 14. (303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121. Open Tuesdays; closed Sundays.)

Gary Hume—Enamel paintings that alternately evoke the swinging London of the sixties and American Pop of the same period, rendered with a cool *fin de millénaire* sensibility. Through June 27. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. 243-0200. Opens at noon; closed Sundays.)

Brice Marden—Two new superb calligraphic paintings, displayed alongside five epitaph stones from the T'ang and Northern Wei dynasties on whose designs they are loosely based. Through June 27. (Marks, 523 W. 24th St. 243-0200. Open Tuesdays; closed Sundays.)

Meg Webster—"Blue Sky," a two-part sculptural installation. The front gallery (plus a bit of sidewalk space) is taken up by "An Arrangement of Local Stones," a collection of large boulders; the more obviously arty rear-gallery installation consists of large blown-glass orbs, a snippet of silly wall text, and two videos featuring sheep. The former is derivative but unobjectionable; the latter, just plain bad. Through June 28. (Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. 243-3753. Open Tuesdays; closed Sundays.)



"D.A.R.—Atlanta" (1963), by William Klein, in "Car Culture: The Automobile in 20th Century Photography," at Greenberg.

Short List—**ANDREW EHRENWORTH,** Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. 243-5937. Through June 15. . . . **TONY FEHER,** D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. 352-9460. Open Tuesdays, closed Sundays; through June 21. . . . **JONAH FREEMAN,** Kreps, 529 W. 20th St. 965-1911. Open Tuesdays, closed Sundays; through June 14. . . . **CATHERINE HOWE,** Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. 741-3318. Through June 14.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Mark di Suvero—"Inner Sculpture for Euler," a massive new work that takes over the entire space of this capacious gallery. Huge steel beams traverse its length; the center is a void. With typically theatrical panache, di Suvero places the viewer literally inside his sculpture. Through June 21. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. 228-2828.)

Gilbert and George—"The Fundamental Pictures," a two-gallery exhibition by the British duo. Their "Naked Shit Pictures" were a sensation in London a few years ago; this latest work continues exploring themes from that series. In each picture, the pair appears naked against an apparently abstract background that is actually an enlargement of a microscopic image of one of the substances the artists consider fundamental to life: blood, semen, feces, or urine. As always, their pictures have tremendous formal brio, although the crazy humor of the earlier pieces is tempered in these more abstract ones. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway, 966-6160; and Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St., 965-0753. Both shows through June 28.)

John McCracken—Monoliths, planks, and wall-mounted sculptures, made of plywood, resin, and fibreglass, by the minimalist sculptor. His work has always been distinguished by his attention to finish and surface; these new pieces are characterized by seamless facture and by highly polished, reflective surfaces. Through June 21. (Zwirner, 43 Greene St. 966-9074.)

Alexis Rockman—"Dioramas," elaborate mixed-medium pictures incorporating painted and sculpted elements, digitized photographs, objets trouvés, etc., all encased in heavy resin blocks. The artist specializes in eco-conscious Grand Guignol: like Damien Hirst and Mark Dion, he is interested in the phenomena of nature run amok or, at least, gone awry. These dioramas are as rich in bizarre details as were his previous, more conventional paintings; their references to the history of collage and assemblage are very self-conscious, yet their sensibility is utterly now. Many of them are quite ugly, too—in a good way. Through June 28. (Gorney, 100 Greene St. 966-4480.)

Short List—**TOYCE ANDERSON,** June Kelly, 591 Broadway. 226-1660. Through July 3. . . . **ELAINE LUSTIG COHEN,** Saul, 560 Broadway. 431-0747. Through June 28. . . . **TRISTANO DI ROBILANT,** Fung, 537 Broadway. 334-6242. Through June 13. . . . **KAREN FINLEY,** Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway. 431-1304. Through June 28. . . . **MARTIN KIPPENBERGER,** Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway. 925-6190. Through June 27. . . . **ELIZABETH MURRAY,** Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. 431-9224. Through June 20. . . . **ELLIOTT PUCKETTE,** Kasmin, 74 Grand St. 219-3219. Through June 14. . . . **LOUIS RENZONI** and **DUANE STAPP,** Foster, 62 Crosby St. 966-9024. Both shows through June 21. . . . **BEATRICE RIESE,** A.I.R., 40 Wooster St. 966-0799. Through June 14. . . . **JULIE ROBERTS,** Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St. 343-2405. Through July 3.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Helen Levitt / Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904)—Forty vintage New York prints from 1936 to 1945. (See also I.C.P. Midtown.) / Twenty-five collotypes from his 1887 study, "Human and Animal Locomotion." Both shows through June 27. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. 226-1220.)

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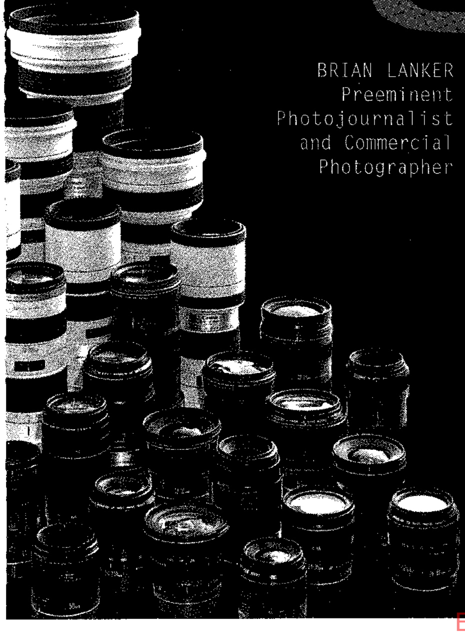

Eric Lindbloom—Bucolic but not too sweet Hudson Valley panoramas. A picture of deep-winter ice floes near Kingston has a perfect sense of place; a view of a farmhouse on a rolling Saratoga battlefield wonderfully conveys the joys of isolation. Through June 21. (Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St. 431-0292.)

John Pfahl—"Niagara Sublime," an often exhilarating new series comprising two dozen color views of the Horseshoe and American Falls. Titles like "Spectral Vapors" and "Thunder-Riven Brow," taken from a bit of Tennyson juvenilia, nearly stifle the mood, but not quite. Through June 30. (Borden, 560 Broadway. 431-0166.)

Lynn Saville—The best of Saville's grainy yet creamy nighttime silver prints (laundry hanging in the woods off the back porch; a watery rear-window city view) hum with an electricity that makes the familiar new. Through June 28. (Richardson, 560 Broadway. 343-1255.)

Frank Stewart—A smart twenty-five-year retrospective focussing on black communities in the United States and the Caribbean: jazz gigs, a New Orleans funeral, an Easter Sunday promenade. Through June 14. (Leica, 670 Broadway. 777-3051. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

"Car Culture: The Automobile in 20th Century Photography"—A fun, crowded show of more than a hundred and twenty pictures, from a brilliant skewed race car by Jacques Henri Lartigue to a smoke-filled back seat by Nan Goldin. Other artists on hand include Garry Winogrand, William Klein, Inge Morath, Ray K. Metzker, Simpson Kalisher, and Dorothea Lange. Through June 21. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. 334-0010.)

"Glorious Gardens"—Inflorescent imagery from throughout the present century, by such artists as Atget, Sudek, Blossfeldt, Porter, and Meyerowitz. Through June 28. (Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. 517-3766.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (860-1777)—Lauren Greenfield's "Fast Forward," a series of terrifying slices of adolescent life in Los Angeles: color photographs and texts from interviews with the subjects, rendered in the coolly sensational style of Nan Goldin. They make it seem as if all the children of show-business executives have BMWs, nose jobs, and six-figure catered parties under their belts before they graduate from high school. A pudgy thirteen-year-old boy frugs with a stripper at his Bar Mitzvah; a sixteen-year-old girl explains that she went out of her neighborhood to find a plastic surgeon so that her nose wouldn't look like everyone else's; a little girl living at the Peninsula Hotel complains that her room gets cleaned up three times a day by the maid. By contrast, the black and Latino South L.A. teenagers on their prom night seem like fresh-faced Kansas farm kids. The exhibit is mounted with great care and seriousness. Yet Greenfield seems to have been seduced by her subject matter, and the result is a slightly warped vision—surely there are still a few kids left in California who play games and worry about their complexions. (A complementary show of prints from this series is at Saul, 560 Broadway, 431-0747, through June 28.) Through July 13. . . . ¶ "Helen Levitt: Crosstown," a thoroughgoing retrospective spanning five decades of photographic anthropology on the streets of New York. The exhibition leaves one with an impression of remarkable continuity in the life of the city: if it weren't for the automobile fenders and the hats, you'd barely be able to distinguish the forties from the eighties. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**mario algaze,** Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. 223-1059. Through July 5. . . . **robert blackmon,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. 570-1223. Through June 28. . . . **marilyn bridges,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. 505-5555. Through July 31. . . . **mike disfarmer** and **herbert matter,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. 966-6223. Both shows through July 3. . . . **dave heath,** Lowinsky, 578 Broadway. 226-5440. Through June 28. . . . **teun hocks,** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway. 941-8642. Through June 28. . . . **tina modotti,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454. Through June 21. . . . **josé picayo,** Rice, 325 W. 11th St. Open Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7; Sundays, 1 to 6; through June 29. . . . **clifford ross,** Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. 628-5300. Through June 14. . . . **thomas struth,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 977-7160. Open Mondays; through June 28. . . . **pierre verger,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. 925-5510. Through June 28. . . . **joel-peter witkin,** Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999. Through June 21. . . . **frank yamrus,** Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave., at 23rd St. 242-7767. Open Tuesdays; through June 29.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

Encompass Opera Theatre—Presenting George Quincy's "Home and the River," an opera about personal and political conflicts during the Civil War. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. June 12, June 17, and June 19 at 8. For information about tickets, call 594-7880.)

Amato Opera Company—Final performances of "The Merry Widow," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. June 13-14 at 7:30 and June 15 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost leads selections from Vivaldi's operas, with several vocal soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 11 at 7:30.)

Choral Symphony Society and Cantata Singers—Performing Handel's oratorio "Susanna." (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. June 15 at 3. Tickets at the door.)

Goldman Memorial Band—Gene Young conducts light classics by Dudley Buck, Auber, Holst, and Sibelius (the "Karelia Suite"), as well as concert-band standards by Sousa, Edwin Franko Goldman, and others. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. June 15 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

In research centers around the world, small is big. In search of knowledge, scientists have discovered the fascination of focusing on incredibly small units. Results often point the way to progress in medicine, technology and other fields. ❦ At the Weizmann Institute of Science in Rehovot, Israel, appreciation of the small is dramatically evident in studies ranging from elementary particles to neurotransmitters. ❦ For example, in basic medical research Weizmann cancer scientists participate in the front ranks of the international search for tumor suppressor genes to neutralize cancer-inducing oncogenes. Elsewhere, Weizmann researchers developing vaccinations for autoimmune diseases (multiple sclerosis, lupus, rheumatoid arthritis, juvenile diabetes) are carrying their studies from the cell level to the molecular level. At the same time, scientists in the new Submicron Research Center of the Institute are handling crystal growths of layers no more than a few atoms thick. In addition to breaking ground in quantum physics, they expect to develop revolutionary tools for the next industrial age . . . such as stunningly smaller and faster computer chips. ❦ Inevitably, at all institutions, researchers committed to "small" studies require major facilities. Supporting them will open new doors to health and prosperity.

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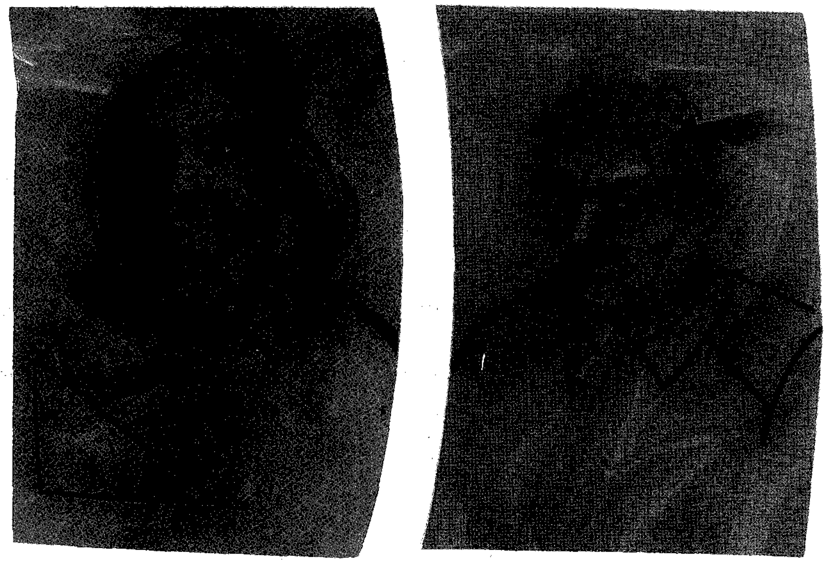
New York Pops—Skitch Henderson leads Broadway selections, with tenor Michael Maguire. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. June 16 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Washington Square Music Festival—The festival opens its thirty-ninth season with an all-Bach program that includes the D-Major Harpsichord Concerto (featuring Kenneth Cooper), the "Brandenburg" Concerto No. 2, the C-Minor Concerto for Oboe and Violin, and the Third Orchestral Suite. (Washington Square Park. June 17 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

National Chorale—Performing songs by Gershwin, Rodgers, and Ellington, with Martin Josman directing. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. June 17 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Joseph Lin—In his New York début recital, the winner of the 1996 Concert Artists Guild Competition performs violin sonatas by Bolcom (his Second), Beethoven (his Fifth, the "Spring"), and Strauss, as well as Ernst's Variations on "The Last Rose of Summer." (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 12 at 7.)

Bargemusic—Violinists Ani Kavafian and Carmit Zori, violists Lawrence Dutton and Paul Neubauer, cellist Fred Sherry, clarinettist David Shifrin, and pianist Anne-Marie McDermott collaborate in this week's concerts. June 12 at 7:30: Dvořák's Terzetto (Op. 74) and string quintets by Mozart (in D Major, K. 593) and Brahms (in G Major, Op. 111). . . .



Quartets by Lois V Vierk and Eric Ewazen, performed by St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, at Dia Center for the Arts.

DAVID TOMB

RECITALS

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—The group's Second Helpings series concludes with Stravinsky's Concertino for String Quartet, Brian Fennelly's "Skyscapes," for alto saxophone and string quartet, and two recently composed string quartets, by Lois V Vierk (subtitled "River Beneath the River") and Eric Ewazen (a première). As the ne plus ultra of chamber-music genres, the string quartet looms as a high hurdle in a composer's development. Mr. Ewazen, St. Luke's composer-in-residence, cites Brahms as an inspiration for his first quartet: "I've always admired Brahms's approach," he says, "his timing and the sense of organization in his music. He relished beautiful chords, creating chords that are purely pleasurable." Ms. Vierk's music typically eschews the luxurious in favor of the energetic, but the relentless energy of her finely honed pieces can prove thrilling—the musical equivalent of white-water rafting. (Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. June 11 at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 840-7470.)

"Guitar Among Others"—Guitarist Winslow Browning, pianist Michael Skelly, bassist Chuck Sastré, and percussionist Dale Pritchett perform works that inhabit the often indistinct borderland between classical music and jazz, including Claude Bolling's Concerto for Classical Guitar and Jazz Piano, Radamés Gnattali's "Brazilian Popular Suite," and Gerald Schwertberger's "Cuatro Piezas Para Dos." (St. Luke In-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. June 11 at 7:30. Tickets at the door.)

Albemarle Ensemble—The wind quintet plus piano offers Roussel's Divertissement (Op. 6), Mozart's E-Flat-Major Quintet for Piano and Winds (K. 452), Ligeti's Six Bagatelles, and sextets by Gordon Jacob and Poulenc. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 11 at 8.)

¶ June 13 at 7:30: Prokofiev's "Overture on Hebrew Themes," Mozart's "Kegelstatt" Trio, and Brahms's Clarinet Quintet. . . . ¶ June 15 at 4: Mozart's B-Flat-Major Divertimento for Piano and Strings (K. 254—actually his first piano trio), Schubert's String Trio in B-Flat Major, and Dvořák's A-Major Piano Quintet (Op. 81). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061.)

Monica Verona and **David Korevaar**—The pianists share a recital, with Ms. Verona performing four of Schubert's Impromptus and three Preludes by Rachmaninoff, and Mr. Korevaar offering his own compositions. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 718-885-2478. June 15 at noon.)

Lara St. John—The violinist is assisted by pianist Ilan Rechtman in works by Bach, Sarasate, Bartók, and Mr. Rechtman. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. June 15 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

Monica Verona—Pianist, performing music by Schubert, Rachmaninoff, and Beethoven (his F-Minor Sonata, Op. 57, the "Appassionata"). (Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. June 16 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

Long Island Mozart Festival—The Sea Cliff Chamber Players present the second of three musical weekends. June 14 at 2: Chamber music by Mozart (including his C-Major Flute Quartet, K. 285b) and by composers he inspired (Fernando Sor and Mendelssohn). . . . At 5: Musical glasses enjoyed such a vogue in the late eighteenth century that what might have remained a parlor recreation—rubbing the damp rims of stemware—escalated into a creditable musical enterprise in Europe and America. Benjamin Franklin played an important part: by flattening the glasses into bowls and fixing them concentrically on a central spindle (activated by a foot treadle), he made the contraption—which

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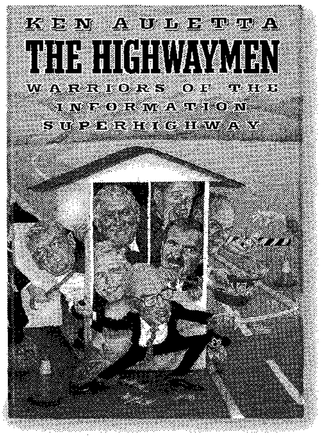

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he called the "armonica" or "harmonica"—more navigable and thus enhanced its serious musical possibilities. One of the most renowned players of the era was the German Marianne Kirchgässner, blind since early childhood, who so impressed Mozart while on tour in Vienna that he wrote two beautiful pieces for her. Her death, in 1808, at the age of thirty-nine, was widely attributed to a nervous condition brought on by prolonged contact with the instrument's pronounced overtones, a report that reinforced the armonica's reputation for causing insanity. In this concert, Dennis James, who is not only one of the world's foremost glass-harmonica virtuosos but also an unusually diverting lecturer, introduces his instrument and plays several masterpieces of its solo repertoire. . . . At 7: Mr. James plays Mozart's two glass-harmonica works—his C-Major Adagio (K. 356) and, with members of the chamber ensemble, his Adagio and Rondo (K. 617, the last piece of chamber music he composed)—in a concert that also includes music by Beethoven and C. P. E. Bach. . . . ¶ June 15 at 2: A Father's Day program offers works by three Mozart generations: Leopold's E-Major Divertimento, for two violins and cello, his son Wolfgang's Piano Quartet in E-Flat Major, and a violin sonata by Wolfgang's sixth child and younger surviving son, Franz Xaver (who later changed his name to Wolfgang Amadeus, Jr.). . . . At 5: Anyone who has watched a performance of the Lipizzaner stallions at Vienna's Spanish Riding School will have grasped that the music of Mozart and the art of dressage somehow intersect in the Austrian mind. In this performance, Ann Gribbons, an American rider who won the bronze medal at the Atlanta Olympics last summer, presents a *Kur* (the highest level of dressage) to the live accompaniment of selections by Mozart. . . . At 7: Beethoven's C-Minor Violin Sonata (Op. 30, No. 2), plus string quartets by Mozart (in B-Flat Major, K. 458, the "Hunt") and Haydn (in G Minor, Op. 74, No. 3, the "Rider"). (Sands Point Preserve, Port Washington. For information, call 516-671-6263. The festival continues through June 22.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—June 14 at 8: The Peter McEachern–Mario Pavone Jazz Ensemble. . . . ¶ June 15 at 3: The Penderecki String Quartet plays Haydn's D-Major Quartet (Op. 50, No. 6), and French hornist James Sommerville joins its members for Mozart's Horn Quintet and Brahms's Horn Trio. (Falls Village, Conn. 860-824-7126. The season continues through Aug. 31.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"MANY"—On June 11 at 7:30, Linda Mancini's satiric monologues about bathing suits, bombings, and embalming kick off a three-day festival of music, dance, and theatre at the Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris. Other performers include composer and cellist Robert Een, dancer Mark Dendy, and The Five Lesbian Brothers theatrical ensemble. (Park Ave. at 42nd St. For more information, call 878-2453.)

READINGS—June 11 at 6:30: Poets Robert Pinsky and Louise Glück read their verse. (Robert F. Wagner, Jr., Park, at the southern end of Battery Park City. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 12 at 6: Writer Daphne Merkin reads from her latest collection, "Dreaming of Hitler." (Benetton, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 14 at 2: After reading from his new guidebook, "Stepping Out: Nine Walks Through New York City's Gay and Lesbian Past," Daniel Hurewitz leads a brief tour through Chelsea. (A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 16 at 7: Isaiah Sheffer, artistic director of Symphony Space, joins Robert Fagles, translator of the Odyssey, and more than eighty actors for a Bloomsday reading from both Homer's epic and Joyce's *Ulysses*. (Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Expert choices for this week's reading

THE worldwide grosses of the summer blockbusters David Koepp has written and co-written—"Mission: Impossible," "Jurassic Park," and "The Lost World," among them—rival the G.N.P. of several less-developed countries. So it's easy to forget that his credits also include such quirky and critically celebrated fare as "Apartment Zero" and "Carlito's Way." Last year, he made his début as a director, with "The Trigger Effect," but what he *really* wants, it seems, is to write: Brian De Palma starts shooting his latest script, "Snake Eyes," next month. We asked him to tell us which older books on Hollywood stand up, and which newer ones stand out.

David Koepp

"When I was in college," the thirty-four-year-old Koepp says, "the most influential film books were Lajos Egri's 'The Art of Dramatic Writing,' William Goldman's 'Adventures in the Screen Trade,' and Syd Field's 'Screenplay.' Egri's is still by far the best how-to book about building a character. Goldman gave you a good, cynical primer on what the business was like. Syd Field's book is good but *insanely* dogmatic. Read it once to get an overview of the three-act structure, and then throw it out. When you see twenty-four-year-olds at the Starbucks on Wilshire Boulevard in Santa Monica clutching it to their breasts with a vacant look in their eyes, you know they've taken it too far."

A few of the movie books that Koepp singles out:

THE DEVIL'S CANDY, by Julie Salamon (Houghton Mifflin). This account of the making of "The Bonfire of the Vanities" is, Koepp says, "an incredible document, because Brian De Palma was so open with her, even when things started to go bad."

INDECENT EXPOSURE, by David McClintick (Morrow). "It's about watching David Begelman"—the flamboyant head of Columbia Pictures—"drive himself to ruin. And what's great about it is that it's fifteen years old and everything's the same."

DAVID LEAN, by Kevin Brownlow (St. Martin's). "An excellent biography, and a lesson in not learning too much about your heroes."

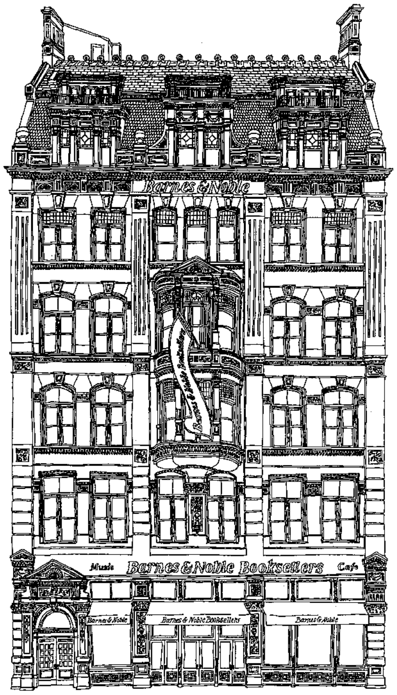
HITCHCOCK, by François Truffaut (Simon & Schuster). "Anyone who's going to direct a film should do two things: stand in an airport for fourteen hours a day, to get ready physically—and read this book, to get ready mentally. Every good visual idea in the world was Hitchcock's, and they're all in this book."

On Hollywood fiction:

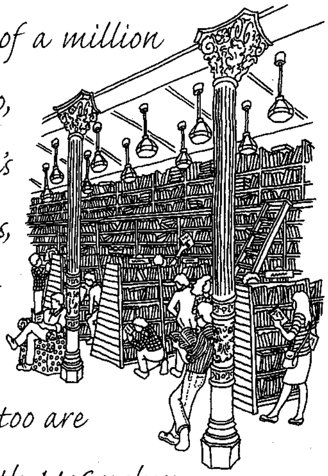
"Budd Schulberg's 'What Makes Sammy Run?' is hands down the best Hollywood novel," Koepp says. "Fifty years later, nothing has changed. Hollywood is filled with Sammy Glicks running around blissfully unaware that there's a book written about them. And I still go back to F. Scott Fitzgerald's Pat Hobby stories. Fitzgerald hated Hollywood, hated screenwriting, and hated himself for doing it. His character Pat Hobby has got every human flaw: he's a drunk, greedy, petty, not above stealing other people's ideas—basically, the screenwriter as the lowest form of life on earth. So, if you've had a rough day plying your trade in Hollywood, you can read a few of these stories and know there's someone even lower."

BARRY BLITT

WHERE YOUR FAVORITE AUTHORS LIVE.



As you stroll through Union Square in Manhattan, a building on the north side catches your eye. It's the Century Building—a picturesque Beaux Arts landmark, six stories of Queen Anne splendor—reincarnated after years of disuse as a uniquely beautiful Barnes & Noble bookstore. Walk inside. All around are books, floors and floors of books—imagine: more than a quarter of a million titles. One hundred years ago, this building housed one of America's greatest book and magazine combines, and prominent authors such as Mark Twain and Henry James roamed its halls. Today, they still do. Here, you can find their works in our immense fiction and literature section. Present too are novels by just-published or newly famous writers such as Elizabeth McCracken, winner of the Barnes & Noble Discover Great New Writers Award. Upstairs you'll find an entire department devoted to books from university and small presses. One can browse these abundant shelves or, book in hand, retire to the café, which offers coffee and a treetop view of the entire square. So next time you're in the neighborhood, drop by the Union Square Barnes & Noble.



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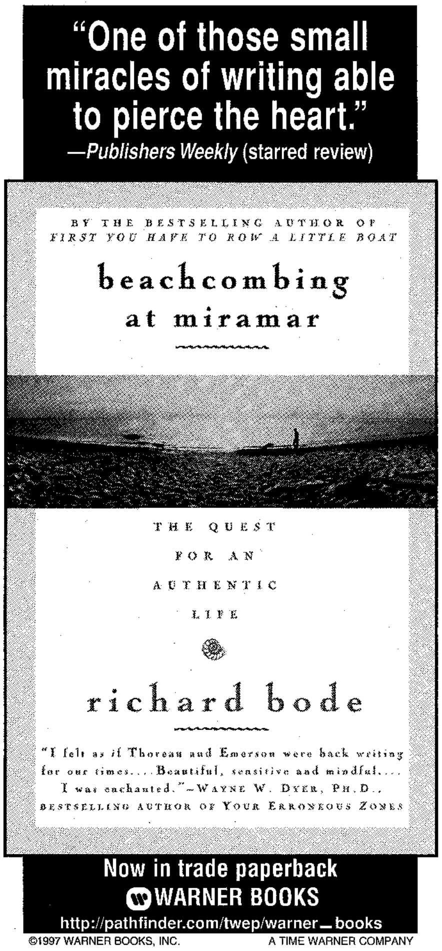
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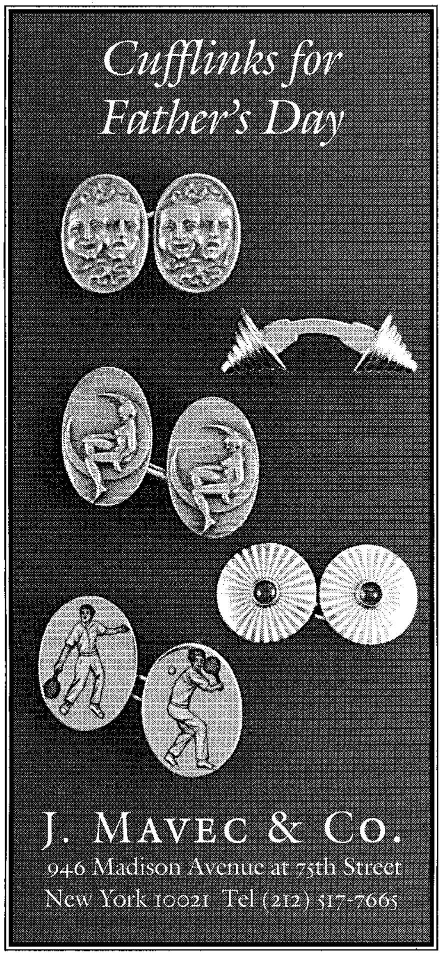
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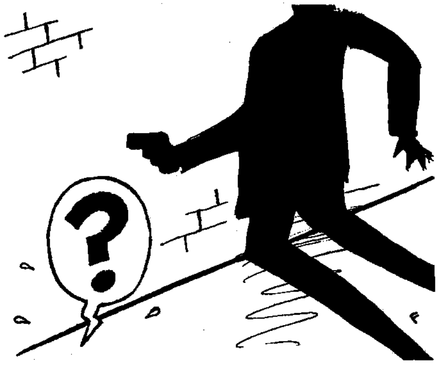


THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Dust of Life—Director Rachid Bouchareb's story of a Vietnamese reëducation camp for Amerasian children in the seventies. Adapted from Duyen Anh's memoir, "Fanta Hill." In French and Vietnamese. Opening June 11. (Film Forum.)

End of Summer—A romantic drama set in late-eighteen-nineties Saratoga, directed by Linda Yellen. With Jacqueline Bisset, Peter Weller, Amy Locane, and Julian Sands. Opening June 13. (Quad Cinema.)

Hercules—An early run for the Disney Studios' thirty-fifth animated film, a musical comedy directed by John Musker and Ron Clements, with music and lyrics by Alan Menken and David Zippel. With a stage show featuring Disney characters. June 15-26. (New Amsterdam Theatre, 214 W. 42nd St. For information, call 307-4100.)

Speed 2: Cruise Control—Sandra Bullock, Jason Patric, and Willem Dafoe are the stars of Jan De Bont's new thriller, about a hijacked cruise ship. Opening June 13. (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

Squeeze—A fact-based film about three Boston teen-agers (Tyrone Burton, Eddie Cutanda, and Phuong Duong) caught between the pressures of the street and the demands of an anti-gang youth center. Written and directed by Robert Patton-Spruill. Opening June 13. (State.)

Temptress Moon—A gigolo (Leslie Cheung) is ordered by his gangster boss to seduce an heiress (Gong Li) in the house where he was once a servant. Directed by Chen Kaige. In Mandarin. Opening June 13. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Ulee's Gold—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening June 13. (Angelika Film Center, Cinema I, and Regency.)

Waco: The Rules of Engagement—William Gazecki's documentary explores the events leading to the deaths of seventy-six members of the Branch Davidian sect in Texas in 1993. Opening June 13. (Cinema Village.)

Wedding Bell Blues—A romantic comedy about three unmarried women (Paulina Porizkova, Illeana Douglas, and Julie Warner) who head for Las Vegas to find husbands before their impending thirtieth birthdays. Also with John Corbett, Charles Martin Smith, and Jonathan Penner. Directed by Dana Lustig, from a screenplay by Annete Goliti Gutierrez. Opening June 13. (68th Street Playhouse.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 31.)

Addicted to Love—A desperately misbegotten screwball comedy, though it's almost worth watching in order to see Matthew Broderick and Meg Ryan plumb new lows in sexual chemistry. Broderick plays a dreamy astronomer who comes to big, bad New York to win back his girlfriend (Kelly Preston), who's moved in with a Frenchman (Tcheky Karyo). Ryan plays the Frenchman's jilted fiancée, a photographer; she's supposed to be a tough New Yorker, so she wears scary raccoon makeup. Robert Gordon's creepy, contrived screenplay has the stars teaming up to stalk their exes, then falling in love with each other. But these are both actors who need someone more intense to react to—together they're like a pair of stuffed animals. Directed by Griffin Dunne.—S.K. (Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, State, and Village East Cinemas.... ¶ Coronet Cinemas; through June 12.)

Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery—A parody of James Bond films and the swinging London of the sixties. The jokes are hit and miss, but Mike Myers, who plays dual roles (he's the super-sleuth photographer of the title, who's awakened from a cryogenic sleep he entered in 1967, and he's also Dr. Evil) and has upped the ante by writing his own script, delivers every line with a gentle, toothy, hilarious abandon. And Elizabeth Hurley, as the spy who helps Powers make the transition to the nineties, has a fine, dry way of setting up Myers's better jokes. The director is Jay Roach.—B.D. (Lincoln Square, Manhattan Twin, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

Bliss—A married couple (Craig Sheffer and Sheryl Lee) seek to deepen their love with the aid of a sex therapist (Terence Stamp). Written and directed by Lance Young. (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas.)

Brassed Off—Mark Herman's surprisingly enjoyable study of the effect of brass-band music on a depressed mining community in the north of England. Pete Postlethwaite stars as the bandleader, Danny. The miners' main reason to keep playing is the arrival of the bewitching Gloria (Tara Fitzgerald), who is actually working for the people who are planning to shut the pit down. The movie emerges, to Herman's great credit, not as stiff dialectic but as kindly, flexible farce. Also with Ewan McGregor.—A.L. (5/26/97) (Angelika Film Center, Lincoln Square, and New York Twin.)

Breakdown—A well-made if not particularly original highway thriller, starring Kurt Russell as a man whose wife (Kathleen Quinlan) vanishes while they're vacationing in the Southwest. The director, Jonathan Mostow, milks a lot of anxiety out of dusty desert roads and creepy diners, building a fine suspense machine as Russell, in an impressive performance, tracks a menacing trucker (J. T. Walsh) who may be responsible for his wife's disappearance.—B.D. (Astor Plaza, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, and Waverly.)

Buddy—Rene Russo plays Trudy Lintz, a wealthy woman who earlier this century raised the title character, a gorilla, as if he were a human child. Directed by Caroline Thompson, who adapted the screenplay from Lintz's autobiography, "Animals Are My Hobby." Also with Robbie Coltrane and Alan Cumming. (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 86th Street East Twin, Lincoln Square, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII.)

Chasing Amy—In Kevin Smith's low-budget comedy, a young comic-book artist (Ben Affleck) falls in love with a pretty, vivacious blonde (Joey Lauren Adams), who is, inconveniently, a lesbian. Smith doesn't have the skill to maintain a pleasurable sense of anticipation for an entire movie; this picture, his third, is as crummy-looking and as sluggishly paced as his début feature, the 1994 "Clerks."—T.R. (4/7/97) (Angelika Film Center and Eastside Playhouse.)

Children of the Revolution—This odd and fractured black comedy, a first feature from the Australian director Peter Duncan, is, you might say, too original for its own good. A devoted Australian Communist (Judy Davis, funny and fidgety) meets Joseph Stalin (a disastrously vulgar F. Murray Abraham), who in the course of an interesting evening woos her, impregnates her, and dies on her. Their child grows up to cultivate both a mustache and a set of implacable attitudes, which leave us in no doubt about his genetic inheritance. The film is a frenzy of newsreels, stills, slow motion, and mock interviews, although its best moments are, arguably, the quiet, shabby scenes of family life.—A.L. (5/12/97) (Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Con Air—The premise is juicy enough: a bunch of America's most unreconstructed convicts, who are being flown to a new high-security jail, commandeer the plane and make a bid for freedom. The producer is Jerry Bruckheimer, whose previous offering was "The Rock." The cast includes John Cusack as the good guy, John Malkovich as the bad guy, Nicolas Cage as the bad guy turned good, and Steve Buscemi as the bad guy turned extremely strange. And yet the result never really takes off. The stunts are a gas and the explosions bang your eardrums, but the basic formula is now so exposed in its thinness and so blatant in its borrowings that the excitement soon grows horribly routine. The director, Simon West, is so fond of hitting highs that he forgets to add any lows. Cage almost rescues the movie; for all his muscle-flexing, he maintains the droopy, amused look of a man who's seen it all before. You know how he feels.—A.L. (6/9/97) (Chelsea West, 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, Guild, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Daytrippers—A Long Island schoolteacher (Hope Davis) suspects her husband (Stanley Tucci) of infidelity, and confesses her fears to her parents (Anne Meara and Pat McNamara), her sister (Parker Posey), and her sister's boyfriend (Liev Schreiber). The whole group then piles into the car and heads for Manhattan, hoping to pick up the elusive husband's scent. This low-budget début feature by the writer and director Greg Mottola is no big deal, but it has a terrific ensemble, and Mottola's affection for the characters is obvious.—T.R. (3/24/97) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Village East Cinemas.)

The Designated Mourner—David Hare's film records, austerely, the original stage production of an austere play by Wallace Shawn. The main character is a lapsed intellectual named Jack (Mike Nichols), who, in long passages of direct address to the audience, explains the process by which he has transformed himself from an insecure highbrow into an oddly contented lowbrow—how, that is, he has managed to empty his spirit of aspiration and human feeling, and to narrow his expectations to the single, simple animal comfort of survival. Despite Nichols's charm and virtuosity, there's never a chance that the audience for this obviously highbrow production might actually sympathize with the monstrous Jack. Also with Miranda Richardson and David de Keyser.—T.R. (5/19/97) (68th St. Playhouse and Village East Cinemas; through June 12.)

Diary of a Seducer—The Kierkegaard novel of the same name functions as an aphrodisiac for two Parisian students (Chiara Mastroianni and Melvil Poupaud), in a movie written and directed by Danièle Dubroux. In French. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Fathers' Day—In Ivan Reitman's comedy, Robin Williams and Billy Crystal join forces to look for a missing teen-age boy, each of them believing that the runaway might be his son. The stars work together very gracefully, but the humor is dulled by the Perry Como-ish languor of Reitman's direction and fatally compromised by baby-boomer sentimentality about parenthood. Also with Nastassja Kinski and Julia Louis-Dreyfus.—T.R. (5/19/97) (Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, and New York Twin.)

The Fifth Element—Loud, garish sci-fi extravaganza written and directed by Luc Besson. The production design is rich and imaginative, Jean-Paul Gaultier's costumes are truly fabulous, and Bruce Willis's performance, as a cab driver out to save the world, is a small miracle of calm amidst a visual circus—all to no avail. Besson cranks the screaming and the mayhem to ear-splitting levels.—B.D. (Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII.)

Flamenco—A documentary-cum-love letter to the wizardly singing, dancing, and guitar playing of the Gypsies of southern Spain. Carlos Saura has gathered dozens of performers and had them do their thing in front of an exquisitely simple white backdrop. He relies on Vittorio Storaro's rich cinematography and, of course, on the inherent passion of the genre to hold our interest, and most of the time they do—though the endless succession of numbers sometimes feels like too much of a good thing.—S.K. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Gone Fishin'—The comic adventures of two buddies (Danny Glover and Joe Pesci) trying to get to the Everglades for a fishing vacation they've won. Directed by Christopher Cain. (86th Street East Twin, Embassy 3, Gotham Cinema, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas.)

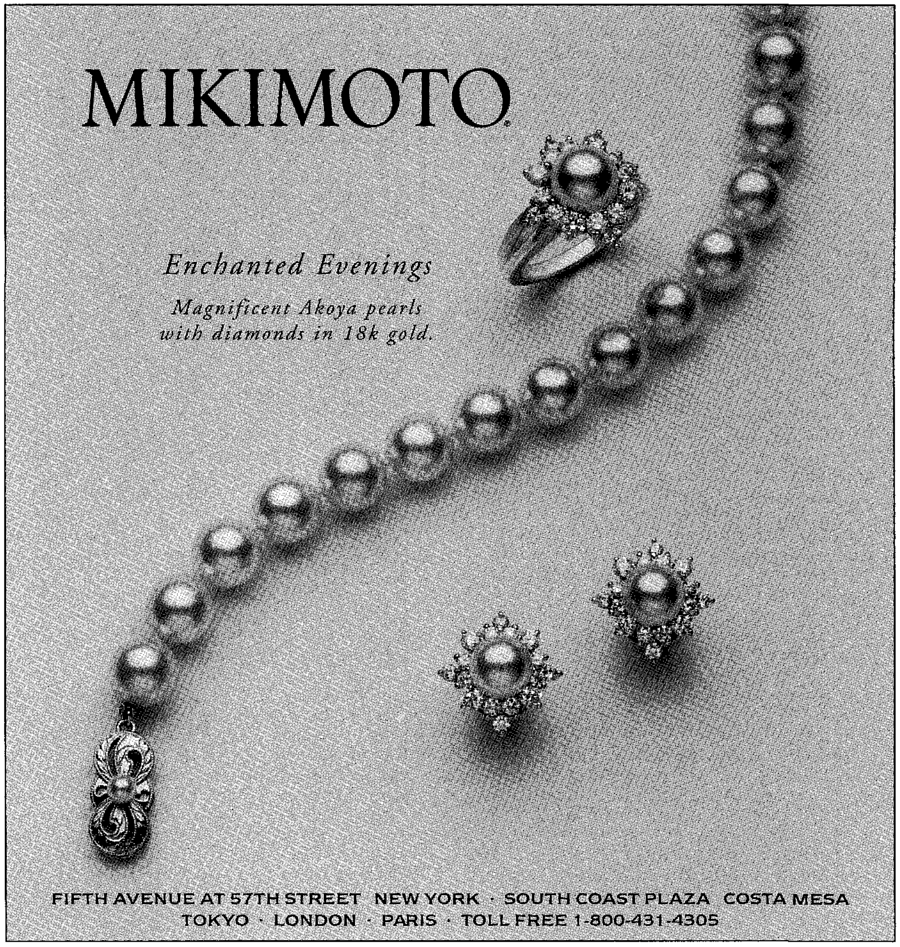
Irma Vep—Olivier Assayas has a good time with the pretensions of French cinema in this mostly charming lampoon of filmmaking. The plot concerns a troubled director (Jean-Pierre Léaud) whose insistence on casting the Hong Kong superstar Maggie Cheung (playing herself) in his remake of the classic French silent "Les Vampires" brings him close to ruin. Assayas dramatizes life on a movie set with some nicely drawn minor characters. Echoes of French films run rampant; the cinematic tricks (handheld cameras, odd sound effects, and so forth) don't always work, but there's some fun to be had here. In French and English.—B.D. (Film Forum 3.)

Kama Sutra—In Mira Nair's fairy tale, set in sixteenth-century India, Indira Varma plays a poor sexpot who seduces the king, gets cast out of her home, becomes a courtesan, and finally falls in love with the court sculptor (Ramon Tikaram). The movie succeeds so beautifully as a feast for the senses that Nair, apparently, sees no need to make the characters or the dialogue interesting.—S.K. (Angelika 57.)

Kolya—A likable enough Czech reworking of a tried-and-true formula: a sort of "Kramer vs. Kramer" set in Prague, in 1988-89, at the dawn of the Velvet Revolution. The screenwriter, Zdenek Sverak, also plays the central character, a bachelor cellist who suddenly finds himself responsible for an adorable Russian five-year-old. The cellist slowly grows out of his selfishness, and his love for this child who doesn't speak his language points to the new, boundaryless world that's about to open up. Directed by Jan Sverak. In Czech.—S.K. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and The Screening Room.)

Liar Liar—Tom Shadyac's movie stars Jim Carrey as a lying lawyer whose life is upended when his five-year-old son makes a birthday wish that, for exactly one day, his father will be incapable of telling a lie. As he peels away the layers of venal charm, you wait to discover an even more pungent venality beneath. Instead—guess what—he turns out to be a nice guy, and you feel let down when he finally surrenders to the forces of mush. But it's touching to find a director who believes in all sincerity that jokes about gas and pimples are, and always will be, inherently funny.—A.L. (3/31/97) (First & 62nd Cinemas and National Twin.)

The Lost World: Jurassic Park—Steven Spielberg's sequel to his 1993 blockbuster is, at its best, unmistakably the product of a master craftsman, and this time around he has found a way to amuse himself even as he cranks out a kind of movie that he has obviously outgrown. The director, on his return trip to the land of the dinosaurs, largely dispenses with the awestruck solemnity that fossilized his style in the first picture and replaces it with snappy showmanship and a teasing, self-aware tone: he plays on our eagerness to be frightened by his mechani-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Opening June 13, Gong Li in "Temptress Moon."

VIRGINIA HATLEY

cal beasts, and manipulates us so effortlessly that we begin to laugh at how primitive our responses are. He works like a great gagman here, riffing freely on classic adventure motifs (including a literal cliffhanger). The slapstick action sequences—often parodic and sometimes self-parodic—are exhilarating. With Jeff Goldblum, Julianne Moore, Pete Postlethwaite, Arliss Howard, and Richard Attenborough. Screenplay by David Koepp.—T.R. (6/2/97) (Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Olympia, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th Street Showplace, and Ziegfeld.)

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Equal-opportunity mawkishness. Joe Mantello's film version of the 1994 Terrence McNally play—he also directed it Off Broadway—hangs onto the Neil Simonesque structure of a group of gay men spending three summer weekends together at a country house. The group includes Stephen Spinella, John Benjamin Hickey, John Glover, Jason Alexander (as a stereotypical Broadway-loving queen), and Randy Becker (as a Latin hunk).—S.K. (Cinema II, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, and Village Theatre VII.)

Mondo—The tale of a mysterious ten-year-old Gypsy and the strangers on the streets of Nice who help him out. Directed by Tony Gatliff, who adapted the screenplay from J. M. G. Le Clezio's 1978 book, "Mondo et Autres Histoires." In French. (Quad Cinema.)

Night Falls on Manhattan—Yet another movie about New York City police corruption by Sidney Lumet. This one, starring Andy Garcia as a Manhattan D.A. prosecuting a drug king accused of shooting some cops, really belongs in a TV lineup. Lumet began his career, in the fifties, as a director of hard-hitting teleplays, and after years of Hollywood moviemaking he appears to have come full circle.—B.D. (Chelsea Cinemas, East 85th Street, Lincoln Square, 72nd Street East, State, 34th St. East, and Waverly.)

The Pillow Book—A drama written and directed by Peter Greenaway, centering on a woman obsessed with having calligraphic messages inscribed on her body. With Vivian Wu, Yoshi Oida, and Ewan McGregor. In Japanese and English. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Ponette—Writer-director Jacques Doillon's story of a four-year-old (Victoire Thivisol) who must come to terms with the sudden death of her mother. In French. (Angelika Film Center, Carnegie Hall Cinemas, and Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

La Promesse—Jean-Pierre and Luc Dardenne's hard-hitting coming-of-age story stars Jérémie Rénier as Igor, a streetwise Belgian teenager who helps his scummy father (Olivier Gourmet) traffic in illegal immigrants. When Igor sees one of his father's hapless African victims fall off a ladder, he promises to protect the dying man's wife and child; his struggle to uphold his pledge turns into a morality tale permeated with a Dickensian indignation at evil. A risk-taking, original piece of work. In French.—S.K. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

Rough Magic—In Clare Peploe's blithe-spirited diversion, a magician's assistant (Bridget Fonda), on the run from her odious fiancé (D. W. Moffet), heads across the border into Mexico; there she hooks up with a mysterious chain-smoking drifter (Russell Crowe) and an elixir-peddling quack (Jim Broadbent), who enlists her in his search for the secret recipe for a potent Indian concoction. The movie's comic-fantastic tone runs the constant risk of becoming merely precious, but Peploe manages to keep the whole thing feeling airy and bizarrely natural. The picture has a kind of playful, bounding quality, hopscotching among the conventions of various genres—film noir, screwball comedy, road movie, fable—apparently just for the joy of purposeless zigzag motion. And the actors—especially Fonda, who is luminously funny—are more than nimble enough for the game. Also with Kenneth Mars, Paul Rodriguez, Euva Anderson, and a talented Jack Russell terrier named Barkley. The screenplay, by Peploe and William Brookfield, is adapted from a 1944 pulp novel by James Hadley Chase.—T.R. (6/2/97) (62nd & Broadway.)

'Til There Was You—Winnie Holzman's screenplay follows a pampered, romantic little girl and a neglected, tough little boy as they grow up through the sixties, seventies, and eighties into a chain-smoking ghostwriter (Jeanne Tripplehorn) and a self-serving architect (Dylan McDermott), respectively; each ends up working for an actress (Sarah Jessica Parker) who once starred in a chirpy "Brady Bunch"-like show. There are serious, ambitious ideas here about the haplessness and self-absorption of a generation raised on television. And Holzman, to her credit, doesn't just show us endlessly whining slackers—she comes up with a plot and with a logic for their problems. But the whole thing feels over-thematized, heavy with effort. What's worse, the two leads display not a single kernel of charm. Directed by Scott Winant.—S.K. (Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, Embassy 2, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Timothy Leary's Dead—Paul Davids's documentary on the final days of the guru of psychedelics, who died in 1996. Co-written with Todd Easton Mills. (Quad Cinema.)

Trial and Error—A straitlaced lawyer (Jeff Daniels) about to marry a rich shrew gets into a drunken brawl at his bachelor party and can't show up to defend a con man (Rip Torn) in court. So his best friend, a reckless out-of-work actor (Michael Richards, funniest when he least resembles Kramer, of "Seinfeld"), does it for him. The premise of an ignoramus performer's drawing on television clichés to construct a defense yields a few minutes of truly inspired sketch comedy—but these few wild bits are crushed by a predictable romantic subplot and some two-ton moralizing about what is means to tell the truth. Directed by Jonathan Lynn.—S.K. (Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through June 12.)

The Van—Adapted by Roddy Doyle from the third novel in his Barrytown Trilogy, this tale of Dublin no-hopers also marks the lonely and melancholic end of the trilogy in the movies. Colm Meaney stars as a paunchy idler who joins forces with a friend (Donal O'Kelly) to run a new kind of fast-food service: mobile, friendly, frantic, and profoundly unhealthy. Stephen Frears, who directed, works equally hard to serve up the energy and farce of their enterprise, but finally he is sapped by the plotless pathos of the tale.—A.L. (5/26/97) (Angelika Film Center. . . . ¶ Regency; through June 12.)

When We Were Kings—A foolproof documentary. Then again, it's hard to see how anyone could mess up the story of the 1974 fight between Muhammad Ali and George Foreman: the drama is all there, ripe for the telling, and the director, Leon Gast, grabs the opportunity with both hands. To maintain the suspense, he enlists help from a wide range of Ali fans: George Plimpton, Spike Lee, and, above all, Norman Mailer, who talks about that night with the unabated excitement of a child.—A.L. (2/17/97) (The Screening Room.)

ALSO PLAYING

ABSOLUTE POWER: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **DONNIE BRASCO** (reviewed in our issue of 3/17/97): 64th and 2nd. . . . **THE ENGLISH PATIENT** (11/25/96): 59th Street East Cinema. . . . **GROSSE POINTE BLANK** (4/21/97): Village Theatre VII. . . . **INVENTING THE ABBOTTS:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **JERRY MAGUIRE** (12/16/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **LOVE JONES:** Criterion Center. . . . **PRIVATE PARTS:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **SCREAM:** Embassy 4. . . . **SECRETS & LIES:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **SLING BLADE:** Manhattan Twin. . . . **SPRUNG:** Criterion Center. . . . **THAT OLD FEELING:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **VOLCANO:** National Twin.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th St.
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy I, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema I and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
68th St. Playhouse, Third Ave. at 68th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton I and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly I and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

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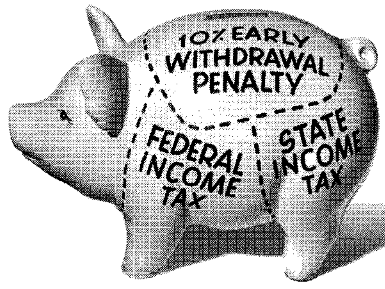

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REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

Blacks and Jews (1996)—The moviemaking may be functional, but this documentary's perspective on racial tension is refreshingly free of jaundice and sensitive to absurdity. The directors, Alan Snitow and Deborah Kaufman, while acknowledging that they have no panacea for easing black-Jewish conflicts, unravel knots of political rivalry and mutual distrust as they focus on specific events. The film's peak achievement is the painfully funny-sad chronicle of an episode that began when black and Latino teen-agers from Oakland's Castlemont High were ejected from a theatre showing "Schindler's List"; the tragicomedy included Afrocentrists teaching lessons about Jewish slave-trading during an African Holocaust Day and the governor of California, Pete Wilson, riding Steven Spielberg's coattails on the director's subsequent good-will trip to the school. Snitow and Kaufman bring a fair-minded skepticism to everything they film (including an all-too-practiced black-Jewish dialogue between Cornel West and Michael Lerner), and, as a result, their movie is both a catalyst for discussion and a relief.—M.S. (Walter Reade Theatre; starting June 17.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier produced and directed this fluid, handsome, satisfyingly paced version, and he himself is a witty and active platinum-blond Hamlet. Even if you feel that certain scenes should be done differently, when has the rest of the play been done so well? Whatever the omissions, the mutilations, the mistakes, this is very likely the most exciting and most alive production of Hamlet you will ever see on the screen. With Jean Simmons as Ophelia, Basil Sydney as the King, Eileen Herlie as the Queen, and Felix Aylmer as Polonius.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; June 12-13.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. Our identification with him as a psychopath is so complete it's hard to believe that while appearing before Fritz Lang's cameras in the daytime, he was, at night, acting as a comedian in a farce. In German.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; starting June 13.)

The Mysterious Island (1929)—Imaginative undersea fantasy based on an 1874 Jules Verne novel and starring sinister monsters, weird fish, Lionel Barrymore as a nineteenth-century inventor, and Montagu Love as a wicked nobleman. This ill-fated production was begun in 1927 by the greatly gifted Maurice Tourneur, who was fired by M-G-M and replaced by Benjamin Christiansen, and it was finally credited to Lucien Hubbard—by which time sound had come in, so the film is part silent, part sound.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; June 15.)

Noah's Ark (1928)—The oft-anthologized scenes of Biblical mayhem may whet your appetite for an epic blowout—and the director, Michael Curtiz, and the screenwriter, Darryl F. Zanuck, do try to out-De Mille De Mille. Several other Old Testament tales seep into their version of Noah's story, which here comes complete with the Tower of Babel and a pillared pagan city and God searing the instructions for the creation of the Ark into huge stone slabs. But sandwiched into all this is a dreary modern-day tale about a Yank (George O'Brien) who leaves behind his German wife (Dolores Costello) when he enlists in Paris during the First World War. The actors play double roles, but this casting trick is about all that binds the tale of two millennia together—that, and a dubious parallel between the Deluge and the Great War's deluge of

At the American Museum of the Moving Image, silent films with their original recorded scores.

MICHAEL KUPPERMAN

blood. (Students of Hollywood arcana might enjoy the evidence of Zanuck's infatuation with Woodrow Wilson sixteen years before he produced his now-forgotten "Wilson.") Silent, with talking sequences.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; June 15.)

Tabu (1931)—*Working together, two great directors*—Robert Flaherty and the German Expressionist F. W. Murnau—began this South Seas picture; they disagreed and Flaherty split. This marvellous, deeply flawed classic has some of the worst scenes that have ever been part of a work of screen art—cavorting natives and a creaking plot and a heroine with plucked eyebrows—and its musical score combines plaintive, moaning choirs, bits of Schubert, and "The Moldau," but the dancing is superlative and there are extraordinary pictorial effects. Murnau's mysticism may be alien to the islands, but it does wonders for the movie. Silent.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; June 14.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—A retrospective of films directed by Frank Capra. June 11: "That Certain Thing" (1928; silent) and "Flight" (1929). . . . June 12: "A Hole in the Head" (1959) and "Pocketful of Miracles" (1961). . . . ¶ From June 13: "M" (†).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Filmed versions of Shakespeare plays. June 12 at 2:30 and June 13 at 8: "Hamlet" (†). . . . June 12 at 6 and June 16 at 2:30: "Hamlet" (1964, Bill Colleran). . . . June 13 at 3: "Hamlet" (1990, Franco Zeffirelli). . . . June 14 at 5: "Macbeth" (1948, Orson Welles). . . . June 15 at 5 and June 17 at 6: "Othello" (1965, Stuart Burge and Laurence Olivier). . . . ¶ June 12 at 3 and 6: "Wired" (1994, Donald Blank) and "Tossed and Found" (1996, Blank), both documentaries. . . . ¶ A program of films directed by or about the Iranian filmmaker Mohsen Makhmalbaf, most in Farsi, with English subtitles. June 13 at 2:30 and June 16 at 6: "The Cyclist" (1989). . . . June 13 at 6: "A Moment of Innocence" (1996). . . . June 13 at 8 and June 15 at 2: "The Peddler" (1987). . . . June 14-15 at noon: "Mohsen Makhmalbaf: A Portrait" (1996, Housang Golmakani). . . . June 14 at 2: "Once Upon a Time, Cinema" (1992). . . . June 14 at 5: "Time of Love" (1990; in Turkish). . . . June 15 at 5: "Fleeing from Evil to God" (1984). . . . June 16 at 2:30: "Marriage of the Blessed" (1989). . . . June 17 at 2:30: "Close-Up" (1989). . . . June 17 at 6: "Salaam Cinema" (1995).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Through June 19: The 1997 Human Rights Watch International Film Festival. . . . ¶ June 17 at 8:30: "Green Chimneys" (1996, Constance Marks and Bob Eisenhardt).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—June 17 at 12:30 and 6:30: " 'Round Midnight" (1986, Bertrand Tavernier). . . . June 17 at 3:30 and 9: "Mississippi Blues" (1984, Tavernier and Robert Parrish).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—A program of silent films with their original recorded orchestral scores. June 14 at 2: "Sunrise" (1927, F. W. Murnau). . . . June 14 at 4: "Tabu" (†). . . . June 15 at 2: "The Mysterious Island" (†). . . . June 15 at 4: "Noah's Ark" (†).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St.—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On June 15 at 7, the feature will be "The Wiz" (1978, Sidney Lumet).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—June 11 at 6 and June 12 at 9: "Chronicle of a Disappearance" (1996, Elia Suleiman; in Arabic). . . . June 11 at 7: "Moon Shadow" (1995, Alberto Simone; in Italian). . . . June 11 at 9:30: "The Killer's Mother" (1996, Volker Einrauch; in German). . . . June 12 at 7: "Memories of Frankenstein" (1996, Jonas Mekas). . . . June 12 at 9:30 and June 14 at 3: "Night of the Flood" (1996, Bernar Hebert). . . . June 13 at 7 and June 15 at 6: "Suzaku" (1996, Kawase Naomi; in Japanese). . . . June 13 at 9:30: "The Day a Pig Fell Into the Well" (1996, Hong Sang-Soo; in Korean). . . . June 14 at 6 and June 15 at 3: "Kids Return" (1996, Kitano Takeshi; in Japanese). . . . June 14 at 9: "Brigands: Chapitre VII" (1996, Otar Iosseliani; in French). . . . June 15 at 9 and June 17 at 9:30: "Foreign Land" (1995, Walter Salles; in Portuguese). . . . June 16 at 7: "Chantal Akerman par Chantal Akerman" (1996, Akerman; in French). . . . June 16 at 9:30: "Red Hollywood" (1996, Thom Andersen and Noel Burch). . . . June 17 at 7: "Pretty Village, Pretty Flame" (1996, Srdjan Dragojevic; in Serbian).

Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.—Mondays, starting at dusk: free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with Looney Tunes and coming attractions. The feature on June 16 will be "The Wizard of Oz" (1939, Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley. (Rain date is the following night.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway. (718-638-5000, ext. 230)—A program of action films made in Hong Kong. June 15 at 3 and 7 and June 16 at 3: "City on Fire" (1987, Ringo Lam; in Cantonese).

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008, ext. 347)—A program of films inspired by actual and fictional memoirs. June 14 at 1: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975, François Truffaut; in French). . . . June 14 at 3: "Heavenly Creatures" (1995, Peter Jackson).

The Ninth Annual New York Lesbian and Gay Film Festival—Through June 15: Films and videos from around the world will be shown at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St., and at the New York Film Academy, 100 E. 17th St. (For information about tickets, call 254-8504.)

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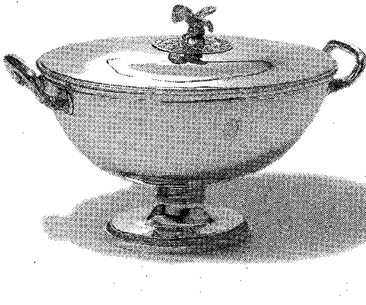

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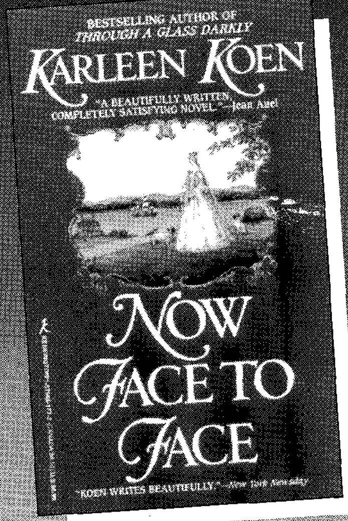
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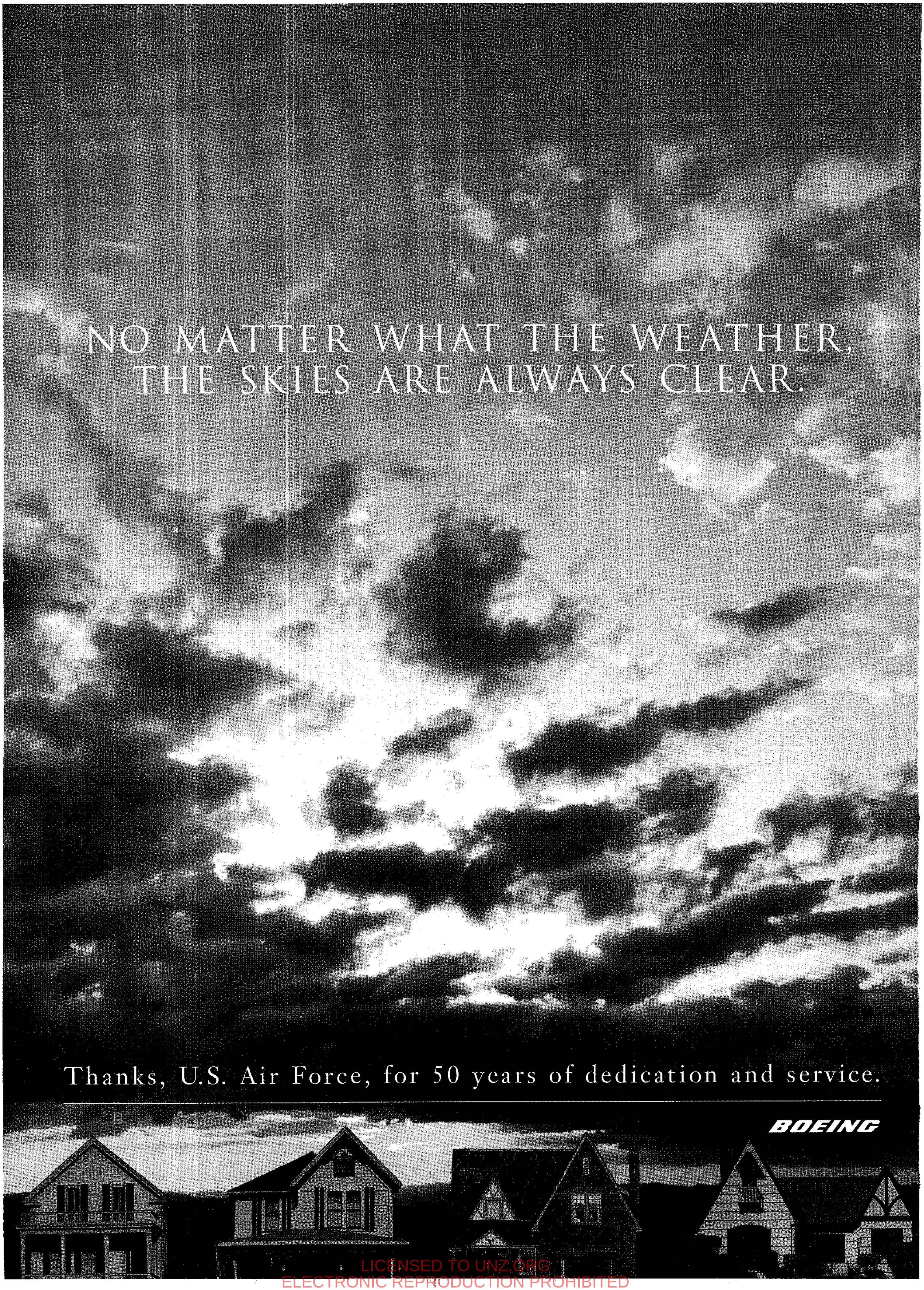
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

SLIGHT HEADACHE DEPT.

Is "The Bible Code" this year's highbrow Ouija board?

The news that the Bible encodes information about major events in world history—information that can be deciphered by entering the three hundred four thousand eight hundred and five characters of the Hebrew Scriptures as a single continuous text into a computer, which then searches for letter patterns that spell out "hidden" words—will have come as no surprise to people who spent much of 1969 listening to the Beatles' "Abbey Road" played backward. These people learned long ago that if you are ingenious enough, patient enough, and perverse enough, texts will always reveal themselves to say what you want them to say. The sea of signs is without a bottom. There are no meanings so deep that deeper meanings cannot somehow be found.

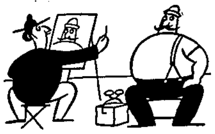
This method of decoding the Bible was discovered by Dr. Eliyahu Rips, an Israeli mathematician, and is now relayed to the world in a book called "The Bible Code," by a former Washington *Post* and *Wall Street Journal* reporter named Michael Drosnin. Mr. Drosnin claims he learned from the code that Yitzhak Rabin was going to be assassinated, information that he then tried to pass along to Rabin in September of 1994, a year before the assassination occurred. He reports that he found, in the code, the words "Yitzhak Rabin" crossed (as in a crossword puzzle) with the words "assassin that will assassinate," and, nearby, the number 5756, which is the number of the Jewish year it happened. After the assassination, he found the name "Amir," which is the last name of the man who committed the murder. This would seem pretty clearly to indicate that in the Jewish year 5756 Yitzhak Rabin would assassinate a man named Amir; but that is not what Mr. Drosnin interpreted the words to mean, because that was not, of course, the information he was looking for.

People are always finding messages in bottles like this. Charles Manson is supposed to have got the idea for the Tate-LaBianca murders from the Beatles song "Helter Skelter." In 1985, two unhappy young men in Nevada thought that a song by Judas Priest was telling them to kill themselves, and followed the advice. Some people believed that the Procter & Gamble logo was a satanic image, and some people (probably the same ones) think that the back of the dollar bill encodes a similarly godless message. Spiro Agnew thought the title of the song "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" deliberately encrypted the letters LSD (and so did a lot of other people). In 1995, an antiabortion group in Virginia complained that the word "sex" appears momentarily in a dust cloud in a scene in "The Lion King." "I don't know if anyone saw it right off," explained a spokesman for the group, which studied a videotape of the movie closely after the suspicious cloud had been drawn to their attention by the aunt of an observant four-year-old. "I can say that I didn't when I first saw it. But I did after a while, after running it back and forth." It's there if you believe it's there.

The fascination with the subliminal, the camouflaged, and the encrypted is ancient. Getting a computer to munch away at long strings of letters from the Old Testament is not that different from killing animals and interpreting the entrails, or pouring out tea and reading the leaves. It does add the modern impersonal touch: a computer found it, not a person, so it must be "really there." But computers find what people tell them to find. As the programmers like to say, "Prophecy in, prophecy out."
—Louis Menand

AT THE MUSEUMS

"Jewels of the Romanovs" has Texans sighing for the eighties.



"It's not something you'd wear to lunch," the socialite Lynn Wyatt says, stopping to smile in front of a display case at Houston's Museum of Fine Arts. She is peering through a lorgnette at the Empress Maria Alexandrova's 1860 brooch, a swirl of diamonds surrounding a door-knob-size sapphire said to be the largest in the world. Wyatt was glad to finally see the opening of "Jewels of the Romanovs: Treasures of the Russian Imperial Court," the travelling exhibition of Russian state treasures that made front-page news at the end of its Corcoran Gallery run, when Russian officials held it hostage in a truck on the streets of Washington.

But in Houston you see a different show than you did in Wash-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

ington—same jewels, costumes, and paintings, but in a setting more Harry Winston than Hermitage, with velvet display props and fiber-optic lighting playing on the faceted stones just so. And the exhibition labels have been edited to reflect Texan priorities. In Washington, these bits of explanatory text detailed political intrigues in St. Petersburg, the diamonds and rubies only as important as the stories behind them. For the Houston audience, the exhibition's young American curator, Nick Nicholson, has substituted numbers (of carats) for some of the narratives. "Whatever the bloody history of a particular stone," he said recently, "whether it involves Peter killing his own son or Catherine plotting the murder of her husband, Texans also want to know how big it is." Take the Alexander I bracelet, an eight-inch-wide enamelled band of gold around an enormous flat diamond. Visitors to the Corcoran learned that it was created circa 1825, after Alexander's mysterious death while vacationing with his wife in the Crimea. The Houston crowd is told that the stone, at twenty-seven carats, is the largest portrait-cut diamond in the world. ("Honey, that's about the size I was telling you about," one big-haired matron was heard to murmur at the opening.)

"Jewels of the Romanovs" reminds the locals of the days when oil was selling for forty dollars a barrel and, as Elyse Lanier, the wife of Houston's mayor, puts it, "you didn't have to ask your husband's permission to charge hundred-thousand-dollar bracelets." And you might have worn a big old sapphire to lunch. Houston still seems very Romanov to Nicholson. "The courtiers of St. Petersburg were the rich Texans of their day," he says, "coming into money and society late, then making up for lost time by building and buying big." Lynn Wyatt, the wife of the energy mogul Oscar Wyatt, agrees. "Peter the Great would fit right in here in Texas," she says. "He's my kind of man. In fact, he's just like my husband: he could do anything—ride horses, plant a garden, sail boats." And buy jewelry for his wife.

—VANCE MUSE

THIS IS WAR DEPT.

The other woman in the Fifth Bomb Wing's history.

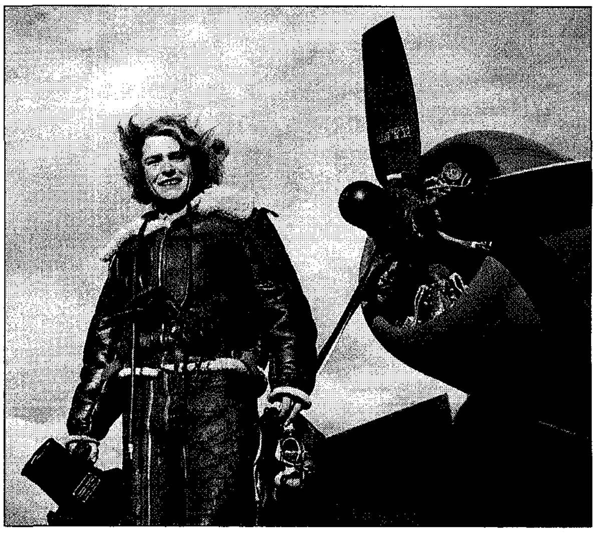
I HADN'T thought of my old outfit, the Fifth Bomb Wing, for a long time, so I was pleased to see that the Fifth had made the news recently—and then chagrined to learn why: First Lieutenant Kelly Flinn, the first woman B-52 pilot, had been forced out of the United States Air Force for sexual improprieties. It seemed like a crock.

The ex-Lieutenant's case brought to mind an incident that occurred in 1943 in North Africa, when a glamorous American woman in a tailored correspondent's uniform showed up at our headquarters, then located in a former gambling resort in Biskra, close to the action in eastern Algeria. Margaret Bourke-White, already famous as a photographer for *Life*, had talked Lieutenant General Jimmy Doolittle, of the Twelfth Air Force, into letting her take pictures during an actual combat mission. Doolittle called Brigadier General J. Hampton Atkinson, the commanding officer of the Fifth Bomb Wing, and told him that he had granted her permission to go aloft but left the final decision to his discretion.

When Bourke-White appeared at the casino in Biskra, normal activities stopped. Uniforms were pressed and shoes polished. An attractive American woman visiting our wing! Bourke-White came equipped with a Speed Graphic, a Graflex, and a Rolleiflex or two. Officers and enlisted men competed to get into her pictures or, at least, to carry her camera bags. When Bourke-White spotted a gaming table with a green baize covering, she requested that maps be placed over part of it and that "Hamp"—our C.O., General Atkinson, who was movie handsome—and his briefing officers pose as if they were planning an attack. It was a faked shot but made for a dramatic picture and didn't hold up the Second World War for more than a half hour.

In the evening, a serious matter was discussed by some of us in the intelligence section of the Fifth's all-male headquarters: Where would Margaret Bourke-White go to the bathroom? And where would she sleep?

The problem was resolved in an ancient droit-du-seigneur manner, updated by modern consenting adults in uniform. General Atkinson found room for Miss Bourke-White in his private quarters, a fact not easy to conceal around Biskra. As Vicki Goldberg confirms in "Margaret Bourke-White: A Biography," "Atkinson was Margaret's first wartime liaison but not her last. In places where women were scarce and death a constant promise, the atmosphere was charged with desire and longing."



Margaret Bourke-White

Just after dawn on January 22, 1943, Flying Fortresses from the Fifth's 97th Bomb Group took off and bombed El Aouina, in Tunisia. General Atkinson was in the lead plane. Margaret Bourke-White was on board, filming the mission. Their B-17 returned without mishap. Several weeks later, we were happy to see her pictures of our headquarters and Fortresses in *Life*. Not long after that, the war moved on across the Mediterranean to the mainland of Europe.

To be sure, there's a vast difference between the incidents involving the two women whose names, for better or worse, are part of the Fifth Bomb Wing's history. Except, perhaps, in human terms.

—HERBERT MITGANG

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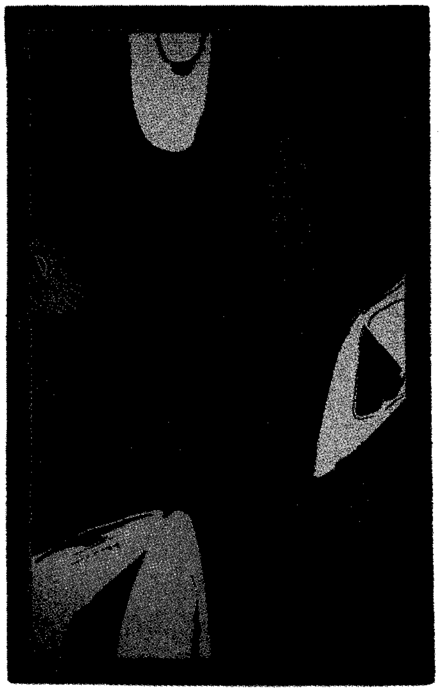
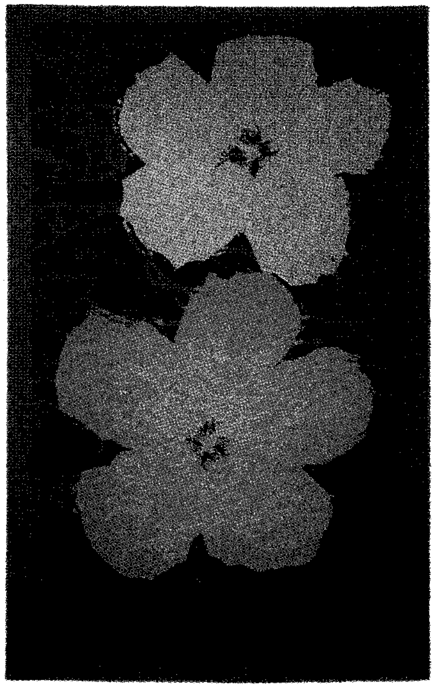
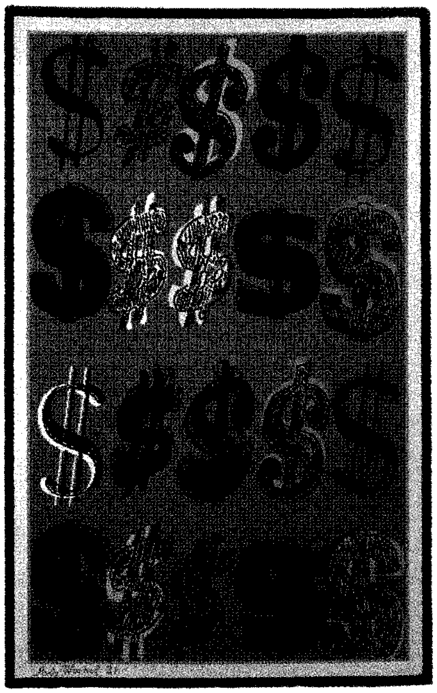
POP GO THE WARHOLS.


Diamond Dust Shoes 1980


Flowers 1967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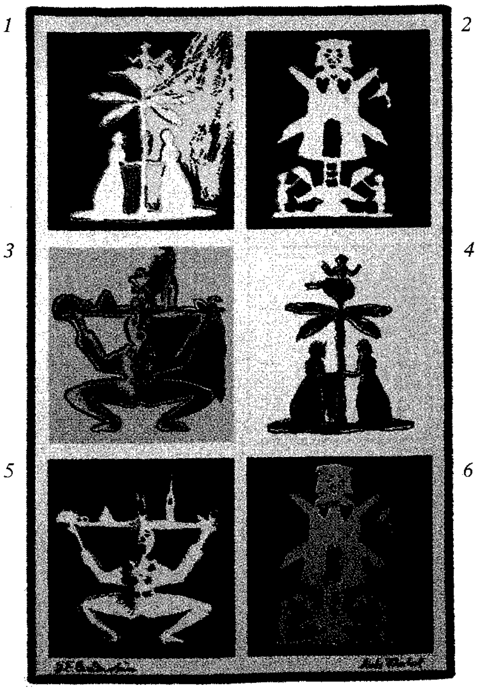

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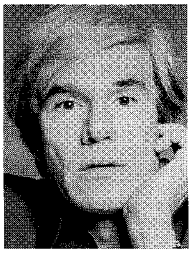

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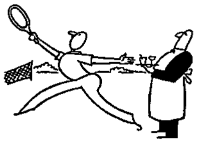
THE SPORTING SCENE

If he wants to win Wimbledon, Tim Henman had better make one little, uh, adjustment.



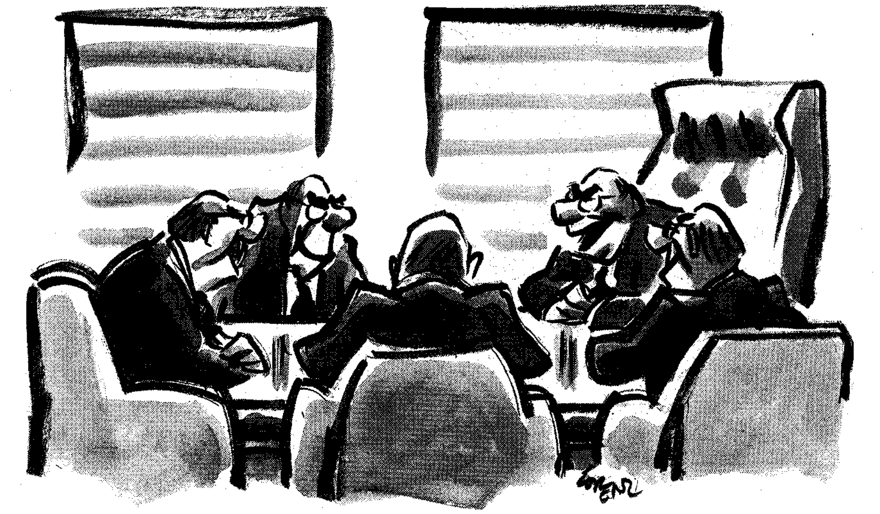
OVER the past twelve months Tim Henman has accumulated much praise: praise for his bowshot serve and his matador backhand; praise for his "boyish" good looks and his sound choice of girlfriend; and praise for the way he "handles" the heavy burden of a nation's hopes. But these are mere details. In my view, Tim's real distinction has never been properly assessed—or even mentioned. It is an achievement that transcends the realm of sport and aspires to something world-historical. And it has to do with his *name.*

I don't mean the "Henman" bit, which presumably denotes an interest in poultry among his earliest forebears. Although "Henman" isn't particularly appealing or mellifluous, it doesn't constitute a congenital handicap. But "Tim" does. And this is what gives Henman his true paramountcy. He is the first human being called Tim to achieve anything at all.

Already, as I type, I can hear people clucking away at this slur. Special outrage is to be expected from the Tims among my readers—to whose troubles I am seeming to add. The Tims don't need the extra aggravation. And I understand. But look at it the other way: with Henman at the helm, this is a time of *hope* for the Tims. Maybe the Tims are starting to turn things around.

There's one thing I'm already prepared for: the somewhat boorish suggestion that the Martins aren't that brilliant either. Not so. A minute's thought gives me Luther, Luther King, Heidegger, Ryle, and Scorsese. Who can the Tims bounce back with? Tim Cromwell? Tim Schopenhauer? Tim Hubble? Tim Ford Coppola? Tim X?

"Tim," I fear, just doesn't have that ring. The name lacks all gravity. It's easy enough to see how it happened: the Tims of this world had all their ambitions crushed, all their aspirations dashed, by being called "Timmy" during childhood. The association with "timid" and "timorous" (from the Latin *timere:* "to fear") was obviously too strong to bear. "Hello, Timmy"—imagine what that does to you, after the first few thousand times. The real puzzle is that the Tims do as well as they do, many of them leading reasonably active lives, holding down jobs, getting off with girls, and going on to have children of their own.



"Today, gentlemen, we trade in the brute force of the T. Rex for the cunning of the raptor."

DO I expect them to be taking this lying down, over at Tim H.Q.? I do not. In the seventies, in London, there was a brief craze for Rock Concerts Against Ginger-Haired People. The occasional carload of ginger-haired people used to patrol these events, taking vengeance when and where they could. Going proactive, however, with marauding gangs of Tims, doesn't sound like the Tims' style. As I browsed through the dictionary, looking for more dirt on the Tims, I came across the word *timocracy.* It doesn't mean "rule by Tims" or "rule by Tim." It means rule by people "motivated by love of honor." This is surely the gentler, more Tim-like course, and the clear way forward for the Tims.

Tim Henman

In my own sphere, I have already noticed a solidification of Tim talent. There are four British Tim writers of settled reputation: Messrs. Binding, Jeal, Garton Ash, and Mo. This is a start. The next step would be to internationalize the trend and extend it to the United States, where Tim O'Brien is rather desperately holding the fort. One difficulty here is that American writers tend to have formidably bold and percussive surnames; the Tims would certainly wilt in such an unequal clinch. Tim Mailer? Tim Updike? Tim Heller? Tim Bellow? There is a Tim Roth, but he's an actor, and an unusually short one. I think I can see a way out of this. It's a solution suggested to me by the example of Thomas Pynchon.

For the time being, at any rate, the Tims should all change their first names to Tom. Tim Henman had better do that this week if he wants a chance of winning Wimbledon. And while we're at it let's change the name of "tennis," too. "Tennis" ("app. f. OF *tenez,* 'take, receive,' called by server to his opponent, imper. of *tenir,* 'take'") sounds hopelessly fey and effete. I don't want to play or watch a game called "tennis" anymore. I demand a name that sounds more butch and up-to-date. Volleyball has preëmpted "volleyball"; "powerball" is good; and what about "crackball," which moreover to recommend it sounds like a drug likely to enhance performance? I'd ask the Tims to send in some suggestions, but I don't think this is the sort of thing they'd be any good at.

So how about it, Tom? Anyone for smackball?

—MARTIN AMIS

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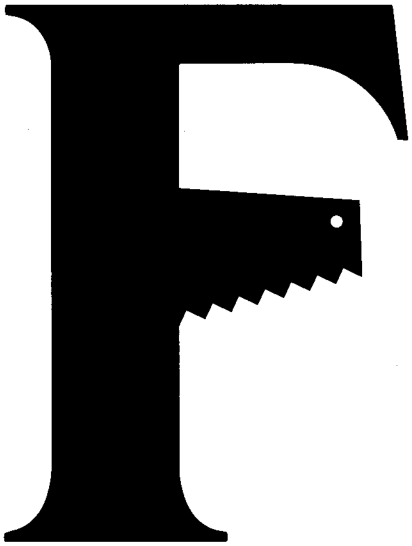

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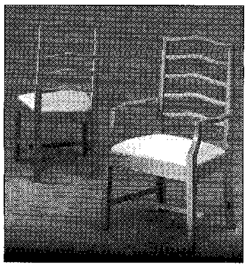

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THE POLITICAL SCENE

IN GOD THEY TRUST

Washington faces a new challenge: Should it let the churches take over the inner cities?

BY JOE KLEIN

On a recent spring morning, the Reverend Eugene F. Rivers III, who leads the Azusa Christian Community, a Pentecostal church in an impoverished corner of the Dorchester section of Boston, paid a ministerial visit to the nearby Oliver Wendell Holmes Public School. "I've got to check in on America's worst nightmare," he told me. "Ten-year-old kid. His daddy was shot through the head. His mama's got 'chemical' issues. He's a ringleader. You can just see it. He's been getting into trouble—they already caught him with a knife. He'll be packing a Glock before long, unless someone gets to him."

Walking briskly to the Holmes school—it almost seemed a forced march—through winding streets lined with modest frame houses, Rivers greeted many of the people he passed by name. "Hey, Rev," they saluted back. "Flash boots," one young man called out, noticing the Reverend's tan construction boots. Rivers was also wearing a blue shirt with black ink stains on the pocket, gray slacks, and a smattering of glitter on his face and hair that he'd acquired during the previous day's after-school program at his parish house. He is a relatively small man, alternately thoughtful and raucous, an intellectual who also happens to be an evangelist.

Rivers's style of ministry represents a significant challenge to the political community beyond his neighborhood. His message is that religious institutions are better equipped to deal with the problems of the poor than the government is, and that they should receive public support to do everything from crime prevention to welfare reform. It is an argument that has intensified in recent years, and has found its way to Washington. "I don't know if we've reached this point because these programs have succeeded," a White House aide told me, "or because everything else has failed, but this certainly seems to be the hot social-policy topic these days."

On the walk to the Holmes school, Rivers pointed out several local landmarks. Ripley Road Park was once a base camp for drug dealers, and it is still an occasional battle zone, but it is also the site of a notable victory. Rivers had stationed himself there in the early nineties, when he began to organize a group of forty-three other ministers, mostly from small black congregations, into a coalition that took their churches to the streets. During prime crime time—weekend nights, weekday afternoons—they hung out in parks and on street corners and held vigils in front of crack houses, shaming the police into action and then working with them to clean out the trouble spots. "We just said we're gonna *be* here," Rivers recalled. "And the dealers understood: If I'm controlling this street corner, then you're not. If I win, you lose. Mess with me and I'll sic the white boys on you." But the dealers didn't go quietly. Two of them fired gunshots at the row house just around the corner from Ripley Road Park where Rivers lives with his wife and two children. Several local kids later pointed out the bullet holes to me; the shootings had become a neighborhood legend.

Kareem (not his real name) didn't look like America's worst nightmare; he was too young and too slight to seem much of a threat. He wasn't scowling, or angry; his face was blank, his eyes impenetrable. He had very dark skin, and hair done up in haphazard plaits. Rivers had a brief conference with the school principal, and learned that Kareem had been suspended several weeks earlier for carrying a knife and had since been involved in several after-school incidents. Then Rivers met with the child in the school library.

"Hey, money," the Reverend said, taking a seat. "You know what I'm doing here? I'm gonna keep you outta jail." The boy stared at him without expression. "What do you like to do?" Rivers asked. "You like movies?" Kareem nodded. "What do you want to see?"

Kareem finally spoke. " 'Anaconda,' " he mumbled.

PETER DE SÈVE

"Tell you what," Rivers said. "I'll take you to see 'Anaconda' if you can stay out of trouble between now and Friday. You know what I'm saying? No more knives. I'm gonna wring your monkey butt, I catch you with a knife."

"I didn't have no knife," he said.

"Oh, yes, you did," Rivers said. "Now I'm gonna be checking up on you. I'm gonna come round your house, talk to your mother after school. Where are you gonna be?"

"Home."

"Home, what?"

"Home, sir."

"Give me five," Rivers said, and Kareem dutifully held out his palm for a slap. "All right! You the *man!*" Rivers said, standing. Kareem also stood, and the Reverend hugged him close. "You know that I love you, right?" Kareem smiled nervously. "We're gonna keep you out of jail. Go on back to school now. All right? *Oh-kay.*"

Afterward, Rivers said to me, "You see that smile? You see the way he lit up? See, he's doable. We can get him. But you got to do an intensive thing with him. He'll go for the love thing, 'cause he's never seen it from a black male before. He's almost wishing someone would care enough to spank him."

EUGENE RIVERS was born in Boston forty-seven years ago and was brought up in Philadelphia, the son of a Pentecostal mother and a Black Muslim father who was for a time the art director of *Muhammad Speaks*, the weekly newspaper of the Nation of Islam. "That's Gene," a friend of his says. "A perfect Muslim Pentecostal." Rivers spent a good portion of his youth experimenting along the wilder shores of street life and radical politics. He finally settled in at Harvard as a thirty-year-old undergraduate protégé of Martin Kilson, a professor of government. There, Rivers formed a black Pentecostal student group called the William J. Seymour Society. It was named, he says, for "the one-eyed black man who launched the first Pentecostal revival, on Azusa Street in Los Angeles, in 1906." Rivers left Harvard in the mid-nineteen-eighties, when he and his wife, Jacqueline, accompanied by about a dozen members of the Seymour Society, moved to Dorchester to live their faith, recasting themselves as the Azusa Christian Community. "We had a very New Testament vision of what a church should be," Eva Thorne, a longtime Azusa member who is now a graduate student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says. "We saw it as a community rather than a building. We decided to become an *intentional* community, which meant sharing our resources and working with the poor, according to the model set out in Acts, Chapters 2 and 4. It was a radically Biblical ethic: you stay with the people, you are accountable, you don't let careerism drive you. Most of the other blacks at Harvard were deeply into careerism of one sort or another. I think some of them thought we were a cult."

A decade later, Rivers's anti-careerist career is in excellent shape. Because of his crime-fighting work, he is now a well-known figure in Boston, and his reputation is growing nationally: he was selected for the religious roundtable at Colin Powell's recent Volunteerism Summit; he was part of Bill Moyers's televised Book of Genesis Bible study; and he has been the frequent subject of newspaper and magazine articles. At times, to the dismay of the other Azusa Community members, he can seem something of a showboat, an urban-social-policy performance artist. He calls himself a Christian Black Nationalist and claims Ho Chi Minh as a hero. But he also says, "Liberalism has had a devastating impact on the moral and spiritual life of black people," and "The only thing that stands between this community and nihilism is the black church."

That statement is hyperbole, but it is certainly true that religious institutions are taking on much more responsibility for the care of the poor, often with the help of local governments. "You couldn't function effectively without the ministers in Boston," says William J. Bratton, who was the city's police commissioner in the early nineties, when Rivers was helping to organize the local ministers. "Those churches, and leaders like Gene Rivers, were a very significant reason for our success" in sharply reducing juvenile-crime rates. The city has not had a gun-related homicide among teen-agers since August, 1995.

Rivers has led his share of protests,

but what he actually does each day is neither noisy nor controversial. "Mentoring" is the least confrontational urban program imaginable. But the work requires a great deal more time, patience, and faith than have been advertised. Many of the speakers at the Volunteerism Summit encouraged adult "role models" to spend three hours a month with "at risk" youth—an admirable idea, which may even make a difference for some of the less alienated kids. But Rivers would have to spend three hours with Kareem before this particular day was over, and, the next day, Rivers and his Azusa Community youth workers would be back. Their presence in the community is constant. "When you look at the gutbucket stuff, the everyday, in-your-face working with troubled kids in these neighborhoods across the country," the Princeton University criminologist John J. DiIulio says, "almost all of it is being done by people who are churched."

Churches have always ministered to the poor. They have run shelters and soup kitchens and basketball leagues, as well as schools and drug-counselling and job-training programs. But in recent years, as the federal commitment to the poor has waned, there has been a new interest in "faith based" social programs. "There is definitely something happening out there," says Pamela Solo, the president of the Institute for Civil Society, a private foundation that recently decided to help fund Eugene Rivers's work. "There has been an explosion of creativity in the churches in the nineties—particularly the black churches. But this is not about trendiness, it is about staying power."

Indeed, more than a few cities, Boston among them, have come to see the churches as *the most reliable institutions* in poor neighborhoods, and have begun to smudge the line between church and state by quietly funding various church-run programs. "For the past four years, we've been working very closely with the churches," Thomas Menino, the mayor of Boston, says. "They have a mission. They get it done." Milwaukee and Cleveland have gone even further, initiating voucher plans that enable poor students to attend religious schools—programs that will undoubtedly be challenged all the way to the Supreme Court.

THE Azusa Community's Ella J. Baker parish house—named after a founder of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference—is a large, recently remodelled Victorian structure with a distant but splendid view of Boston Harbor. At dusk on the day of my visit, kids from the ages of five to seventeen were doing homework, playing games, and draping themselves over Azusa's three full-time youth workers—one of whom is paid by the city of Boston—and some high-school volunteers. Downstairs, a group of young men—first-time offenders, sentenced by the municipal court to do "community service" at Azusa—were in the midst of a "fatherhood" class led jointly by state probation officers and Azusa youth workers. There was no overt proselytizing, but Milton Britton, a probation officer attending the meeting, gave moving testimony on the importance of faith in his own life. (At their next session, Britton later told me, Rivers gave a fire-and-brimstone sermon on sexual probity and fatherly responsibility.) The Reverend prowled from room to room, leading a weekly prayer group for some of the "core" Azusa members, consulting with the youth workers about the next day's priorities, meeting with a member of Representative Joe Kennedy's staff, and chatting with parents as they came to pick up their children from the after-school program.

Just as the evening's activities seemed to be winding down, three neighborhood boys showed up at the parish house and demanded to see Rivers. They had been in a fistfight with Kareem and some of his friends. Kareem hadn't been the primary offender, they said. That was Tony.

"*Little* Tony?" Rivers huffed. "I stood up for him yesterday, when those two kids ripped off his jacket. What did Kareem do?"

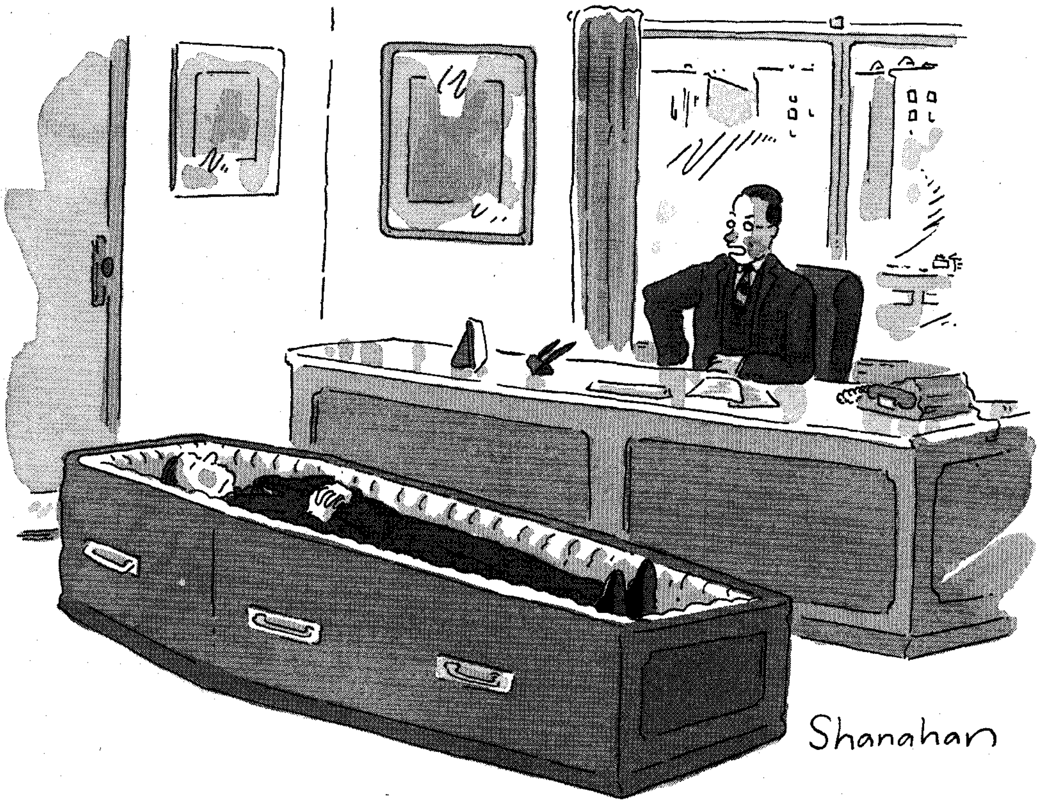
"He kick me in the head after Tony knock me down," the smallest boy said.

"Kareem did that?" Rivers asked. The boy nodded. "I'll tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna squash the beef with Kareem."

"What about Tony?"

"I'll squash it with him, too."

An hour later, we all stood on the porch of Tony's



"Keep in mind, Butler, that I'm taking a big chance just hiring you."

house as Rivers rapped on the door. A woman holding a can of beer opened it. The room behind her was dimly lit and smoky. ("Grunge city," Rivers later said.) Little Tony stood partway up the stairs, and Kareem was standing behind him.

"Kareem!" Rivers said. "You here, too? Well, all right, then. I want you out on the porch—and you, too, Tony. And who else is here? You, too, Buddy? Out on the porch. Kareem, is that your mama? Ma'am, mind if I come in for a moment? You boys go on out."

The boys stood on opposite sides of the porch, in two groups of three. "I didn't do *nothin'*," Kareem said, glaring at the others.

When Rivers came out, he took his belt off and smacked it on his palm melodramatically. "O.K., Kareem," he said. "What went down?"

"Nothin'."

"Nothin' what?"

"Nothin', sir."

"O.K. Kareem, I can beat the black on you or beat the black off you, whichever way you want," Rivers said.

In the end, no one got spanked. The two youngest boys admitted that their fistfight had been a continuation of a long-standing tiff, and no one was willing to testify that Kareem had piled on. Rivers slapped five—hard, ringing smacks—with each of the boys, then hugged them.

Later, Rivers and I went to his house. We sat in a living room overwhelmed by books, its walls wafer thin (conversations in the adjoining town houses were easily audible), and he asked me what I thought about what I'd seen.

"I don't know," I said. "I'm not sure what you accomplished."

"Well, the big thing I accomplished you didn't see," he said. "I said to Kareem's mother, 'You know I love Kareem like my own son. Is it O.K. if I discipline him if he cuts up?' And she said yes. See, it's a very delicate class thing. They know I'm part of the community, but they still think of me as Harvard. And the last thing any of these women have is 'Don't touch my child.' She was willing to give me that. She wanted me to be the authority figure. And that's another thing I accomplished: those kids came to me with their beef. They didn't just go out and settle it. If I get them to the point where they're saying, 'Here comes the Rev, we can't do that around him,' then that's something, too."

Then Rivers sighed and sat down. It was late. "But if you're looking for some kind of breakthrough, forget about it," he said. "It's just day to day. It's letting them know I love them and I'll always be here. Look, it may come down to this: If Kareem takes down a bank when he's nineteen, and he's holding hostages, I'll be able to say to the cops, 'I know that boy. Let me go in and talk to him.' "

The next day, one of the Azusa youth workers, a twenty-five-year-old named Matthew Gibson, held a pizza party for Kareem and his friends. "We had the whole gang there," Rivers told me later. "Before they ate the pizza, Matthew said grace, and the kids really got into that—the quietness and the ceremony of it. We're going to make it a regular, weekly deal."

TWO years ago, in the midst of a fairly standard bit of sociological research, John DiIulio—who, at the age of thirty-six, had built a formidable academic career at Princeton and the Brookings Institution—found himself on the cusp of an unexpected personal transformation. He was studying the relationship between liquor stores and crime in Milwaukee, and what had always seemed obvious proved true: there were a lot more liquor stores in poor neighborhoods than in wealthier ones. But he found his attention diverted: there were an awful lot of churches in poor neighborhoods, too. "I didn't remember ever seeing anyone doing a standard regression on churches and crime," he said. "Every other factor—I mean, everything you could imagine—had been studied. But no one had really looked at whether churches had any impact on crime in their immediate vicinity. We have more scholarly literature on what goes on in used-car dealerships than in churches—especially the ones in poor neighborhoods. I decided to start checking it out."

He began to visit churches in his native Philadelphia, and he soon met the Reverend Benjamin Smith, of the Deliverance Evangelistic Church, who has been ministering to young people for

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thirty years. (In the sixties, one of the teen-agers he counselled was Gene Rivers, whom he pulled away from the gang scene.) "Ben Smith went door to door," DiIulio says. "It was the living Gospel, the walking Truth. What he was saying to these kids was 'We care about your salvation as much as we care about our own.' He wasn't proselytizing. He wasn't saying, 'Read this tract.' What he was providing, and what there is no substitute for, was unconditional love."

DiIulio had always believed in God. He had lived his life as a perfunctory Catholic. But on Palm Sunday, 1996, when he was sitting in church with his wife and their three children, he suddenly decided that his life had to change. He had spent his career defining problems—in recent years, he had become obsessed with the possibility that a new demographic surge of teen-age criminals was imminent ("super-predators," he called them)—but these ministers seemed to be living the solutions. "They were committed to doing it twenty-four, seven, three sixty-five, and I decided that if I didn't do that, too—if I didn't spend my life helping them—then damn *me.*"

He resigned as director of the Brookings Center for Public Management. He tried to resign from Princeton, too, but he was asked to stay on half-time. "And, anyway, the ministers were telling me that for what I was doing being a Princeton professor was a useful credential," DiIulio says. "They didn't need a fat white boy out on the streets. My comparative advantage was my ability to read more boring academic shit than anyone else on the planet." So he set up an organization with funding from a foundation called Public/Private Ventures. "We even have an acronym. It's— Well, O.K., it's PRRAY. The Partnership for Research on Religion and At-Risk Youth."

DiIulio is trying to raise money for the churches, mostly by teaching them how to write grant proposals and get funding to expand their programs. He is also helping the pastors who run youth programs to learn from one another. His main task is an attempt to prove, beyond the shadow of an academic doubt, that faith-based programs are the most efficacious way to deliver social services. "We have to be above reproach, because there is such deep suspicion and hostility in the élite research community to this sort of work," DiIulio says. "You can go through thousands and thousands of studies, and people don't even look at the religion variable. So I'm going to spend the next five years doing a comprehensive study of what's happening in the churches in seven cities." He will have to find out how many of the churches have youth programs, what sorts of programs they have, and what percentage of the children in those programs get into trouble with the law (and then compare that finding with local juvenile-delinquency data). "I also want to crank up the reliability of the material we already have," DiIulio says. Referring to the work of Charles Colson, the former aide to Richard Nixon who became a born-again Christian, he says, "For example, we know that prisoners who do Chuck Colson's Prison Fellowship Ministries program have a fourteen-per-cent recidivism rate one year out," versus a forty-two-per-cent rate for other prisoners. "But what does it look like *two* years out?"

THERE has been a steady growth over the past decade of serious research on the effects of religion upon other social-policy questions. For example, a number of major studies show

HIS DAYS

When one of his black moods bedevilled him,
When the wince of some remembered pain—
Some wrong done to him, some cruelty of his own—
Hurt him like a surge melting down
Bad wiring, what choice was left to him
But to flinch and swallow and bear it like a man?

The cottage's slates and silences became
His kingdom, its weathers his own. He would coax
To a blaze coal and turfs each morning, and chunks
Of beech he split with his own axe.
The farmer's son or Sunday hikers would see him
Hunched at his kitchen table, away in his books.

Then obscurely one morning he'd lock his cottage door.
With a word to no one he'd be gone,
To look at an old church somewhere, or the ruin
Of a tower down a dirt track, or a stone
Incised with markings no one could decipher,
Its language crumbling by degrees in the rain.

He could navigate the old script. And he knew why an arch
Was rounded or Gothic. Why the mermaid
Held a mirror. Which sins the monks allowed
Themselves, and which they disavowed.
He knew the griefs of the high kings, belonged to the church
Of bitterness, had bet on the cards of pride.

But when on some grimy market town's main street
He heard a child, eyes widening in wonder,
Call out "Daddy!," reaching for his father,
It cut him like the crack of leather.
Then, it seemed, the pain was complete.
The water was wide, and he could not swim over.

—RICHARD TILLINGHAST

that parochial schools have better success than public schools with inner-city kids. "The Catholic-school story is as solid as you can make a case," DiIulio says. "It's not even close to the warning zone, when it comes to sociological credibility."

There are also studies on the effects of faith upon the treatment of alcohol and substance abuse. "I began to notice this a few years ago," says Joseph Califano, the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare in the Carter Administration, who is now the president of the National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse, at Columbia University. "It started turning up in polling we did on attitudes toward alcohol and drugs: children who grew up in religious families were much less likely to get involved. Also, in a program we're running for ex-offenders, a tremendous proportion said they could not make it without God. It took me by surprise—I hadn't been focussed on this piece of it. But there's no question about the relevance of God and spirituality to what we're doing, and we've decided to start injecting a significant religious component when we measure the effectiveness of new programs."

Such testimony invites skepticism, of course. From Karl Marx to Alcoholics Anonymous, there has always been a feeling that religion is God's own methadone for the addictive personality. There is a class of programs, including certain drug-treatment centers and certain prison ministries, like those administered by Colson or the Nation of Islam, that promise immediate salvation: accept Jesus (or Allah) and you can liberate yourself from your life of degradation. The religious opiate is clearly preferable to the chemical variety, but there is also a not very subtle coercive aspect to this process: If you *don't* accept Jesus as your personal Saviour, then you're doomed. It is the less overtly coercive programs—across a spectrum of social issues, including education, job training, juvenile justice, and welfare services—that suddenly seem to be attracting the attention of policymakers and politicians. "We've gone down every other road," says the political scientist James Q. Wilson, who is now at U.C.L.A. "This is one road we haven't explored, and the initial indications are that it's a very appealing one."

As roads go, this is—as Gene Rivers would happily point out—the Ho Chi Minh Trail: amorphous, unplanned, and uncontrolled by the United States government. It is difficult to say how widespread the phenomenon is. One rough index may be the fact that four hundred ministries around the country are now affiliated with the Christian Community Development Association, which is a national evangelical network for churches running youth programs and a range of other social services. "We were surprised when twenty-five hundred people showed up at the C.C.D.A.'s annual conference last year," Ron Sider, the president of Evangelicals for Social Action, says. "Evangelicals are vastly more involved in social ministries than ever before."

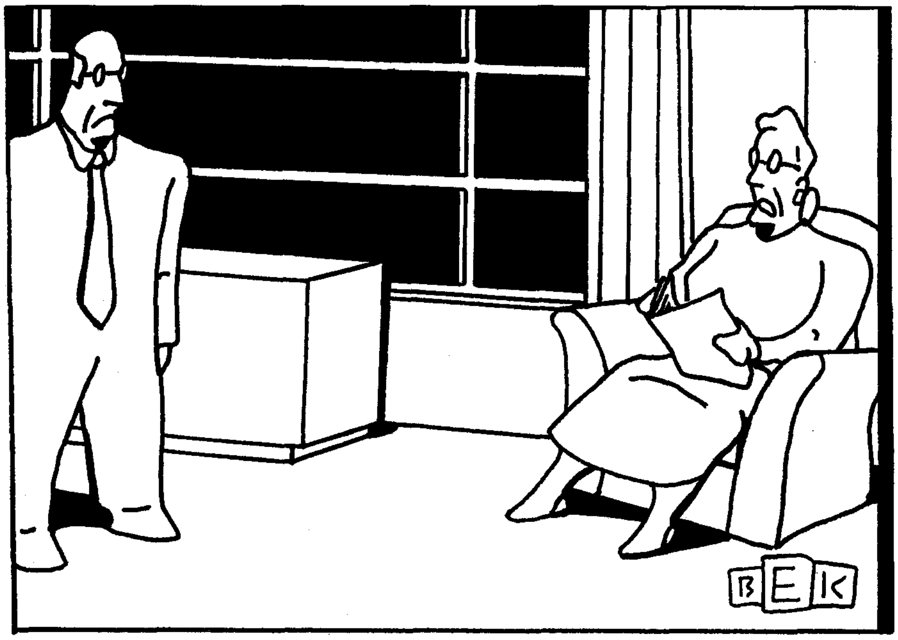
A new generation of black ministers seems to have decided that youth counselling will be its version of the civil-rights movement. "I don't think my generation of ministers is any more idealistic than the civil-rights generation," said Harold Dean Trulear, a forty-two-year-old professor at the New York Theological Seminary, which specializes in urban ministries. "But that generation moved from the ideal to the institutional. Our challenge is to keep it in the streets—to not lose sight of the basic ethic of Jesus."

The civil-rights generation also had a faith in the power of government which many of the younger ministers do not share. After the years of marching and organizing, most of the civil-rights activists were supportive when the Great Society attempted a secularized expansion of the social services that religion had traditionally provided the poor. Many churches and larger denominational organizations, like Catholic Charities, participated at arm's length. They created secular "pass-through" corporations to accept government funds to build housing and run day-care programs—but they had to remove religious artifacts from church basements. In the eighties, however, as federal funds began to dry up and a generation of fatherless kids succumbed to crack addiction, the churches found themselves all alone in a war zone. In Boston in 1992, a funeral at the Morning Star Baptist Church was disrupted by a battle between rival gangs. "It was a wake-up call," Gene Rivers says. "If we didn't get out of the four-walled church, the walls would collapse."

Initially, relations between the Boston ministers and the police and the courts were uneasy. In 1992, Rivers held a "tribunal" on police violence. "Gene Rivers wasn't exactly welcomed when he would show up at the Dorchester Court," Ron Corbett, of the Massachusetts Probation Department, says. "We went through a phase where we were pretty skittish about dealing with religious organizations, but we found we were wrong." Now Azusa has a quasi-formal presence at the Dorchester Court: one of its youth workers acts as an "advocate" for youthful offenders, helping to find alternatives to incarceration. "I have never seen anything like it in twenty-three years in this business," Corbett says. "It has given a much more human face to the criminal-justice system."

THE question now is whether the politicians—and the courts—are ready to move toward a more explicit relationship: one that acknowledges that the "faith" in faith-based programs is often the very quality that makes them successful. "It seems the churches are the only institutions with any credibility left in some communities," Bruce Reed, President Clinton's domestic-policy adviser, says. "The family's broken, the government isn't trusted. . . . That doesn't necessarily mean we'll be seeing religious organizations take over as the main service providers. But if you're asking whether it's no longer fashionable to be anti-religion in these matters, the answer is yes."

Which isn't to say that the issue has been resolved, or is even clearly understood, in Washington. "This is a politically inconvenient conversation for



"I never thought I'd live to see so many different Batmans."

• •

both traditional liberals *and* conservatives," Jim Wallis, the editor of the magazine *Sojourners*, says. The churches don't conform to clear ideological categories, and they resist efforts to make them do so. In recent months, the leadership of the Christian Coalition has made a serious effort to woo Eugene Rivers and the other urban religious activists. "We told Ralph Reed about some of the churches, and he got really excited," John DiIulio says. "We told him there was a new political coalition developing—pro-life, pro-family, and pro-poor. He went back to Washington and said there was a new political coalition developing—pro-life, pro-family, and pro-*free enterprise*."

At the same time, however, Jim Wallis says there have been serious meetings between representatives of the religious left and right—and the possibility of an alliance in support of faith-based social programs. "We have been meeting," says Gary Bauer, a leading religious conservative who is the president of the Family Research Council. "And we certainly agree that government solutions have fallen short and that you can't successfully address the problems of the poor without addressing the spiritual aspect of their lives."

Of course, almost everyone in Washington will tell you that religion is wonderful, and that the churches should be as active as possible. There are few spectacles less meaningful than the theocraphilia of politicians, most of whom still get very skittish when the discussion moves into specifics. Conservatives have problems with the fact that many of the religious people running social programs want the government to spend more money on the poor, but the faith-based movement is even more politically inconvenient for liberals. They have no trouble with the "pro-poor" part of the agenda, but many of them have traditional civil-libertarian concerns about using taxpayers' money to support religious institutions. And, on a less exalted level, the Democratic Party is strongly supported by government-employee unions, who are vehemently opposed to anything that diverts funds from existing public bureaucracies.

Representative Tony Hall, a Democrat who has been active with religious charities, expresses a different worry. "We do have to be careful," he says. "There are some real thieves in this business." The more thoughtful religious activists acknowledge the problem: they fear that the sudden availability of government money may lead to an efflorescence of charlatans—or, at the very least, a funding of the not entirely inspired—and that even the best programs will suffer from bureaucratization and bloat. Still, it's hard for any American politician to be anti-God, and traditional liberals tend to tap-dance when the faith-based issue is raised. "We have to get *everyone* more involved in solving these problems," the House Minority Leader, Richard Gephardt, told me, taking great pains not to be any more specific. "I'm not a constitutional-law expert. We have to do what can be done legally."

Actually, there was a fascinating test case last year. A little-noticed but potentially earthshaking provision of the welfare-reform bill, introduced by the Republican senator John Ashcroft, of Missouri, gave local communities the "charitable choice" to replace public welfare services with faith-based agencies. It passed the Senate handily, in a recorded vote, with seventeen Democrats joining the Republican majority in support; in the House, it was folded into the over-all welfare bill, and so Gephardt, who voted against welfare reform, never had a chance to make his views on this provision known. "I'm not sure how I'd have voted," he says now. "I don't know enough about it." (Bruce Reed says that the President supported charitable choice.)

In the Senate, the Republican support was nearly unanimous and pretty reflexive: religion, good; welfare bureaucrats, bad. But several of the Democrats—a minority of the minority—seemed closer to the social-gospel spirit percolating up from the streets. "Some of the best antipoverty work I've seen has come from faith-based agencies," said Minnesota's Paul Wellstone, who voted for charitable choice but against the final welfare bill. And Nebraska's Bob Kerrey said he wants to go further: "If I were running a public-school system, I'd sign a contract with the parochial schools—as Mayor Giuliani wanted to do in New York—and have them educate some of the poorest kids. I don't see the First Amendment as so rigid that it prevents us from contracting with people who are getting the job done right."

These remain stray voices. And "charitable choice" was a stray vote: it didn't arouse any passionate opposition in the Senate. It was almost as if the senators assumed that no state would go to the trouble of actually trying to put it into effect. If so, they were wrong. Texas is trying. Governor George W. Bush has proposed a voucherized welfare system that will be part public, part private, and part faith-based. He has already fenced with President Clinton over the "private" part (which Clinton has opposed, at the behest of the public-employee unions, who fear the loss of jobs). No doubt Bush will soon be facing a confrontation with secular liberals as well, over just how far a state can go in summoning churches to help implement social policy.

IT is difficult to imagine two people more dissimilar than Eugene Rivers, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, and Tillie Burgin, of Arlington, Texas. For one thing, Burgin is an extremely white person. She is tall and gaunt, with short, carefully cut white hair. She wears blazers, long skirts, starched white shirts, and bow ties. She isn't a fancy talker; she professes to be mystified by politics. "People ask me what my agenda is," she says. "I don't know. I do what I do." Which is what? "I help people," she says, "and tell them about Jesus."

She has been a devout Christian since childhood, and she and her husband served as missionaries in Korea. Returning to Texas in 1978, they both took jobs in the public schools, but Burgin wasn't satisfied. She asked her pastor at the First Baptist Church if she could try the same sort of missionary work in Arlington that she had done in Korea. He gave her an office and a telephone. One day, the telephone rang. The caller was a woman who needed help: her electricity had been turned off. "I went to visit her," Burgin recalls. "She was very poor. She had no furniture. I asked her why she'd called the church even though I'd never seen her there, and she couldn't bring herself to say it—but, well, she was a mess. She was embarrassed. She smelled. And we don't have smelly people at First Baptist," Burgin says with a laugh. "So I paid her electric bill with my own money, and asked her if we could have a Bible study in her apartment. '*Here*?' she asked. 'Why not?' I said. And that Bible study grew to sixty people. It became a church in the true, New Testament sense. These were rough, tough kinds of folks—like the people Jesus preached to—and they weren't about to come to church, so we decided to bring the church to them, which is what He did. And that is what we've done ever since."

But it is done on a far grander scale. Mission Arlington, across the street from City Hall, is now a complex of low-slung cinder-block buildings and garages, along with some wood-frame former classrooms donated by First Baptist. On an average day, more than five hundred families receive aid from the mission. The poor, who reflect Arlington's mixed ethnicity, are greeted by—well, by church ladies: sweet, solid middle-class matrons with clipboards, who are volunteers from a coalition of about fifty local churches. Their first question is, inevitably, "Are you hungry? Could you use some food?" The poor are offered clothing, furniture, referrals to the appropriate social agencies, and, sometimes, money for rent or electric bills. Mission Arlington has medical and dental clinics, and a day-care center for children from the local homeless shelter. It runs after-school programs in the poor neighborhoods and provides a bus service for the handicapped. Although most of Burgin's funds come from private sources, in recent years the City of Arlington has begun to pay for some of the mission's services with federal block-grant money. In addition, the courts have been sentencing people to perform community service at the mission—driving buses and trucks, and doing other tasks. The mission also supervises more than two hundred voluntary Bible-study groups, including one at the O.K. Motel, a local establishment of mixed repute. "People around here look at Tillie," Arlington's Mayor Richard Greene says, "and the common reference is Mother Teresa."

In sum, Mission Arlington seems a perfect candidate for a central role in Governor Bush's new welfare sys-

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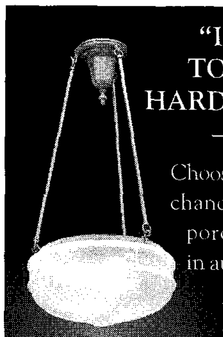

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tem. "Absolutely," says the Governor, who foresees a "one-stop shopping center" in each community, where welfare eligibility will be determined, cash payments disbursed, and vouchers distributed for services ranging from job placement to day care. "Within a year, I hope people will be able to take their vouchers to Tillie, and lots of others like her," Bush says. "I want Tillie to be reimbursed for her love."

Burgin has said she's ready for the increased business. "We're probably seeing most of them now anyway," she says. But she does have a worry: "If they won't let me teach John 3:16, I won't do it."

THAT is a worry—and no small point of law. Governor Bush insists that faith-based programs will not "be dictated to by government. We want them involved on their terms, not ours." But that might not be legal; it is almost certain to be challenged in court. The line that separates church and state is neither clear nor straight; the "bright line" principles that evolved during the twentieth century seem almost arbitrary, and may well shift during the next few years. For example, one of the most successful social programs in American history, the G.I. Bill, was a voucher system that allowed returning veterans to receive an education in public, private, or religious colleges. But the lower courts have prohibited similar systems from being put into effect for children on the elementary- and secondary-school level. (Milwaukee and Cleveland are challenging that standard.) The guidelines on public support for other forms of faith-based programs are even muddier. As the law now stands, religious institutions are allowed to run government programs as long as the funds aren't used for sectarian purposes or for proselytizing. But what constitutes proselytizing? No one is quite sure. "The law as it stands makes no sense," says Stephen Carter, a professor at Yale Law School and the author of "The Culture of Disbelief." In recent Supreme Court cases, the Justices have leaned toward a less strict interpretation of the church-state line, which "may be an indication that the law is going to change."

But Carter worries about the effects of government funding on the programs themselves. "You run the risk of becoming a very different sort of program when you start competing for the state money," he says. "And the strings the government attaches to the money may force you to compromise your faith."

In Detroit, an urban mission called Joy of Jesus ran a very successful job-training program that specialized in placing welfare recipients who had multiple "barriers" to work—the hardest cases. The governor of Michigan, John Engler, was so impressed with the program that he offered to fund it through a secular intermediary organization, with certain conditions: there could be no more morning prayers or intensive Bible study. The program soon fell apart. "After running four twelve-week training sessions under the new rules, we realized it just wasn't working without the Bible study," Kevin Feldman, the director of development for Joy of Jesus, told me, "and so we gave the money back."

Was Joy of Jesus proselytizing, or was it simply sharing workplace wisdom culled from the world's most famous self-help manual? Is the Azusa Community proselytizing when a youth worker leads children in saying grace before serving them pizza? Is Tillie Burgin proselytizing when she asks people if they would like to join Bible study while she is offering to pay their bills? She claims not. "We don't jam our faith down anyone's throat," she says. "If they don't want to do Bible study, that's fine. We still love them."

The new generation of social evangelists does seem less didactic. "There was a time when you had to hear a sermon and accept Jesus before you could get a meal and a bed in a Gospel Mission," Jim Wallis, of *Sojourners*, says, "but that's fading away." What the activists are advocating—and what the government must decide whether or not to fund—is a model that has three components. The first is, basically, what John DiIulio calls unconditional love. "These are God's creations," a priest working on drug-abuse prevention in North Philadelphia told me. "They were put here for a greater reason than to purchase sneakers." The second component is a mutual respect and civility, which Gene Rivers and every nun I've met in a year of occasional visits to parochial schools demand from the children in their care. These two fundamentals are not exclusive to faith-based programs, but the third component does seem uniquely religious. It is the creation of a sense of serenity and security, which would seem a particularly valuable gift for children who have been surrounded by the chaos, violence, and relentless commerce of postmodern poverty all their lives. "We were poor before, but we were never as crazy as this," Eugene Rivers says. "What's happened is that hope has died, and secular liberals can't speak to the death of hope. They don't have the grammar or the vocabulary for it. We do."

IN a Chicago parochial school last summer, I watched an African-American nun try to get the attention of a dozen three-year-olds from the housing projects—many of whom had been born crack babies—during their first week of preschool. The children were bouncing off the walls. The nun said, "Children," and put her hands together in prayer: "Children, sit down and find your power." Two or three children understood immediately, sat down, and put their hands together; the others continued to race around the room. The nun quietly repeated the request. Several others sat down, and gradually even the most unruly children began to sit with their hands clasped in front of them. Finally, the room was silent. The stillness was soothing and profound, something that most of them had probably never experienced before—something that they had been able to achieve only by joining together. Then the nun began to teach them the alphabet. ♦

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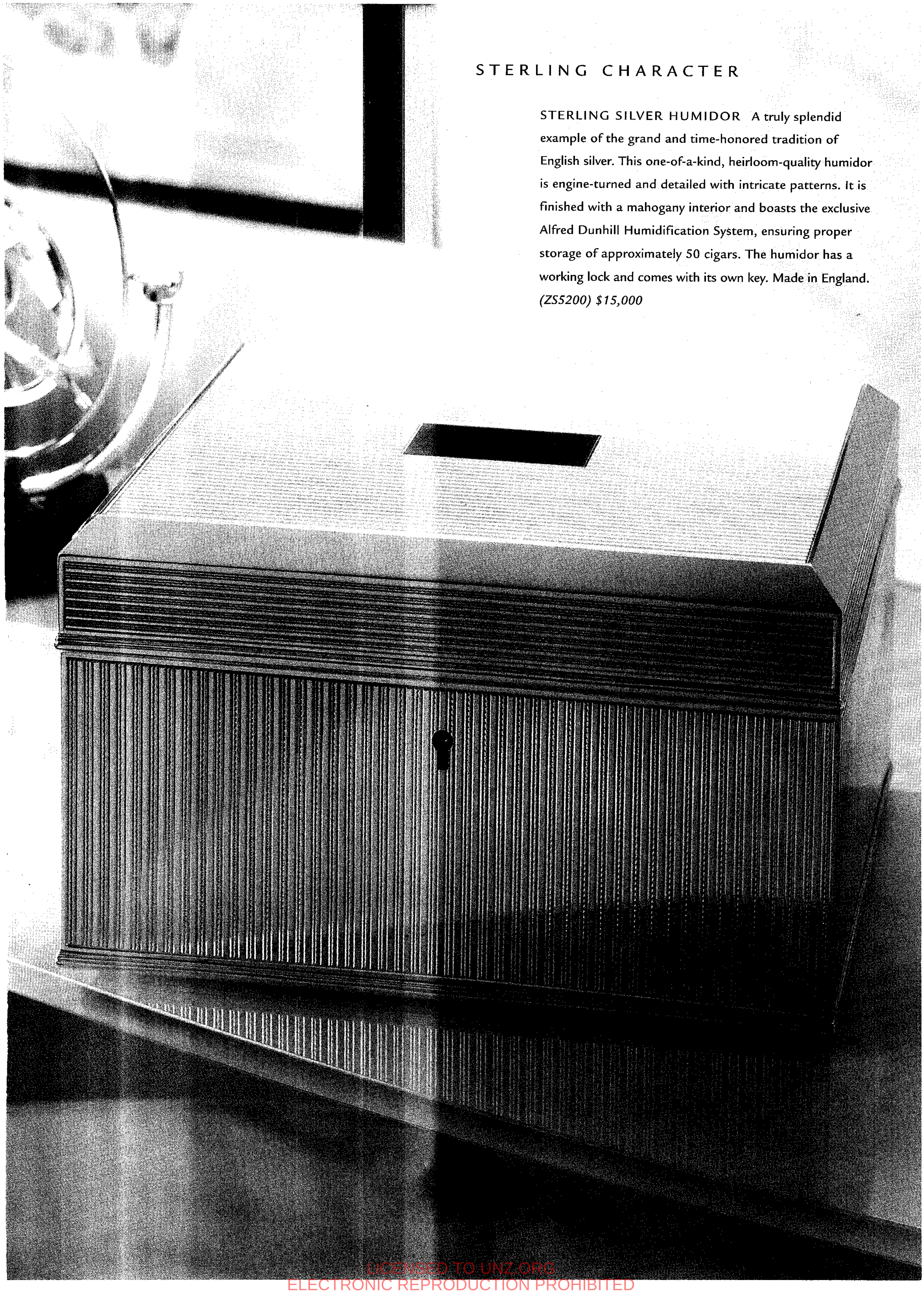

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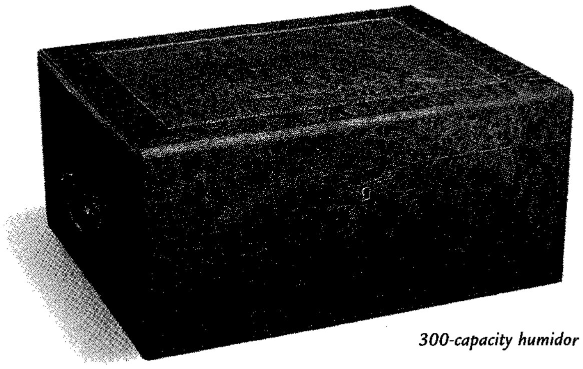
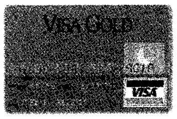
The exclusive Alfred Dunhill Humidification System provides reliable and adjustable humidity control in all of our regular humidors. It adjusts easily to suit your preference and requires minimum maintenance. With proper care, the humidification device will provide optimum performance up to at least 18 months. A replacement system may be purchased through the catalogue or from any Alfred Dunhill store. (Our humidity control systems are sold only with our humidors. To receive a replacement system, please return your old system along with your request for a new one.)



300-capacity humidor in mahogany

VISA® IT'S EVERYWHERE YOU WANT TO BE.



200-capacity humidor in thuya with marquetry

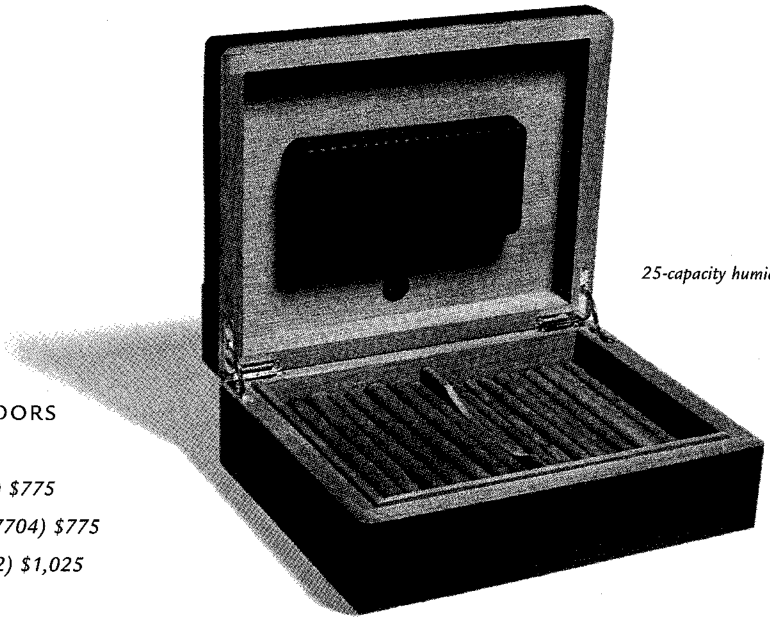
EVERY ALFRED DUNHILL HUMIDOR is lined with seasoned mahogany for the proper aging environment. The hinges and locks are solid brass. The external finish is ten layers of high gloss lacquer. Each model boasts our exclusive Alfred Dunhill Humidity Control System. The styles shown are available in four fine wood finishes. From lightest to darkest they are mahogany, thuya, walnut, and macassar. Our 50- and 100-count boxes can be converted into jewelry boxes upon request.

Styles and sizes are shown on pages 4A through 6A.

Thuya 200-capacity Humidor (with hand-inlaid wood marquetry) (HS7841) $1,975

1 800 860-8362

24 HOURS, 7 DAYS



25-capacity humidor in figured walnut

STANDARD HUMIDORS

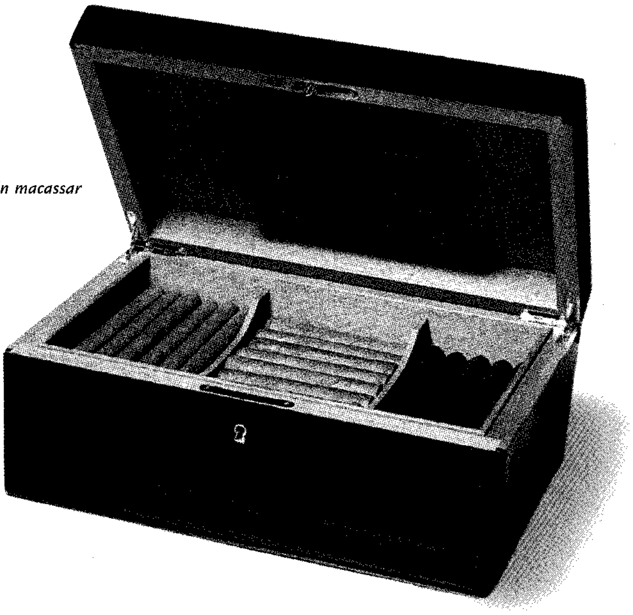
(without marquetry):

Mahogany 25 (HS7702) $775
Figured Walnut 25 (HS7704) $775
Mahogany 100 (HS7722) $1,025

STANDARD DECORATED HUMIDORS

(with inlaid marquetry):

Mahogany 50 (HS7804) $895
Thuya 50 (HS7801) $925
Walnut Burl 50 (HS7803) $875
Macassar 50 (HS7802) $895
Mahogany 100 (HS7824) $1,075
Thuya 100 (HS7821) $1,095
Walnut Burl 100 (HS7823) $1,040
Macassar 100 (HS7822) $1,065

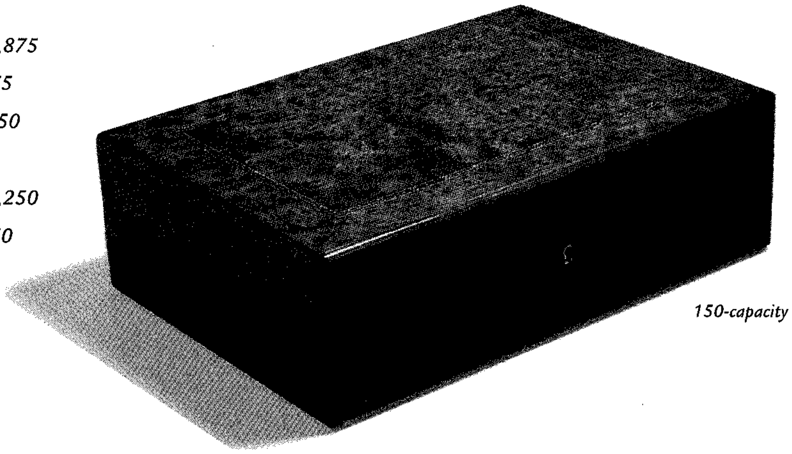


100-capacity humidor in macassar

LARGE DECORATED HUMIDORS

(with inlaid marquetry):

Mahogany 150 (HS7834) $1,350
Thuya 150 (HS7831) $1,450
Walnut Burl 150 (HS7833) $1,350
Macassar 150 (HS7832) $1,350
Mahogany 200 (HS7844) $1,875
Thuya 200 (HS7841) $1,975
Walnut Burl 200 (HS7843) $1,875
Macassar 200 (HS7842) $1,875
Mahogany 300 (HS7854) $2,250
Thuya 300 (HS7851) $2,395
Walnut Burl 300 (HS7853) $2,250
Macassar 300 (HS7852) $2,250



150-capacity humidor in thuya

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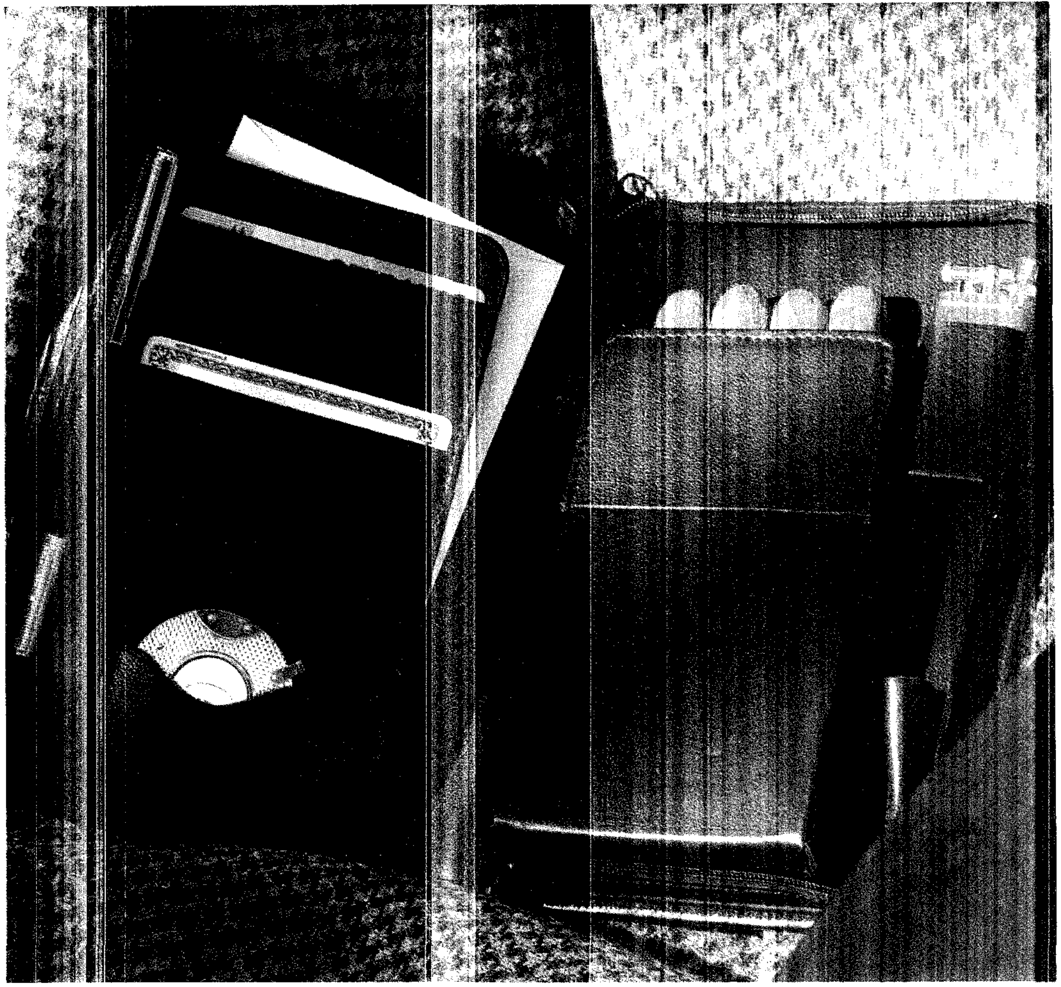
VISA

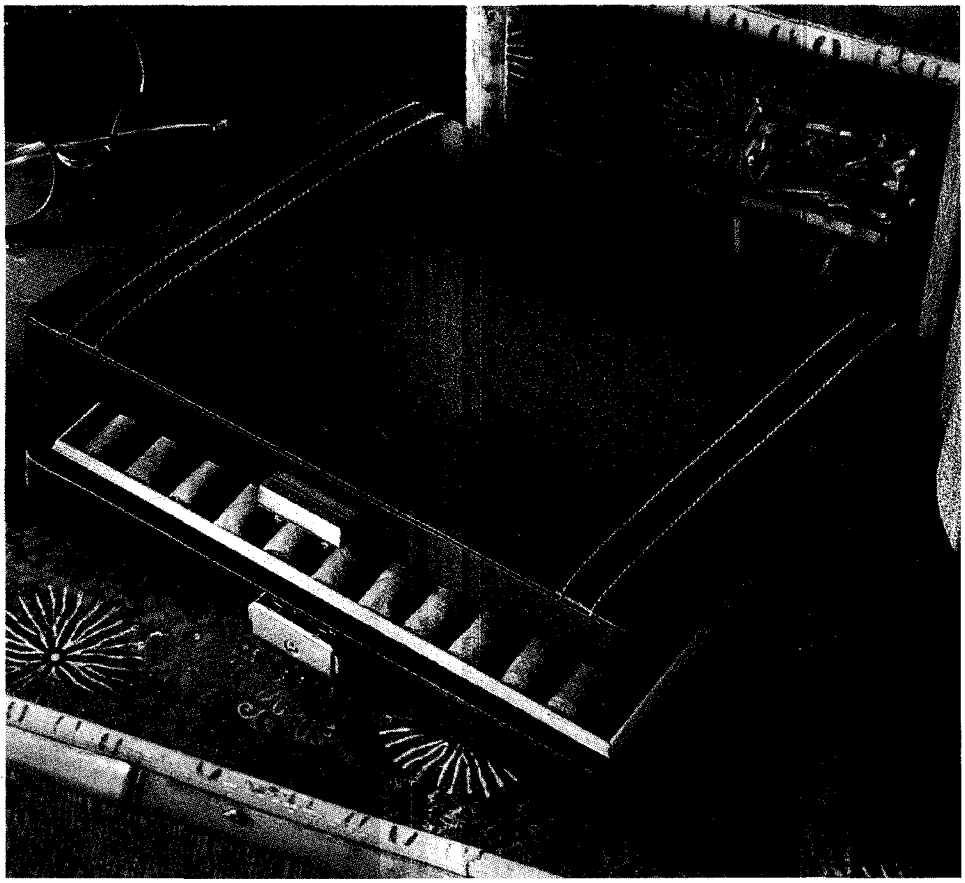
CIGAR COMPENDIUM

This beautifully designed piece organizes a cigar smoker's needs, and even doubles as a wallet. Finely crafted in supple black lambskin, it can house cutter, lighter, pen, cigars, and cards. The cigar jacket has four individual compartments that will hold cigars up to 7½". Made in Spain. Also available in saddle leather; see page 13A. Accessories are sold separately.

(PA8301) $595



WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU?



BLACK LEATHER TRAVEL HUMIDOR

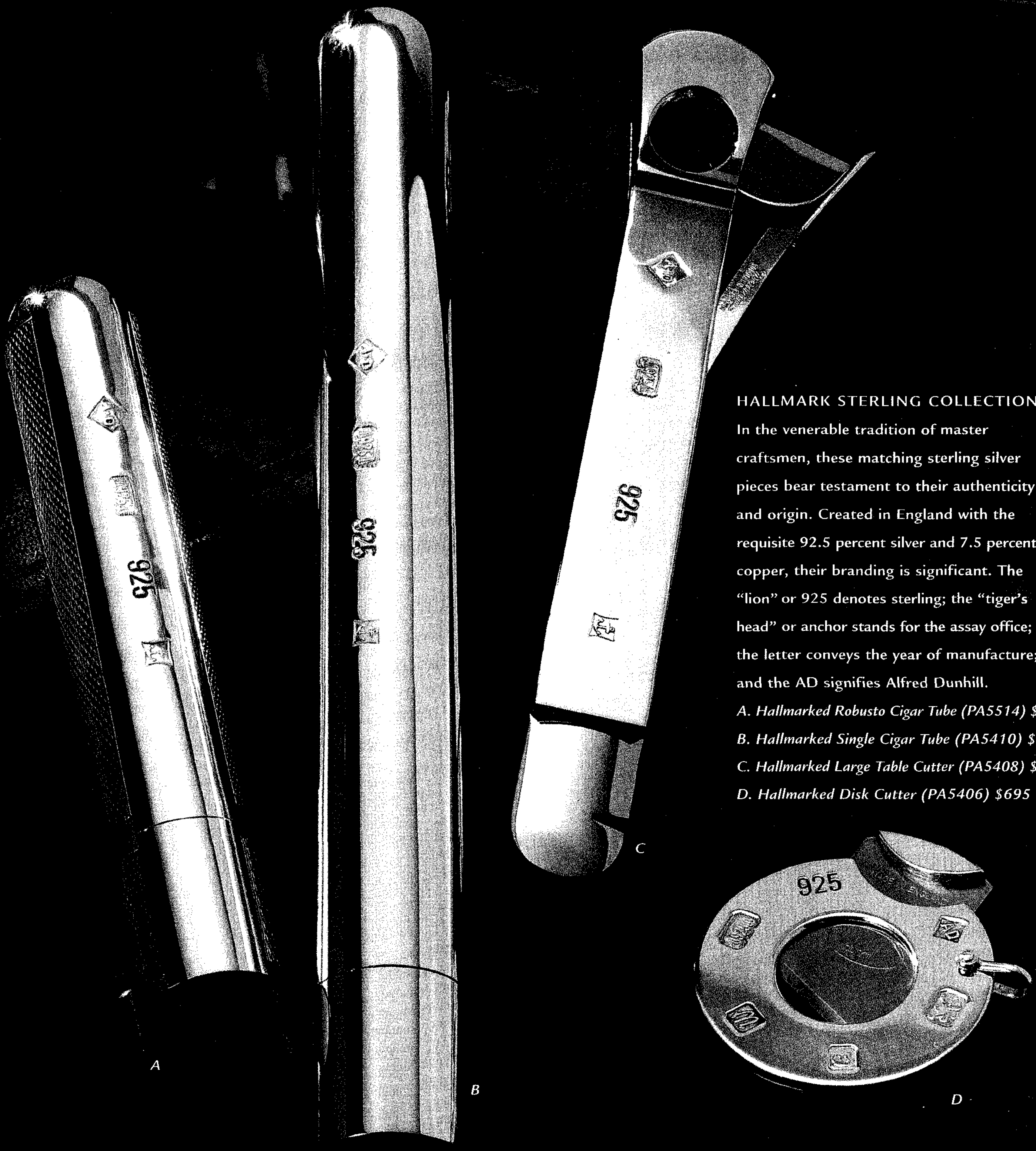
Take your show on the road with understated elegance. This sleek leather case allows you to travel with up to ten cigars, properly maintained for short trips with our special humidity vial system. Interior dimensions: 8⅜" × 7". Made in Spain.

(HS2005) $295

1 800 860-8362

24 HOURS, 7 DAYS

HALLMARK: A SIGN OF GOOD BREEDING



HALLMARK STERLING COLLECTION

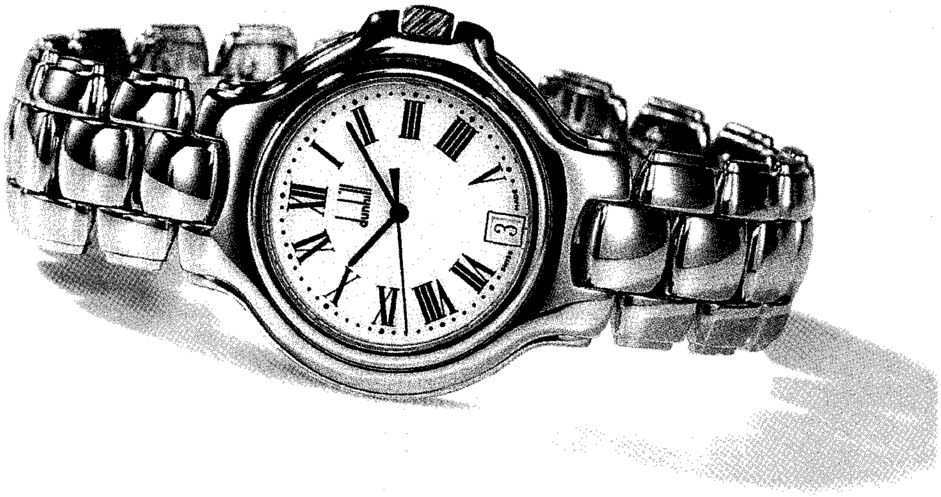
In the venerable tradition of master craftsmen, these matching sterling silver pieces bear testament to their authenticity and origin. Created in England with the requisite 92.5 percent silver and 7.5 percent copper, their branding is significant. The "lion" or 925 denotes sterling; the "tiger's head" or anchor stands for the assay office; the letter conveys the year of manufacture; and the AD signifies Alfred Dunhill.

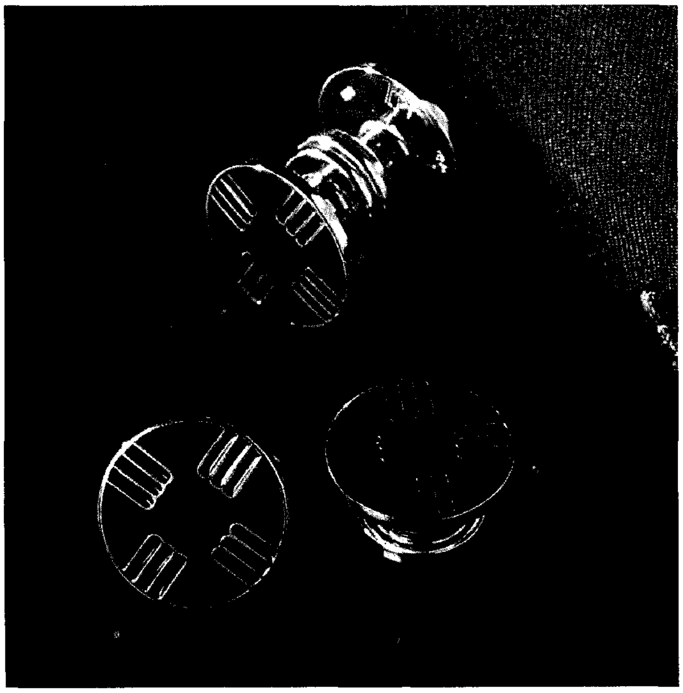
A. Hallmarked Robusto Cigar Tube (PA5514) $350
B. Hallmarked Single Cigar Tube (PA5410) $375
C. Hallmarked Large Table Cutter (PA5408) $210
D. Hallmarked Disk Cutter (PA5406) $695

1 800 860-8362
24 HOURS, 7 DAYS

LONDINIUM BRACELET WATCH

Sleek yet substantial, with an international appeal inspired by the architecture of Britain's capital. Highly polished stainless steel with Swiss quartz movement for precision timekeeping. Scratch-resistant sapphire crystal glass; water-resistant to 50 metres. Engraved with its own serial number for easy identification. The specially designed porte-feuille clasp adds an extra measure of security and comfort.
(DQ4319LP) $1,625





POPPER CUFF LINKS Based on an archival design, featuring the exclusive Alfred Dunhill popper closure. Made in Germany of sterling silver and lacquer. Available in black or blue.
Black (JL8425K), Blue (JL8432K) $230

TWIN BLADE CIGAR CUTTER Two guillotine-style retractable blades collaborate efficiently to provide a clean, even cut that delivers the fullest complement of smoke to the palate. Made in England of brushed stainless steel with gold-plated accents and durable black handles.
(PA5250) $220

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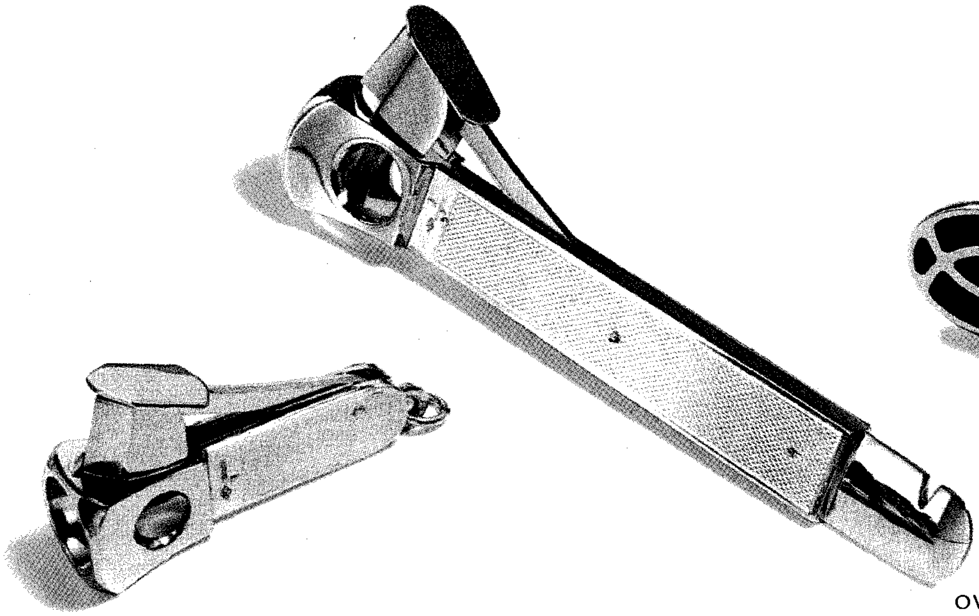


STERLING SILVER "BARLEY" WEDGE CUTTER

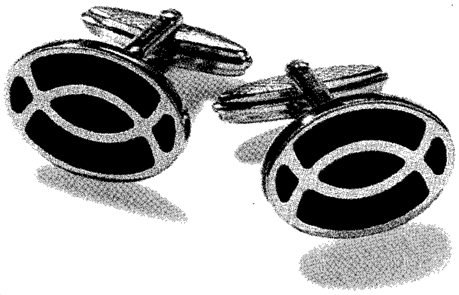
A more compact version than its brother to the right, it can be kept in your pocket or on your key ring.

(PA5505) $190

LARGE STERLING SILVER "BARLEY" WEDGE CUTTER

A great way to indoctrinate a cigar. In our lightly textured signature "Barley" pattern.

(PA5508) $250

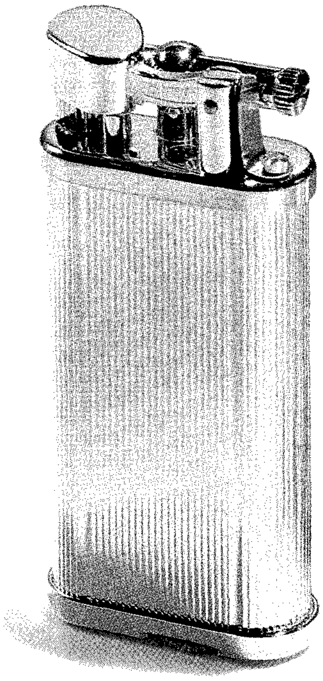


OVAL CUFF LINKS

The classic Deco design takes its inspiration from our extensive archives. It has a standard swivel bar closure. Made in England of sterling silver and lacquer. Available in black or blue.

Black (JF8249H), Blue (JF8247H) $125

THE SMALLEST DETAILS ARE



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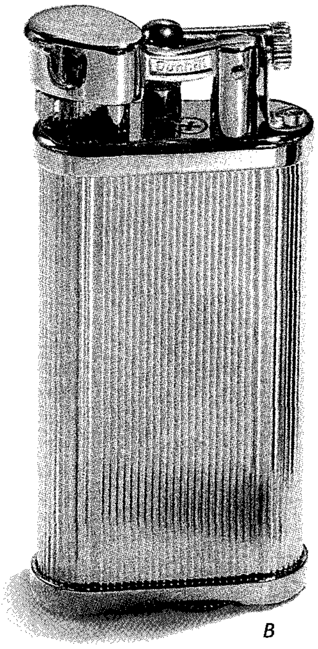

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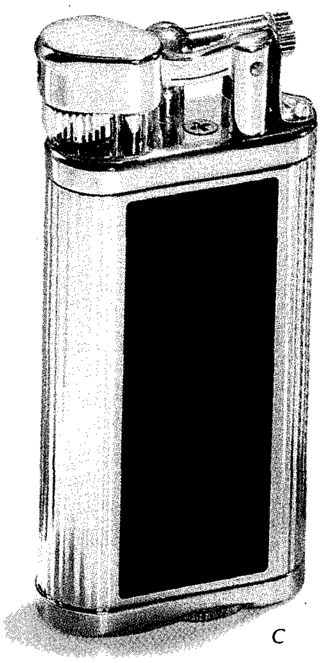

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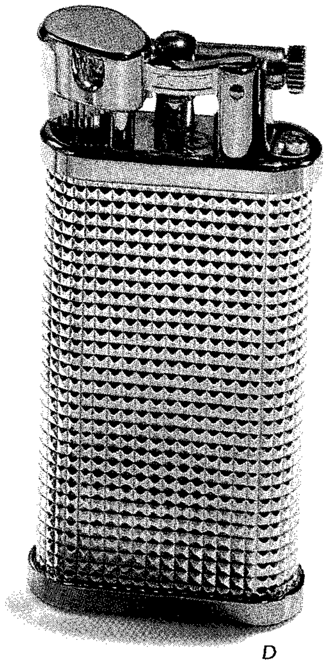

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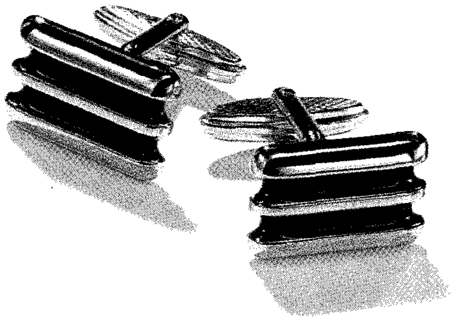
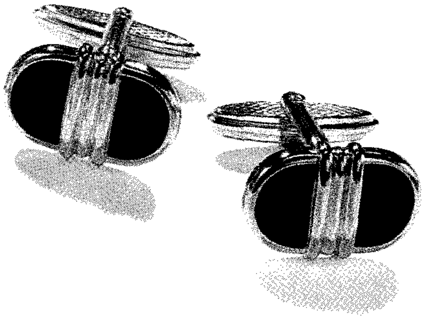
VISA GOLD



RIBBED CUFF LINKS

This revival design, taken from the Alfred Dunhill archives of the 1930s, employs an age-old technique to achieve the vivid, saturated color of the deep-filled lacquer accents. Sterling silver. Made in Germany. Available in black.

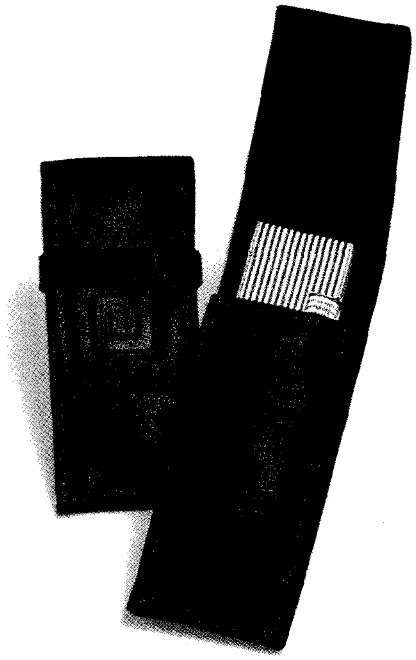
(JL8205K) $125



DECO CUFF LINKS

Designs such as these from the Art Deco period feature heavily in the rich tradition of Alfred Dunhill. Sterling silver and deep-filled lacquer in black or blue lacquer create a strong graphic statement. Made in Germany.

Black (JL8215K), Blue (JL8217K) $125

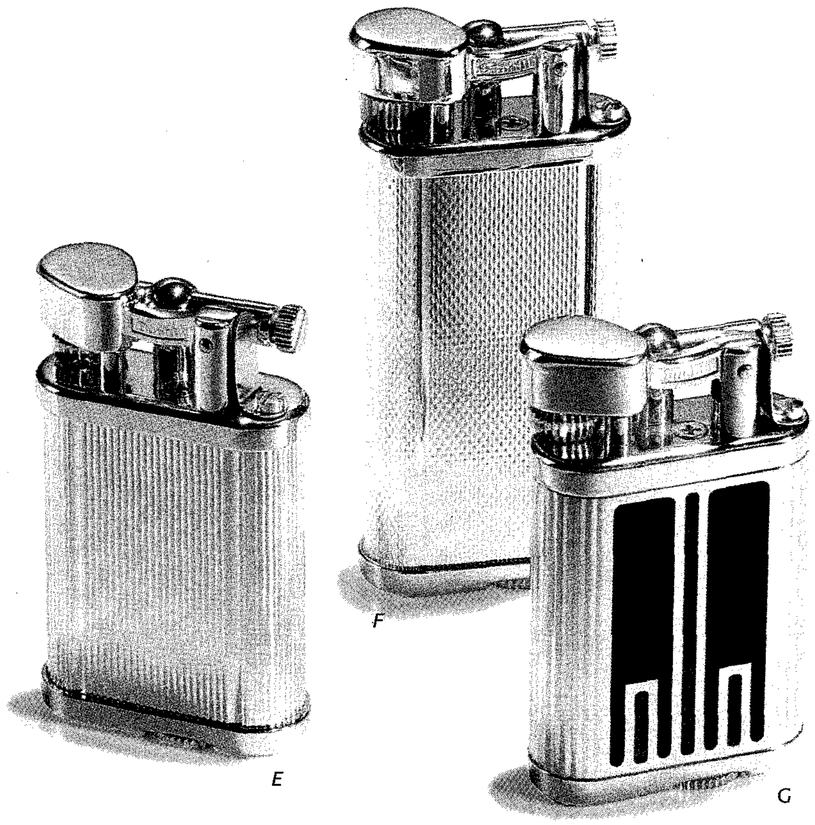


LIGHTER CASE

Made of the finest calfskin to perfectly fit and protect Alfred Dunhill Rollagas or Unique Cigar lighters.

(LA3304) $55

WHAT BEST DEFINE THE INDIVIDUAL



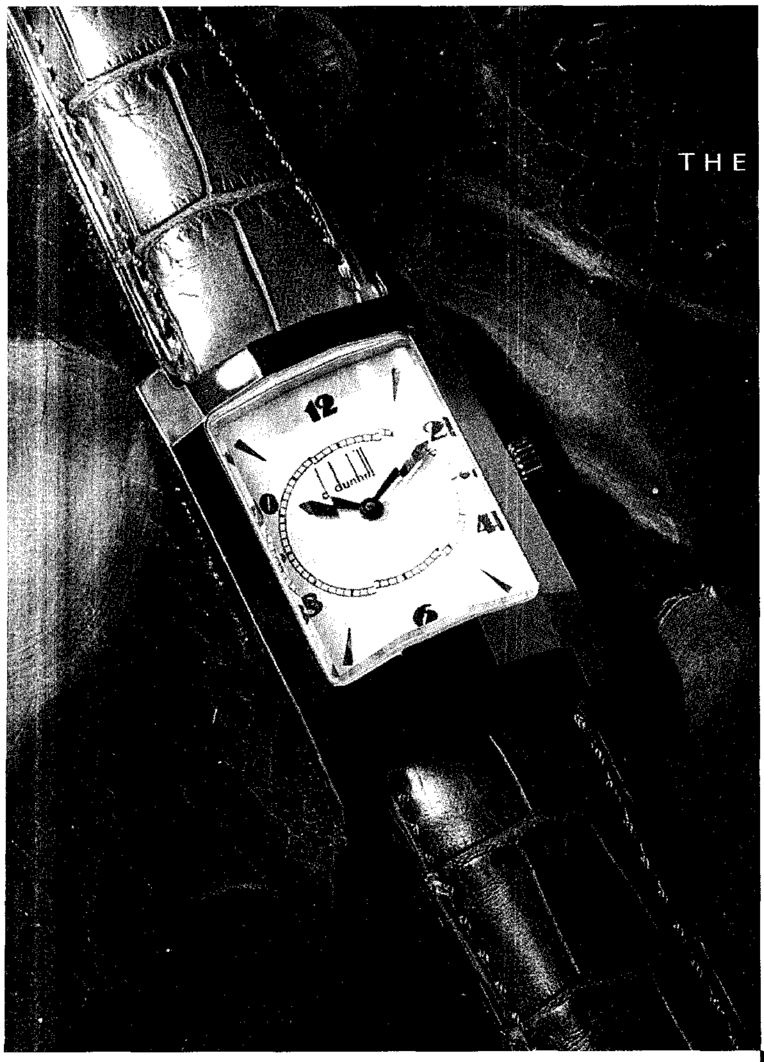
ALFRED DUNHILL
UNIQUE CIGAR LIGHTERS

Ours alone, by definition and by invention. Patented in 1928, this celebrated design can be held and lit with one hand, effortlessly and consistently. Today's version recalls the best of Jazz Age style and has evolved to include a specially designed burner valve that produces a wide, steady flame ideal for cigars.

A. Silver Plate "Lines" (UL1302C) $330
B. Gold Plate "Lines" (UL1402C) $425
C. Silver Plate & Black Lacquer (UL5101C) $495
D. Silver and Gold Plate "Hobnail" (UL1743C) $360
E. Mini Silver Plate "Lines" (VL1301C) $315
F. Silver Plate "Barley" (UL1301C) $330
G. Mini Silver & Red "Deco" (VL5231C) $475

1 800 860-8362

24 HOURS, 7 DAYS



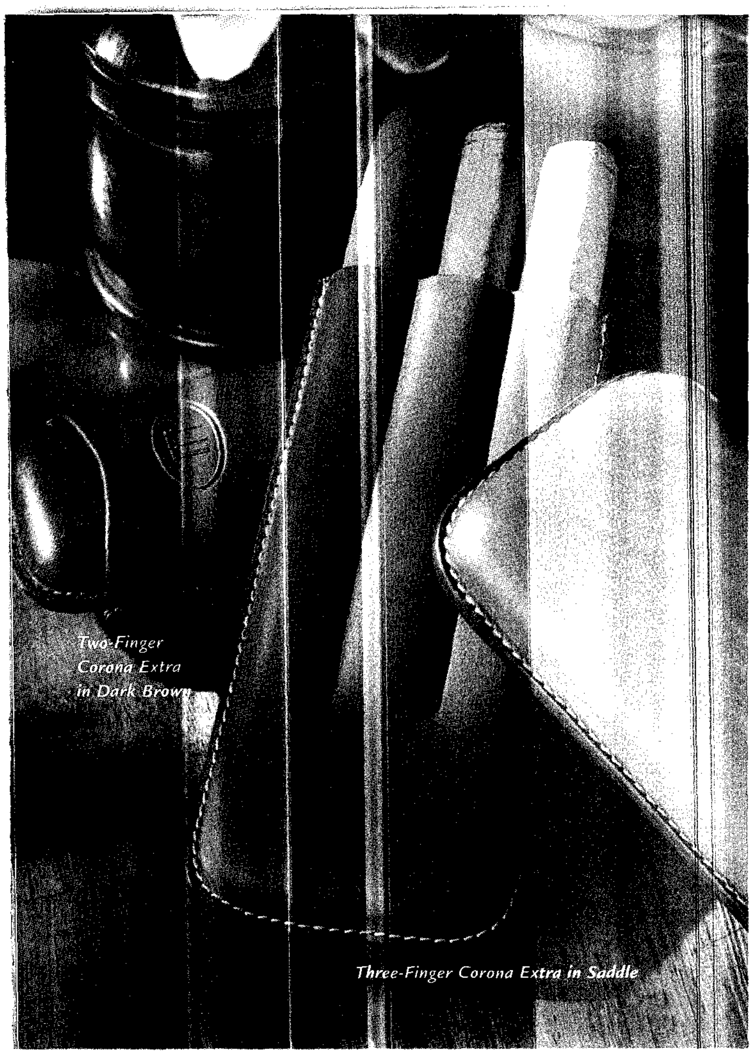
THE FINEST HOUR

CENTENARY FACETED WATCH

First launched in 1993 to commemorate the Alfred Dunhill centennial, the Centenary Collection is inspired by the Art Deco designs of the 1930s, an era of flourishing design and creativity that influences us to this day. Hand-finished and -polished stainless steel with bombe safari crocodile strap. Swiss mechanical movement. Scratch-resistant sapphire crystal glass; water-resistant to 30 metres. Engraved with its own serial number for authenticity.
(DU1926BMS) $1,250

CENTENARY "HUNTER" WATCH

An exemplary model from this classic collection of sleek and streamlined designs. Hand-finished and -polished stainless steel with bombe safari crocodile strap. Swiss quartz movement for precision timekeeping. Scratch-resistant sapphire crystal glass; water-resistant to 30 metres. Identified with individual serial number for authenticity.
(DQ1929BMS) $960


Two-Finger Corona Extra in Dark Brown
Three-Finger Corona Extra in Saddle

ALFRED DUNHILL
LEATHER CIGAR CASES

A real luxury vehicle. Rich calfskin, quality construction, efficient design.

Three-Finger Corona Extra, Black (PA7603), Dark Brown (PA7608), or Saddle (PA7613) $210

Two-Finger Corona Extra, Black (PA7602), Dark Brown (PA7607), or Saddle (PA7612) $210

Three-Finger Churchill, Black only (PA7703) $250

1 800 860-8362

24 HOURS, 7 DAYS

CIGAR COMPENDIUM

This beautifully designed piece organizes a cigar smoker's needs, and even doubles as a wallet. Finely crafted in waxy saddle leather, it can house cutter, lighter, pen, cigars, and cards. The cigar jacket has four individual compartments that will hold cigars up to 7½". Made in Spain. Also available in black lambskin; see page 7A. Accessories are sold separately. *(PA8302) $595*

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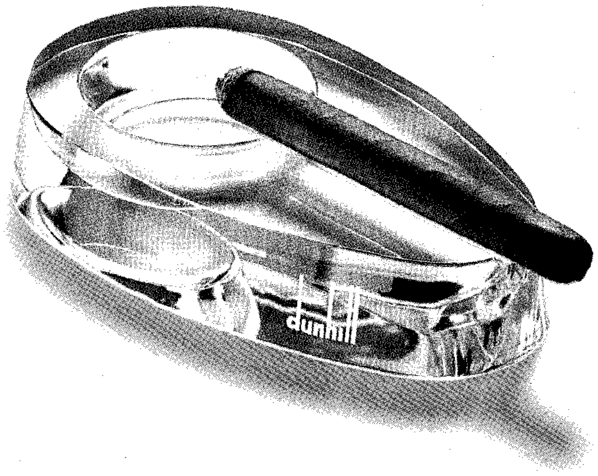
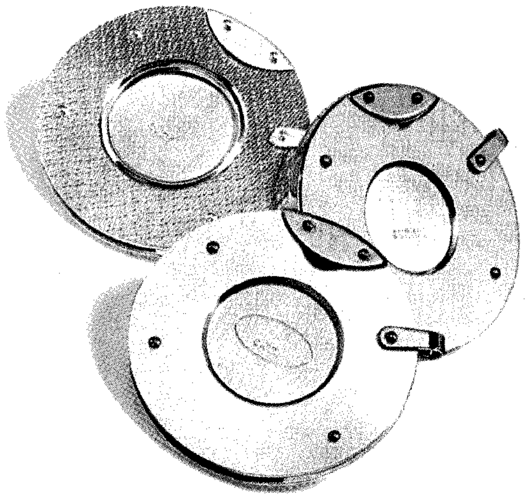


ALFRED DUNHILL CRYSTAL ASHTRAY

This weighty design displays a discreet majesty. Specially crafted to cradle your cigar horizontally for an even burn. Lead crystal. Imported.

(PA5101) $385



ALFRED DUNHILL DISK CIGAR CUTTERS

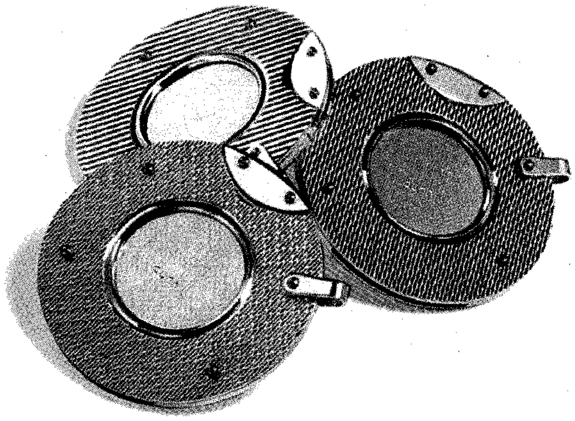
These guillotine-style cutters are easy to use and produce a swift, clean cut that gives access to the fullest complement of smoke. When using one, position the blade bevel to face away from the body of the cigar, thereby letting the cut portion fall away cleanly. Made in England.

Silver Plate "Fox Head" Disk Cutter (PA5222) $435

Stainless Steel Disk Cutter (PA5205) $215

Polished Steel Disk Cutter (PA5216) $215

POSH PARAPHERNALIA



ALFRED DUNHILL GOLD PLATE DISK CIGAR CUTTERS

The same design and construction as the silver and steel cutters, above, but with the Midas touch. Made in England.

Gold Plate "Lines" Disk Cutter (PA5218) $595

Gold Plate "Fox Head" Disk Cutter (PA5221) $595

Gold Plate "Barley" Disk Cutter (PA5207) $595

At your request, we will personalize sterling cigar tubes.

STERLING SILVER CIGAR TUBES

A gentleman's accessory. With the added impact of a monogram, it makes a spectacular gift. Made in England.

Single Tube "Barley" Finish (7" long, up to 50 ring gauge) (PA5510) $395

Double Tube "Barley" Finish (6" long, up to 50 ring gauge) (PA5511) $795

VISA GOLD
VISA

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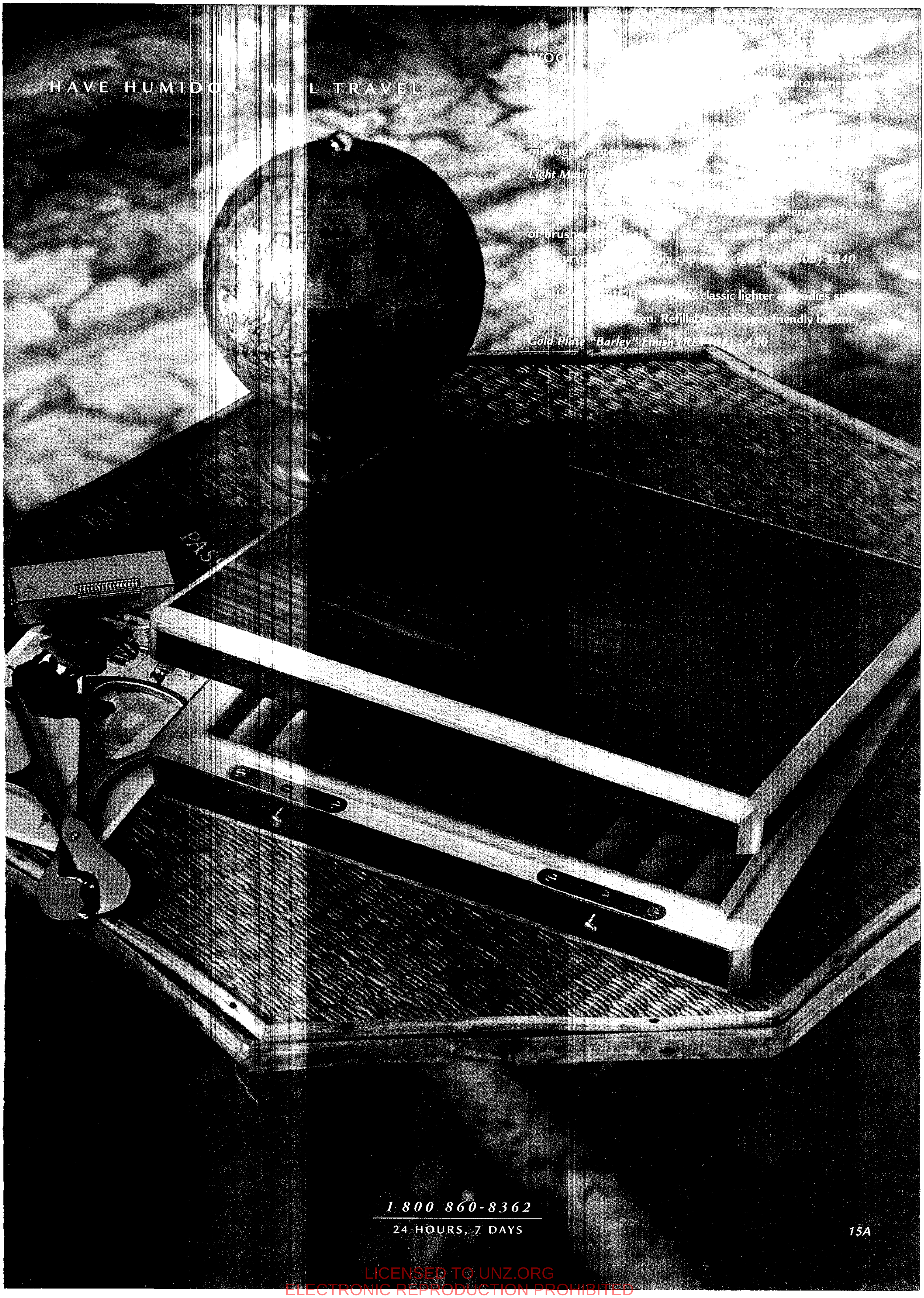


HAVE HUMIDOR, WILL TRAVEL

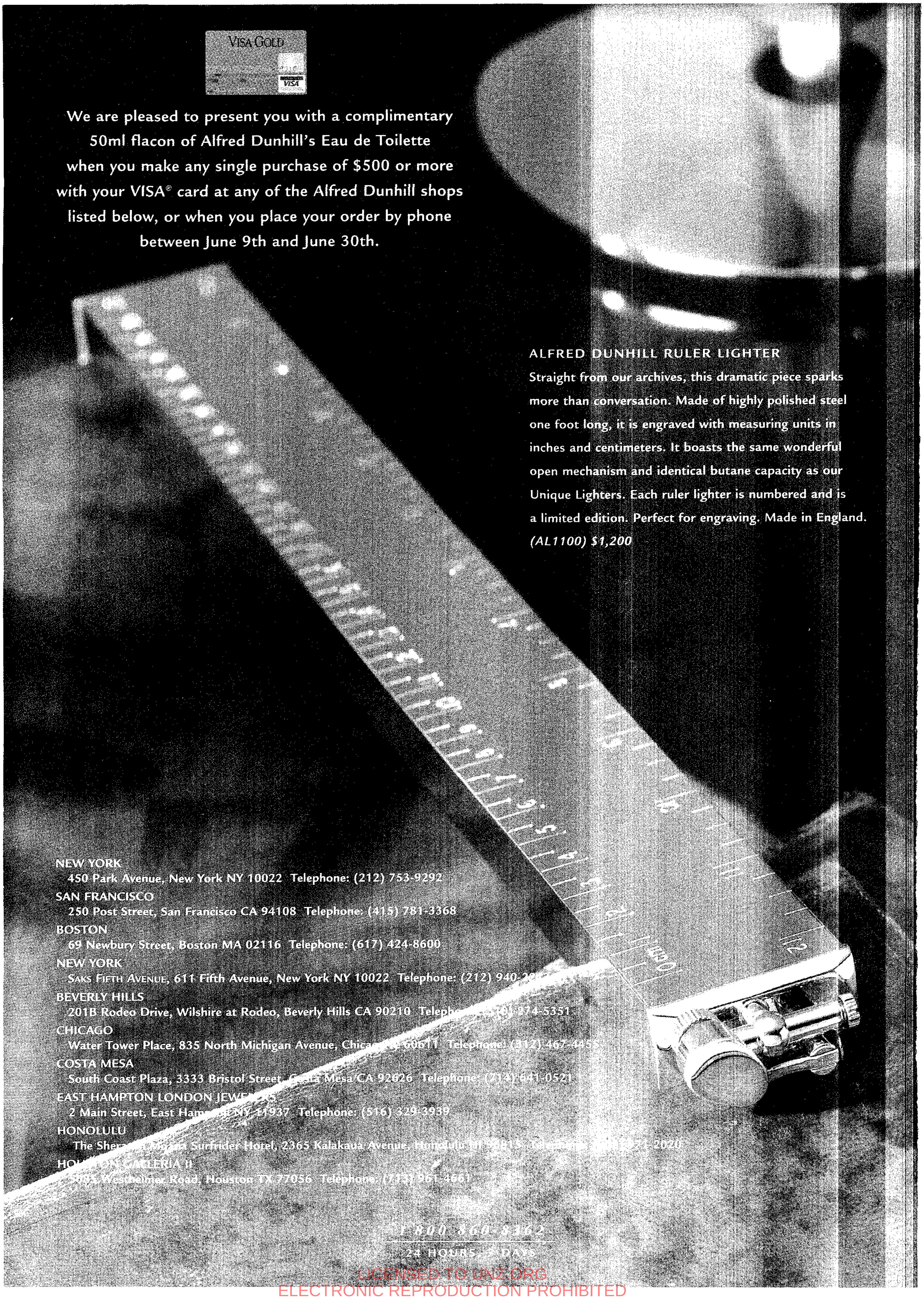
WOOD[illegible] [illegible] to inner [illegible] mahogany interior. H[illegible] *Light Map[illegible]* [illegible] 95

[illegible] S[illegible] [illegible] ment, crafted of brushed [illegible] in a jacket pocket [illegible] T[illegible] curve[illegible] [illegible]ly clip your cigar. *(PA33303) $340*

ROLL[illegible] [illegible] classic lighter embodies s[illegible] simple, [illegible] design. Refillable with cigar-friendly butane. *Gold Plate "Barley" Finish (RE[illegible]) $450*

1 800 860-8362

24 HOURS, 7 DAYS



We are pleased to present you with a complimentary 50ml flacon of Alfred Dunhill's Eau de Toilette when you make any single purchase of $500 or more with your VISA® card at any of the Alfred Dunhill shops listed below, or when you place your order by phone between June 9th and June 30th.

ALFRED DUNHILL RULER LIGHTER

Straight from our archives, this dramatic piece sparks more than conversation. Made of highly polished steel one foot long, it is engraved with measuring units in inches and centimeters. It boasts the same wonderful open mechanism and identical butane capacity as our Unique Lighters. Each ruler lighter is numbered and is a limited edition. Perfect for engraving. Made in England. *(AL1100) $1,200*

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250 Post Street, San Francisco CA 94108 Telephone: (415) 781-3368
BOSTON
69 Newbury Street, Boston MA 02116 Telephone: (617) 424-8600
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Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York NY 10022 Telephone: (212) 940-2[illegible]
BEVERLY HILLS
201B Rodeo Drive, Wilshire at Rodeo, Beverly Hills CA 90210 Telephone: (310) 274-5351
CHICAGO
Water Tower Place, 835 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago IL 60611 Telephone: (312) 467-4455
COSTA MESA
South Coast Plaza, 3333 Bristol Street, Costa Mesa CA 92626 Telephone: (714) 641-0521
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2 Main Street, East Hampton NY 11937 Telephone: (516) 329-3939
HONOLULU
The Sheraton Moana Surfrider Hotel, 2365 Kalakaua Avenue, Honolulu HI 96815 Telephone: [illegible] 921-2020
HOUSTON GALLERIA II
5085 Westheimer Road, Houston TX 77056 Telephone: (713) 961-4661

1 800 860 8362

24 HOURS 7 DAYS

REFLECTIONS

FALL FROM GRACE

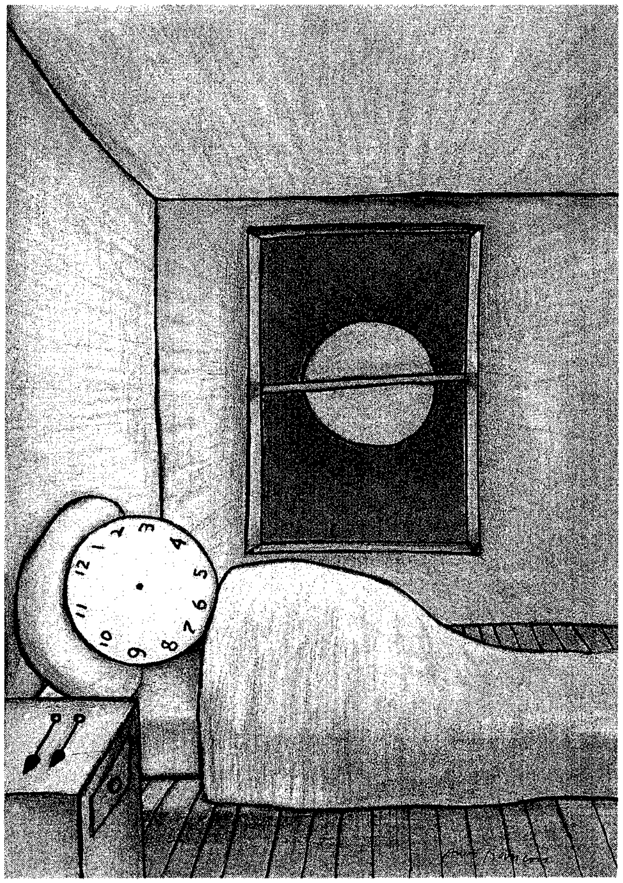
How modern life has made waiting a desperate act.

BY NOELLE OXENHANDLER

ONCE I found myself sitting on the sandy bank of a New England pond with a Latin-American friend. As some children went into the water and began to paddle and splash, he grew melancholic. He was missing his nine-year-old daughter, who had stayed behind in Chile, and he began to tell me about her. How beautiful she was. She had green eyes shaped like almonds, and golden hair. Then he told me that he and his wife had adopted her as an infant. When she was five years old, they told her that she had been born to other parents. "And do you know what she did?" he asked me. "She didn't cry. She didn't say a word. She went into our bedroom. She climbed onto our bed and curled up at the foot of it. She lay there, in fetal position, for an entire afternoon."

I have always remembered this story—the sureness with which the child, her world in upheaval, took care of herself. With a knowing as deep as whatever it is that prompts a cat about to give birth to find the inside of a drawer or a pile of hay, she knew she could not go forward without going back. She had to leave the linear movement of time and take her place inside a different rhythm: slow, circular, recursive.

We have all had such moments of true urgency. The morning before my daughter was born, though I didn't know that the birth would begin that night, I woke knowing I had to get to a body of water. The excursion was impractical and irrational, involving a drive along rough, bumpy roads, miles away from the house or the hospital. For hours, I lay like a beached whale, unable to get comfortable on my thin towel spread over sharp pebbles. Yet I knew as I looked out at the expanse of clear blue lake that my being there was necessary.



ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS; FIRST APPEARED AS A NEW YORKER COVER, MAY 15, 1971

There is a "no" at the root of necessity. The Indo-European *ne-ked-ti* means "no drawing back." True urgency involves a kind of winnowing: the wheat from the chaff; the "yes" from the "no." The foot of the bed. The body of water. The narrowness of *this*, not that.

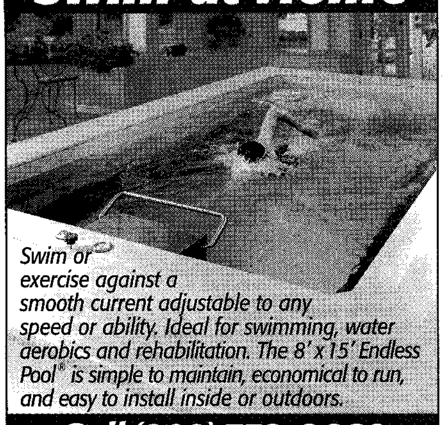
I LOVE the word "pause." For me, it is onomatopoeic: the way the double vowel opens slowly like the folds of an accordion, forcing us to drawl. Once I read the story of Jacques Lusseyran, a Frenchman who, though he was both blind and very young, became an important member of the Parisian Resistance and a survivor of Buchenwald. What impressed me as much as his heroic activity was the pause that preceded it. For weeks, he simply absorbed the reality of Paris under the Occupation—a strange emptiness in the streets, except for certain neighborhoods that swarmed with Nazi soldiers. There he heard the rhythm of their speech, the sound of their boots, and he smelled the unfamiliar odor of their tobacco. At last, following a bad bout of measles, he understood that he and a band of his schoolmates would come together in solidarity. Still, despite his acute sense of emergency, he felt there was something else he needed to do before throwing himself into the fire. Finally, it came to him: he would take dancing lessons.

"I learned all the basic dance steps in two weeks," he writes, "as fast as parched people quench their thirst in midsummer. I covered the whole range from waltz to swing and became a real fan of swing . . . because swing was really a dance to drive out demons. When you had whirled a pack of girls at arm's length for five or six hours, with all their perfume coming back at you by the handful, you were dead beat. But still you had driven off the devils. And they are made to be shaken, these devils, whether they are political or individual."

What courage to dance on the brink of war, on the threshold of Buchenwald. To give oneself the time to evoke or to exorcise whatever inner forces were needed or stood in the way of action. And how difficult—except with hindsight—to see this as courage. Fiddling while Rome burns. An ostrich with its head in the sand. In the press of events, aren't *these* the images that arise for us?

WHEN thinking, speaking, and doing are one, this is magic time. God time. The green cash that emerges at the press of a button. The piece of paper in California that immediately yields a piece of paper in New York. Where does it end? With the letter that is read at the moment of its being conceived in the mind of the sender; with the bread that is eaten before it is baked.

"Let there be light!" God said. And there was light. This is the ancient wish of the human being: to reside in the place where one need only open one's mouth to make a world happen. As a child, when I woke up thirsty in the middle of the night and couldn't face the long walk down a cold hall to the sink, I would lie in my



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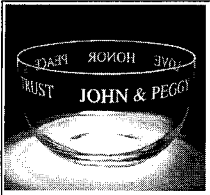

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bed and open my mouth, imagining a shiny soda fountain in the sky that would release just the cold, flavored stream, minty or lime, I wished for. At times, it became unbearable to lie there, with my dry mouth open, knowing that no matter how intensely I wished, not a single drop would fall from the sky. The fall from grace is the fall from simultaneity, exile from the garden where the fruit is at hand and to desire is to eat. Henceforth you will have to work for your food, and to give birth—to bring into being—will be difficult.

Suffering this curse, is it any wonder we take such delight in the presto of our own inventions? With each movement toward the instantaneous, we put a toe back in Paradise, that place where to wish is to have. With each movement toward simultaneity, we are back, however fleetingly, in the womb, where we don't even need to wish in order to be warm, held, fed.

But here is the lawyer, riding the train between Tarrytown, where he lives, and New York City, where he works. It's a beautiful ride, along the Hudson River, past the Tappan Zee Bridge and the high green cliffs of the Palisades. He could spend the early-morning commute watching the slowly emerging sun break the dark river into moving strokes of gold and pink light. But all the while he is clicking, tapping, speaking to people who are somewhere else. For now it is possible to carry an office inside a briefcase: a laptop, a fax modem, a phone. Convenience: the roots of the word are "with" and "come." Everything can come with him now, onto the train. Every moment can be maximally productive. But what of the moment Yasunari Kawabata wrote of, in his novel "Snow Country"? A man, looking through a darkened train window to the night outside, sees, floating on the moving glass, the reflection of the eye of a young woman across the aisle. Such a moment represents a kind of time that is vanishing: a floating time, completely free of usefulness, suspended between wakefulness and sleep. This is the time zone of wonder, when we fall out of the habitual, the taken-for-granted, and are startled by *what is*.

Among the greatest pleasures in my life has been to sit on a French train, watching each village, with its steeple and stone walls, emerge in turn from the intervening pattern of field and trees and those beautiful cows—Charolais—that are the color of silt or of cream sinking into a cup of coffee. But now, on the T.G.V.—those trains that can whip from Paris to Provence in a matter of four hours—the trees and the villages turn into a blinking pattern of stripes which gives me a headache, and I have to look away. For the sake of speed, in the interest of not wasting time, we sacrifice the sensuous richness of the not-yet.

"WHILE-U-WAIT," the signs say. Just to sit under the bright light of the Jiffy Lube waiting room, sipping coffee from a plastic cup and leafing through a magazine while my car's fluids are being drained and exchanged, provides a rare sense of luxury. After all, I could be balancing my checkbook, grading my students' papers. . . . Even in the space of the "While-U-Wait," I feel I should be doing something else, something more.

Yet some of my most pleasurable moments have come when I allowed myself to sink into the feeling that something was taking place without—or in the aftermath of—my conscious intervention: to sit in the sun, reading a book, while under a damp towel and the shade of my chair a ball of dough rose in a bowl or six glass jars of hot milk thickened into yogurt; to lie on my back in the grass watching the clouds, my wet mop beside me, while inside the house the water shapes dried on clean, lemony wood floors. The precious "while" that follows when you have done your part, and surrendered the work of your hands to powers as great as sun, air, time.

In the same way, I used to love the feeling of dropping a letter into the box. For several days, the letter-in-transit would hover around the edges of my consciousness. This delay was an intrinsic part of the pleasure of letter-writing. It had a special tense all its own: when the "must do" turns into the "just done." And, as the letter hovered, I also savored a kind of prescience in relation to my friend. During those two or three days, I knew, at least in some small measure, what would befall her: *a letter in the box!* As Iris Murdoch has written, "The sending of a letter constitutes a magical grasp upon the future." But now the old magic has given way to the new. And though a fax or an E-mail may lie in wait for its recipient, it nonetheless gets from here to there in a matter of moments, and its waiting has none of the sealed mystery about it that attends a letter in its envelope.

In my professional writing life, too, I used to luxuriate in the feeling of sending an article off in the mail. There would be a few days' reprieve, during which I could bask in the sense of a task accomplished. At the same time, I could attend to those aspects of my life which I'd been neglecting. Freed of the pressure of deadline, there was a certain voluptuousness in the most mundane chores: pulling the weeds in my garden, sorting through drawers, untangling the necklaces in my jewelry box.

Increasingly, such simple, and simply comforting, chores feel like a form of indulgence. For now each writing cycle culminates in a frenzy of faxing, with a nearly instantaneous transmission of freshly completed manuscript, requests for revisions, revisions, more requests for revisions—and then a lapse back into silence, absence, a complete disconnection from which I feel compelled to launch a new round of activity. It's a rhythm I find jarring, an all-or-nothing, On/Off mode of being.

What we lose in this binary approach is the richness of the intermediate zone—the mysterious lushness of the latent, the almost, the not-yet. This is why, for some women, pregnancy is a uniquely redemptive experience, the one time in their lives when they feel released from the tyranny of the Do It Now. This is the giddiness, the sense of permission, that pregnancy bestows, when just to be—to eat, breathe, and sleep—is to do. In the great while of her pregnancy, my mother read "War and Peace" from beginning to end. Then she read it again, from the end to the beginning, sustained by the amplitude of book, belly, time.

AND isn't the richness of the while one of the primary pleasures of childhood? To lie in the back seat of the car, listening to the grownups' voices, while a parent's hands steer through the night. To play in the vacant lot at dusk, while through the lighted kitchen window a mother stands at the stove cooking dinner. The childhood experience of errands, the dreamy, slightly edgy boredom of waiting while the grownups dropped off mail, picked up the freshly pressed clothes, filled the car with gas—wasn't this, too, a kind of luxury?

When I asked a friend to write about the lost while, her thoughts went immediately to childhood: "I grew up reading while my mother cooked, while my brother played, while my father tumbled rocks or made cabernet or carved decoys, depending on which era of hobby he then inhabited. The dog and the cats hung loose and just were. We were an abundance. We were in abundance."

In contemporary family life, alarm clocks ring and parents and children scatter, often not to be reunited until the day has grown dark again. And even when they are gathered back under the same roof it is more and more common for each to be tuned to a different medium: telephone, television, computer screen. If there is a music of family life, it is less and less like a rich and resonating chord than like a pattern of disparate melodic lines occasionally, randomly, intersecting. Already, Willa Cather's description of a winter evening in Nebraska begins to seem like the record of an alien life-form: "When supper was over, it took [the men] a long while to get the cold out of their bones. While grandmother and I washed the dishes and grandfather read his paper upstairs, Jake and Otto sat on the long bench behind the stove, 'easing' their inside boots, or rubbing mutton tallow into their cracked hands."

WHEN I was a girl, the season of Lent had a mysterious power all its own. It was the power of interiority. The time when Jesus fell off the map of public life and withdrew into the desert. Forty days of rock and sky. Fasting. One year I gave up sweetened cereals. One year I gave up speaking French, so as to be more ordinary. In church, the statues were wrapped in purple cloth. Resplendent invisibility. Underground, the bulbs were pushing up out of their brown papery skins. Soon it would be spring, flowers blooming, the tabernacle full again after the startling emptiness of Holy Saturday, the statues looking naked in their marble clothes.

Throughout history, the recurrence of difference has been at the very core of human time. The ancient stone monuments of Stonehenge or Carnac catch the shadows that return on the most extraordinary days of the year: the solstice, the equinox. Preindustrial village life—tribal life—is under the sway of day and night, heat and cold, drought and rain, seed and fruit, sacred and profane.

But increasingly we live in the twenty-four-hour time of commerce, of convenience. It is 7-Eleven time, the fluorescent time of unmodulated, shadowless light, where coffee and doughnuts are available

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"I'm afraid the reason is personal."

• •

at all hours, where the rhythm of breakfast, lunch, and dinner has no meaning, and where Sunday is Monday.

There is another place with the same shrill, twenty-four-hour light, the doors that never shut, the windowless air, and a counter or front desk manned by the same rotation of pale clerks with their free-floating body clocks: the emergency room.

What does it mean that the 7-Eleven and the emergency room are atmospherically similar? The emergency room is the true domain of necessity, the place where there is no drawing back before the bleeding wound, the broken bone, the last-minute contractions. But a Pop-Tart, a six-pack of Coke in the middle of the night? We have come to believe that convenience is necessity. What begins as slogan, words sprayed on the surface of things—billboards, labels, magazines—becomes visceral, and if we can't find it *now* we feel a knot of anxiety, frustration. We are thrown back on a world that has its own rhythms, that doesn't immediately bend to meet our yen to eat a candy bar or have a shirt pressed—or even our more serious needs. This is one of the most difficult adjustments for Americans travelling abroad: the locked doors at midday, deserted shops on holidays, the need to wait for gas or cash. Our own definition of a world in order is one in which all goods and services are always immediately available. This is the paradisiacal aspect of the mall, and it is our version of eternity: seasonless, ever-present, abundant. This is a world very different from one whose order arises from an alteration of presence and absence, scarcity and abundance, winter and spring.

Although we feel anxiety when what we crave is not available, the twenty-four-hour availability of that which we crave does not really provide pleasure. We really are so constituted as to be more responsive to difference than sameness. The hot cross buns eaten once, at the beginning of Lent, the statues unwrapped from their purple cloth in the hours before Easter, the seasonal truffles—black gold of France—eaten in the first chill of fall. It remains true for us that hunger is the best spice, and intense sensual pleasure, like gratitude, is the opposite of taking for granted.

ONE night not long ago, I read this poem of James Wright's, "Lying in a Hammock at William Duffy's Farm in Pine Island, Minnesota," to a group of women I know:

> Over my head, I see the bronze butterfly,
> Asleep on the black trunk,
> Blowing like a leaf in green shadow.
> Down the ravine behind the empty house,
> The cowbells follow one another
> Into the distances of the afternoon.
> To my right,
> In a field of sunlight between two pines,
> The droppings of last year's horses
> Blaze up into golden stones.
> I lean back, as the evening darkens and comes on.
> A chicken hawk floats over, looking for home.
> I have wasted my life.

"That's tragic!" one of the women said when I had finished reading. In her eyes, this was a man who was better off dead. For her, the conventional meaning of the last line obliterated all that preceded it: the images of a world taking care of itself, simultaneously self-contained and overflowing, a world where nothing is lost, where distance is always gathered back into nearness, and where dung blazes up like gold. In such a world, it is possible to swing in a hammock suspended in air, and realize that a lifetime of anxious effort has been utterly foolish—a waste. What a marvellous joke! All the more so because in the moment of realization, the wasted life—along with the sleeping butterfly, the sound of the cowbells, and the chicken hawk—is one more treasure.

For a moment, I didn't know what to say to my friend. She was adamant. I found myself looking at the scar on her face. It's a small scar, but it is the result of rather complicated neurological surgery that she required after one of the many times that her husband struck her. She had just left this man, with whom she had lived for fifteen years. She has a young daughter to support, and the two of them had just moved into the house where we were gathered. Earlier in the evening, she had spoken with horror of her desire to sleep. "All I want to do is sleep all day," she said, making an expression of acute disgust.

I looked up. I saw that above us on the mantel was a large framed print of Andrew Wyeth's called "Sleep." It shows a woman, a box of berries beside her, lying in a meadow of gold grass. She has flung herself down with complete abandon, and the hard ground has received her, become soft for her, as if she always slept in a bed of grass, like a deer. Seeing that my friend had given this painting the place of honor in her new house, I wondered why we banish ourselves from such moments again and again. ♦

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LOST MAN

Is it possible that the first Americans weren't who we think they were? And why is the government withholding Kennewick Man, who might turn out to be the most significant archeological find of the decade?

BY DOUGLAS PRESTON

On Sunday, July 28, 1996, in the middle of the afternoon, two college students who were watching a hydroplane race on the Columbia River in Kennewick, Washington, decided to take a shortcut along the river's edge. While wading through the shallows, one of them stubbed his toe on a human skull partly buried in the sand. The students picked it up and, thinking it might be that of a murder victim, hid it in some bushes and called the police.

Floyd Johnson, the Benton County coroner, was called in, and the police gave him the skull in a plastic bucket. Late in the afternoon, Johnson called James Chatters, a forensic anthropologist and the owner of a local consulting firm called Applied Paleoscience. "Hey, buddy, I got a skull for you to look at," Johnson said. Chatters had often helped the police identify skeletons and distinguish between those of murder victims and those found in Indian burial sites. He is a small, determined, physically powerful man of forty-eight who used to be a gymnast and a wrestler. His work occasionally involves him in grisly or spectacular murders, where the victims are difficult to identify, such as burnings and dismemberments.

"When I looked down at the skull," Chatters told me, "right off the bat I saw it had a very large number of Caucasoid features"—in particular, a long, narrow braincase, a narrow face, and a slightly projecting upper jaw. But when Chatters took it out of the bucket and laid it on his worktable he began to see some unusual traits. The crowns of the teeth were worn flat, a common characteristic of prehistoric Indian skulls, and the color of the bone indicated that it was fairly old. The skull sutures had fused, indicating that the individual was past middle age. And, for a prehistoric Indian of what was then an advanced age, he or she was in exceptional health; the skull had, for example, all its teeth and no cavities.

As dusk fell, Chatters and Johnson went out to the site to see if they could find the rest of the skeleton. There, working in the dying light, they found more bones, lying around on sand and mud in about two feet of water. The remains were remarkably complete: only the sternum, a few rib fragments, and some tiny hand, wrist, and foot bones were missing. The bones had evidently fallen out of a bank during recent flooding of the Columbia River.

The following day, Chatters and Johnson spread the bones out in Chatters's laboratory. In forensic anthropology, the first order of business is to determine sex, age, and race. Determining race was particularly important, because if the skeleton turned out to be Native American it fell under a federal law called the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act, or NAGPRA. Passed in 1990, NAGPRA requires the government—in this case, the Army Corps of Engineers, which controls the stretch of the Columbia River where the bones were found—to ascertain if human remains found on federal lands are Native American and, if they are, to "repatriate" them to the appropriate Indian tribe.

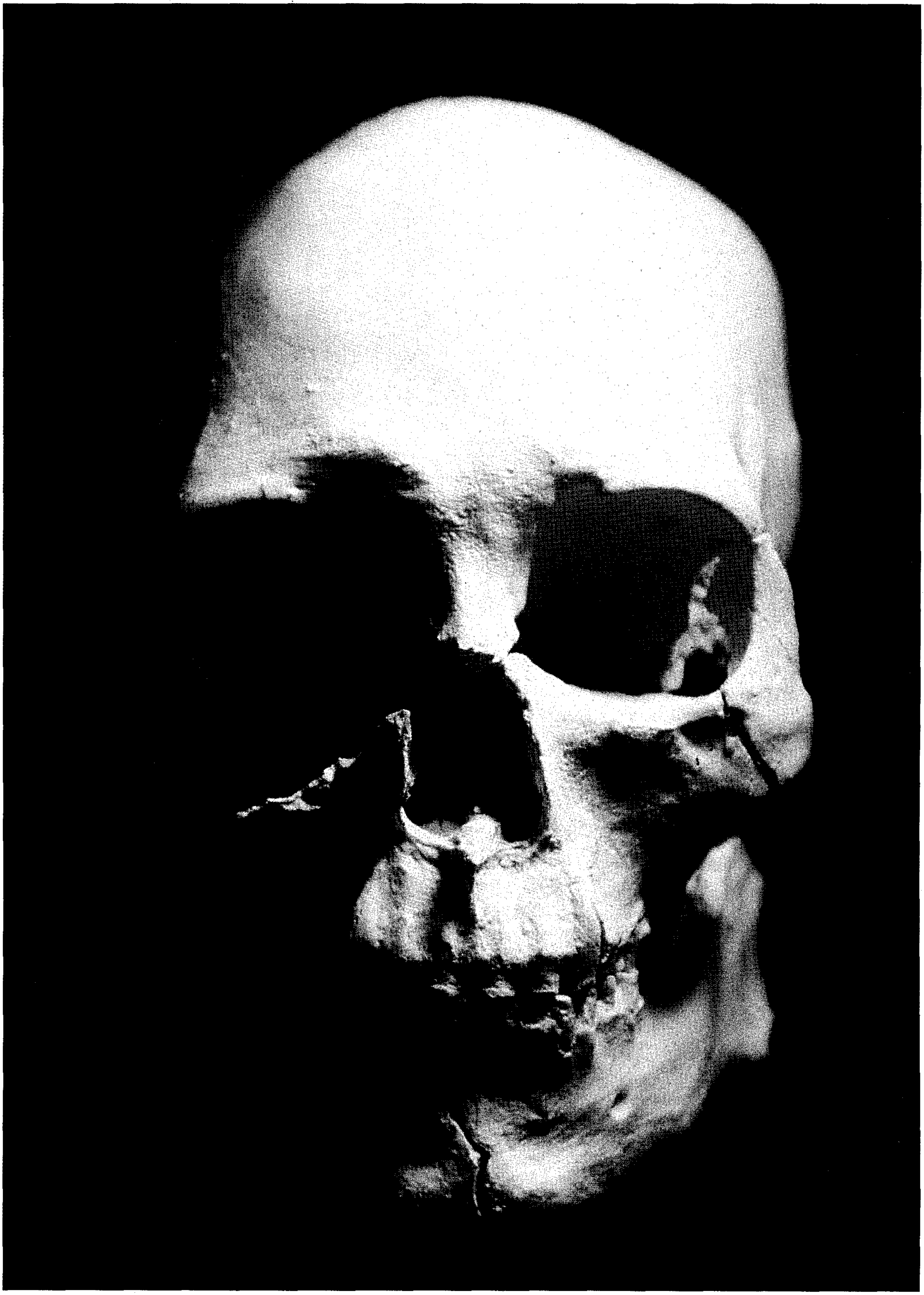
Chatters determined that the skeleton was male, Caucasoid, from an individual between forty and fifty-five years old, and about five feet nine inches tall—much taller than most prehistoric Native Americans in the Northwest. In physical anthropology, the term "Caucasoid" does not necessarily mean "white" or "European"; it is a descriptive term applied to certain biological features of a diverse category that includes, for example, some south-Asian groups as well as Europeans. (In contrast, the term "Caucasian" is a culturally defined racial category.) "I thought maybe we had an early pioneer or fur trapper," he said. As he was cleaning the pelvis, he noticed a gray object embedded in the bone, which had partly healed and fused around it. He took the bone to be X-rayed, but the object did not show up, meaning that it was not made of metal. So he requested a CAT scan. To his surprise, the scan revealed the object to be part of a willow-leaf-shaped spear point, which had been thrust into the bone and broken off. It strongly resembled a Cascade projectile point—an Archaic Indian style in wide use from around nine thousand to forty-five hundred years ago.

The Army Corps of Engineers asked Chatters to get a second opinion. He put the skeleton into his car and drove it a hundred miles to Ellensburg, Washington, where an anthropologist named Catherine J. Mac Millan ran a forensic consulting business called the Bone-Apart Agency. "He didn't say anything," Mac Millan told me. "I examined the bones, and I said 'Male, Caucasian.' He said 'Are you sure?' and I said 'Yeah.' And then he handed me the pelvis and showed me the ancient point embedded in it, and he said, 'What do you think now?' And I said, 'That's extremely interesting, but it still looks Caucasian to me.' " In her report to the Benton County coroner's office she wrote that in her opinion the skeleton was "Caucasian male."

Toward the end of the week, Chatters told Floyd Johnson and the Army Corps of Engineers that he thought they needed to get a radiocarbon date on Kennewick Man. The two parties agreed, so Chatters sent the left fifth metacarpal bone—a tiny bone in the hand—to the University of California at Riverside.

On Friday, August 23rd, Jim Chatters received a telephone call from the radiocarbon lab. The bone was between ninety-three hundred and ninety-six hundred

J.C. CHATTERS



Cast of Kennewick Man's skull. The skeleton was missing only a few tiny bones, and it was more than nine thousand years old.

years old. He was astounded. "It was just a phone call," he said. "I thought, Maybe there's been a mistake. I had to see the report with my own eyes." The report came on Monday, in the form of a fax. "I got very nervous then," Chatters said. He knew that, because of their age, the bones on his worktable had to be one of the most important archeological finds of the decade. "It was just a tremendous responsibility." The following Tuesday, the coroner's office issued a press release on the find, and it was reported in the Seattle *Times*, and other local papers.

Chatters called in a third physical anthropologist, Grover S. Krantz, a professor at Washington State University. Krantz looked at the bones on Friday, August 30th. His report noted some characteristics common to both Europeans and Plains Indians but concluded that "this skeleton cannot be racially or culturally associated with any existing American Indian group." He also wrote, "The Native Repatriation Act has no more applicability to this skeleton than it would if an early Chinese expedition had left one of its members there."

Fifteen minutes after Krantz finished looking at the bones, Chatters received a call from Johnson. Apologetically, the coroner said, "I'm going to have to come over and get the bones." The Army Corps of Engineers had demanded that all study of the bones cease, and had required him to put the skeleton in the county sheriff's evidence locker. On the basis of the carbon date, the Corps had evidently decided that the skeleton was Native American and that it fell under NAGPRA.

"When I heard this, I panicked," Chatters said. "I was the only one who'd recorded any information on it. There were all these things I should have done. I didn't even have photographs of the post-cranial skeleton. I thought, Am I going to be the last scientist to see these bones?"

On September 9th, the Umatilla Indians, leading a coalition of five tribes and bands of the Columbia River basin, formally claimed the skeleton under NAGPRA, and the Corps quickly made a preliminary decision to "repatriate" it. The Umatilla Indian Reservation lies just over the border, in northeastern Oregon, and the other tribes live in Washington and Idaho; all consider the Kennewick area part of their traditional territories. The Umatillas announced that they were going to bury the skeleton in a secret site, where it would never again be available to science.

Three weeks later, the New York *Times* picked up the story, and from there it went to *Time* and on around the world. Television crews from as far away as France and Korea descended on Kennewick. The Corps received more than a dozen other claims for the skeleton, including one from a group known as the Asatru Folk Assembly, the California-based followers of an Old Norse religion, who wanted the bones for their own religious purposes.

On September 2nd, the Corps had directed that the bones be placed in a secure vault at the Pacific Northwest National Laboratory, in Richland, Washington. Nobody outside of the Corps has seen them since. They are now at the center of a legal controversy that will likely determine the course of American archeology.

WHAT was a Caucasoid man doing in the New World more than ninety-three centuries ago? In the reams of press reports last fall, that question never seemed to be dealt with. I called up Douglas Owsley, who is the Division Head for Physical Anthropology at the National Museum of Natural History, Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, D.C., and an expert on Paleo-American remains. I asked him how many well-preserved skeletons that old had been found in North America.

He replied, "Including Kennewick, about seven."

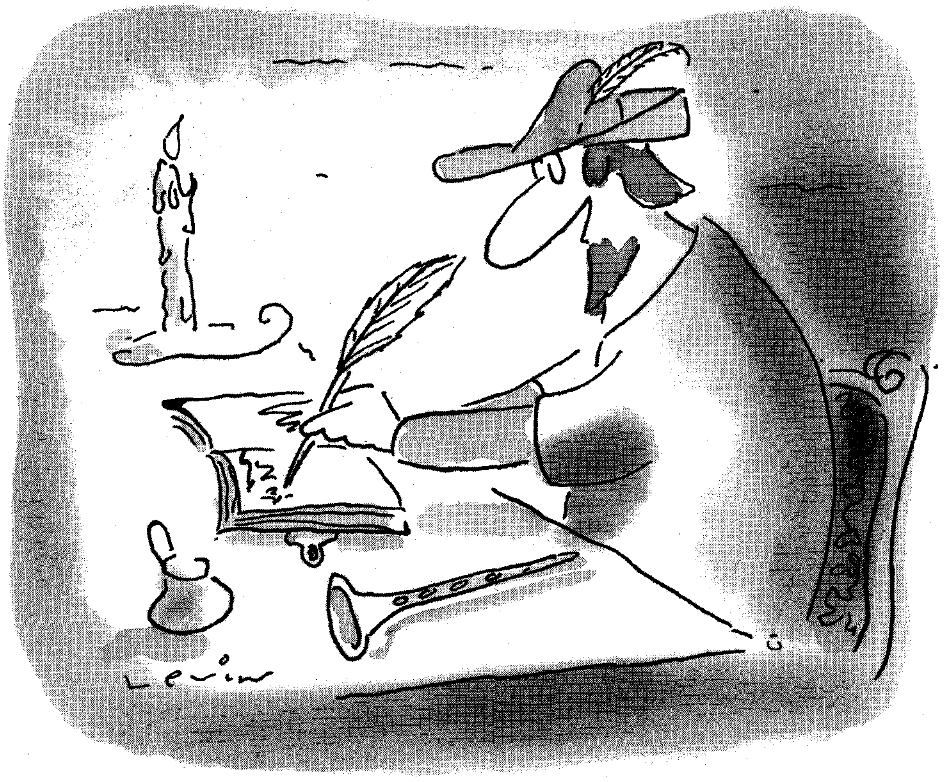
Then I asked if any others had Caucasoid features, and there was a silence that gave me the sense that I was venturing onto controversial ground.

He guardedly replied, "Yes."

"How many?"

"Well," he said, "in varying degrees, all of them."

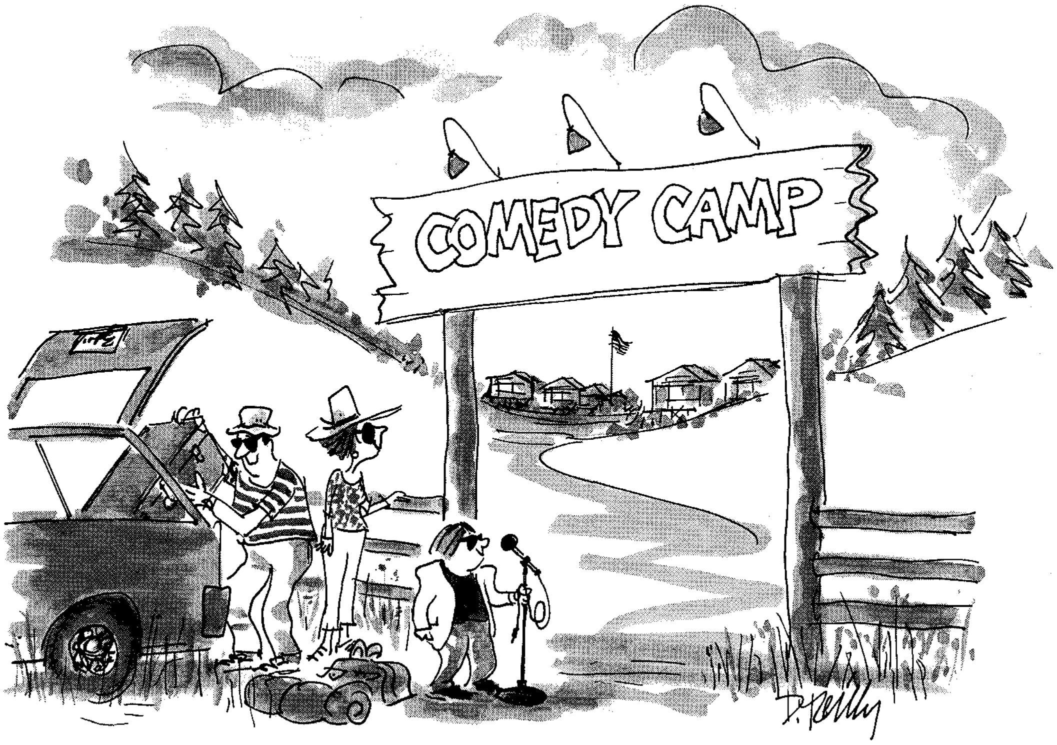
Kennewick Man's bones are part of a growing quantity of evidence that the earliest inhabitants of the New World may have been a Caucasoid people. Other, tentative evidence suggests that these people may have originally come from Europe. The new evidence is fragmentary, contradictory, and controversial. Critical research remains to be done, and many studies are still unpublished. At the least, the new evidence calls into question the standard Beringian Walk theory, which holds that the first human beings to reach the New World were Asians of Mongoloid stock, who crossed from Siberia to Alaska over a land bridge. The new evidence involves three basic questions. Who were the original Americans? Where



"Dear Diary: Today I picked a peck of pickled peppers."

did they come from? And what happened to them?

"You're dealing with such a black hole," Owsley told me. "It's hard to draw any firm conclusions from such a small sample of skeletons, and there is more than one group represented. That's why Kennewick is so important."



KENNEWICK MAN made his appearance at the dawn of a new age in physical anthropology. Scientists are now able to extract traces of organic material from a person's bone and perform a succession of powerful biochemical assays which can reveal an astonishing amount of information about the person. In March, for example, scientists at Oxford University announced that they had compared DNA extracted from the molar cavity of a nine-thousand-year-old skeleton known as Cheddar Man to DNA collected from fifteen pupils and five adults from old families in the village of Cheddar, in Somersetshire. They had established a blood tie between Cheddar Man and a schoolteacher who lived just half a mile from the cave where the bones were found.

In the few weeks that Kennewick Man was in the hands of scientists, they discovered a great deal about him. Isotopic-carbon studies of the bones indicate that he had a diet high in marine food—that he may have been a fisherman who ate a lot of salmon. He seems to have been a tall, good-looking man, slender and well proportioned. (Studies have shown that "handsomeness" is largely the result of symmetrical features and good health, both of which Kennewick Man had.) Archeological finds of similar age in the area suggest that he was part of a small band of people who moved about, hunting, fishing, and gathering wild plants. He may have lived in a simple sewn tent or mat hut that could be disassembled and carried. Some nearby sites contain large numbers of fine bone needles, indicating that a lot of delicate sewing was going on: Kennewick Man may have worn tailored clothing. For a person at that time to live so long in relatively good health indicates that he was clever or lucky, or both, or had family and close friends around him.

He appears to have perished from recurring infections caused by the stone point in his hip. Because of the way his bones were found, and the layer of soil from which they presumably emerged, it may be that he was not deliberately buried but died near the river and was swept away and covered up in a flood. He may have perished alone on a fishing trip, far from his family.

Chatters made a cast of the skull before the skeleton was taken from his office. In the months since, he has been examining it to figure out how Kennewick Man may have looked. He plans to work with physical anthropologists and a forensic sculptor to make a facial reconstruction. "On the physical characteristics alone, he could fit on the streets of Stockholm without causing any kind of notice," Chatters told me. "Or on the streets of Jerusalem or New Delhi, for that matter. I've been looking around for someone who matches this Kennewick gentleman, looking for weeks and weeks at people on the street, thinking, This one's got a little bit here, that one a little bit there. And then, one evening, I turned on the TV, and there was Patrick Stewart"—Captain Picard, of "Star Trek"—"and I said, 'My God, there he is! Kennewick Man!' "

IN September, following the requirements of NAGPRA, the Corps advertised in a local paper its intention of repatriating the skeleton secreted in the laboratory vault. The law mandated a thirty-day waiting period after the advertisements before the Corps could give a skeleton to a tribe.

Physical anthropologists and archeologists around the country were horrified by the seizure of the skeleton. They protested that it was not possible to demonstrate a relationship between nine-thousand-year-old remains and any modern tribe of the area. "Those tribes are relatively new," says Dennis Stanford, the chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History. "They pushed out other tribes that were there." Both Owsley and Richard L. Jantz, a biological anthropologist at the University of Tennessee, wrote letters to the Army Corps of Engineers in late September saying that the loss to science would be incalculable if Kennewick Man were to be reburied before being studied. They received no response. Robson Bonnichsen, the director of the Center for the Study of the First Americans, at Oregon State University, also wrote to the Corps and received no reply. Three representatives and a United States senator from the state of Washington got in touch with the Corps, pleading that it allow the skeleton to be studied before reburial, or, at least, refrain from repatriating the skeleton until Congress could take up the issue. The Corps rebuffed them.

The Umatillas themselves issued a statement, which was written by Armand Minthorn, a tribal religious leader. Minthorn, a small, well-spoken young man with long braids, is a member of a new generation of Native American activists, who see religious fundamentalism—in this case, the Washat religion—as a road back to Native American traditions and values:

> Our elders have taught us that once a body goes into the ground, it is meant to stay there until the end of time. . . . If this individual is truly over 9,000 years old, that only substantiates our belief that he is Native American. From our oral histories, we know that our people have been part of this land since the beginning of time. We do not believe that our people migrated here from another continent, as the scientists do. . . . Scientists believe that because the individual's head measurement does not match ours, he is not Native American. Our elders have told us that Indian people did not always look the way we look today. Some scientists say that if this individual is not studied further, we, as Indians, will be destroying evidence of our history. We already know our history. It is passed on to us through our elders and through our religious practices.

Despite the mounting protests, the Corps refused to reconsider its decision to ban scientific study of the Kennewick skeleton. As the thirty-day waiting period came to a close, anthropologists around the country panicked. Just a week before it ended, on October 23rd, a group of eight anthropologists filed suit against the Corps. The plaintiffs included Douglas Owsley, Robson Bonnichsen, and also Dennis Stanford. Stanford, one of the country's top Paleo-Indian experts, is a formidable opponent. While attending graduate school in New Mexico, he roped in local rodeos, and helped support his family by leasing an alfalfa farm. There's still a kind of laconic, frontier toughness about him. "Kennewick Man has the potential to change the way we view the entire peopling of the Americas," he said to me. "We had to act. Otherwise, I might as well retire."

The eight are pursuing the suit as individuals. Their academic institutions are reluctant to get involved in a lawsuit as controversial as this, particularly at a time when most of them are negotiating with tribes over their own collections.

In the suit, the scientists have argued that Kennewick Man may not meet the NAGPRA definition of "Native American" as being "of, or relating to, a tribe, people, or culture that is indigenous to the United States." The judge trying the case has asked both sides to be prepared to define the word "indigenous" as it is used in NAGPRA. This will be an interesting exercise, since no human beings are indigenous to the New World: we are all immigrants.

The scientists have also argued that the Corps had had no evidence to support its claim that the skeleton had a connection to the Umatillas. Alan Schneider, the scientists' attorney, says, "Our analysis of NAGPRA is that first you have to make a determination if the human remains are Native American. And then you get to the question of cultural affiliation. The Army Corps assumed that anyone who died in the continental United States prior to a certain date is automatically Native American."

The NAGPRA law appears to support the scientists' point of view. It says that when there are no known lineal descendants "cultural affiliation" should be determined using "geographical, kinship, biological, archeological, anthropological, linguistic, folkloric, oral traditional, historical," or other "relevant information or expert opinion" before human remains are repatriated. In other words, human remains must often be studied before anyone can say whom they are related to.

The Corps, represented by the Justice Department, has refused to comment on most aspects of the case. "It's really as if the government didn't want to know the truth about Kennewick Man," Alan Schneider told me in late April. "It seems clear that the government will *never* allow this skeleton to be studied, for any reason, unless it is forced to by the courts."

Preliminary oral arguments in the case were heard on June 2nd in the United States District Court for the District of Oregon. The scientists asked for immediate access to study the bones, and the Corps asked for summary judgment. Judge John Jelderks denied both motions, and said that he would have a list of questions for the Corps that it is to answer within a reasonable time. With the likelihood of appeals, the case could last a couple of years longer, and could ultimately go to the Supreme Court.

Schneider was not surprised that the Corps had sided with the Indians. "It constantly has a variety of issues it has to negotiate with Native American tribes," he told me, and he specified, among others, land issues, water rights, dams, salmon fishing, hydroelectric projects, and toxic-waste dumps. The Corps apparently decided, Schneider speculated, that in this case its political interests would be better served by supporting the tribes than by supporting a disgruntled group of anthropologists with no institutional backing, no money, and no political power. There are large constituencies for the Indians' point of view: fundamentalist Christians and liberal supporters of Indian rights. Fundamentalists of all varieties tend to object to scientific research into the origins of humankind, because the results usually contradict their various creation myths. A novel coalition of conservative Christians and liberal activists was important in getting NAGPRA through Congress.

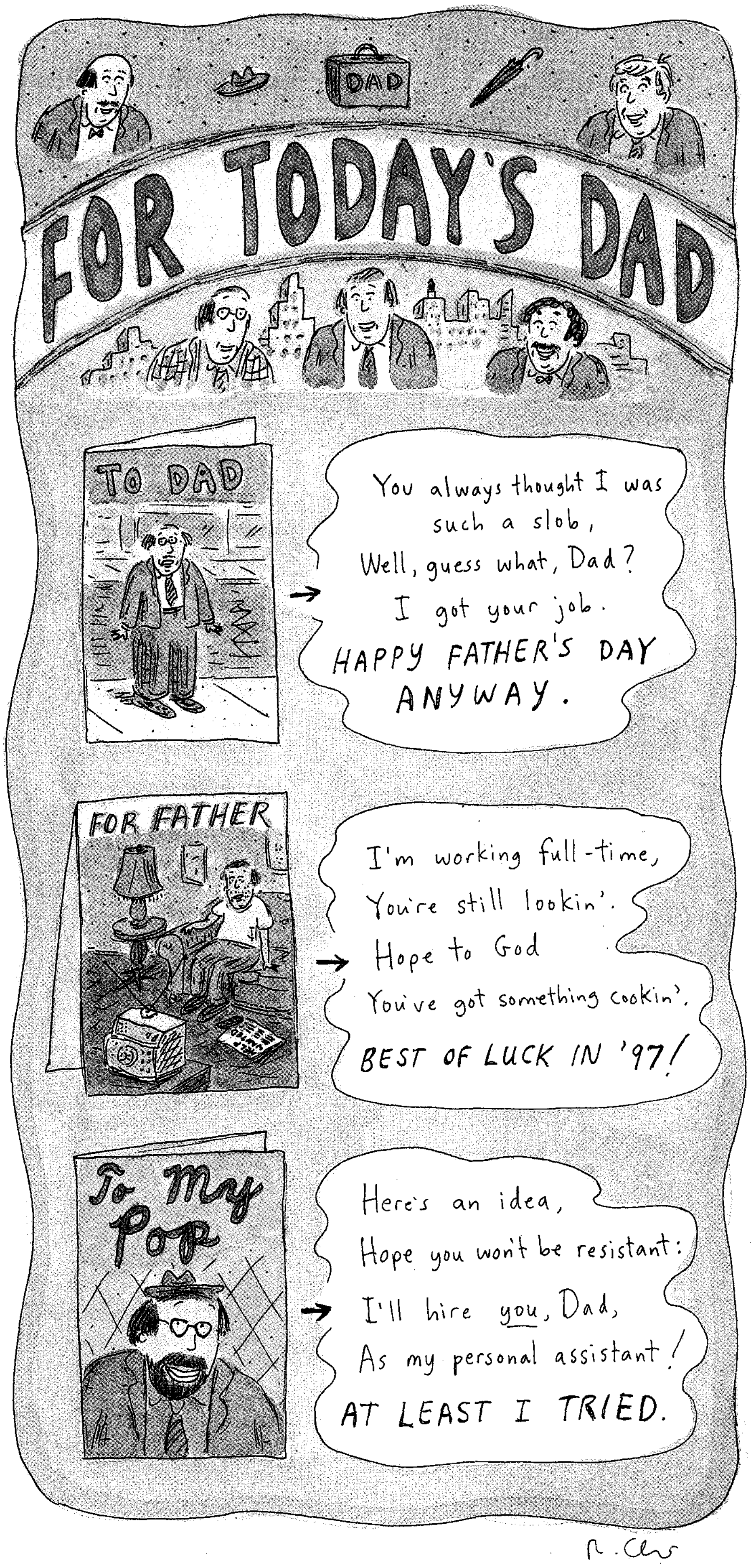
KENNEWICK MAN, early as he is, was not one of the first Americans. But he could be their descendant. There is evidence that those mysterious first Americans were a Caucasoid people. They may have come from Europe and may be connected to the Clovis people of America. Kennewick may provide evidence of a connection between the Old World and the New.

The Clovis mammoth hunters were the earliest widespread culture that we know of in the Americas. They appeared abruptly, seemingly out of nowhere, all over North and South America about eleven thousand five hundred years ago—two thousand years before Kennewick. (They were called Clovis after a town in New Mexico near an early site—a campground beside an ancient spring which is littered with projectile points, tools, and the remains of fires.) We have only a few fragments of human bone from the Clovis people and their immediate descendants, the Folsom, and these remains are so damaged that nothing can be learned from them at present.

The oldest bones that scientists have been able to study are the less than a dozen human remains that are contemporaneous with Kennewick. They date from between eight thousand and nearly eleven thousand years ago—the transition period between the Paleo-Indian and the Archaic Indian traditions. Most of the skeletons have been uncovered accidentally in recent years, primarily because of the building boom in the West. (Bones do not survive well in the East: the soil is too wet and acidic.) Some other ancient skeletons, though, have been discovered gathering dust in museum drawers. Among these oldest remains are the Spirit Cave mummy and Wizard's Beach Willie, both from Nevada; the Hourglass Cave and Gordon's Creek skeletons, from Colorado; the Buhl Burial, from Idaho; and remains from Texas, California, and Minnesota.

Douglas Owsley and Richard Jantz made a special study of several of these ancient remains. The best-preserved specimen they looked at was a partial mummy from Spirit Cave, Nevada, which is more than nine thousand years old. Owsley and Jantz compared the Spirit Cave skull with thirty-four population samples from around the world, including ten Native American groups. In an as yet unpublished letter to the Nevada State Museum, they concluded that the Spirit Cave skull was "very different" from any historic-period Native American groups. They wrote, "In terms of its closest classification, it does have a 'European' or 'Archaic Caucasoid' look, because morphometrically it is most similar to the Ainu from Japan and a Medieval period Norse population." Additional early skeletons that they and others have looked at also show Caucasoid-like traits that, in varying degrees, resemble Kennewick Man's. Among these early skeletons, there are no close resemblances to modern Native Americans.

But, even though the skeletons do look Caucasoid, other evidence indicates that the concept of "race" may not be applicable to human beings of ten or fifteen thousand years ago. Recent studies have discovered that all Eurasians may have looked Caucasoid-like in varying degrees. In addition, some researchers believe that the Caucasoid type first emerged in Western Asia or the Middle East, rather than in Europe. The racial differences we see today may be a late (and trivial) development in human evolution. If this is the case, then Kennewick may indeed be a direct ancestor of today's Native Ameri-


DAD
FOR TODAY'S DAD
TO DAD
You always thought I was such a slob, Well, guess what, Dad? I got your job. HAPPY FATHER'S DAY ANYWAY.
FOR FATHER
I'm working full-time, You're still lookin'. Hope to God You've got something cookin'. BEST OF LUCK IN '97!
To My Pop
Here's an idea, Hope you won't be resistant: I'll hire you, Dad, As my personal assistant! AT LEAST I TRIED.

JIMMY, SIXTH-GENERATION PAIN IN THE ASS

• •

cans—an idea that some preliminary DNA and dental studies seem to support.

BIOLOGY, however, isn't the whole story. There is some archeological evidence that the Clovis people of America—Kennewick Man's predecessors—came from Europe, which could account for his Caucasoid features. When the Clovis people appeared in the New World, they possessed an advanced stone and bone technology, and employed it in hunting big game. (It is no small feat to kill a mammoth or a mastodon with a hand-held spear or an atlatl.) If the Clovis people—or their precursors—had migrated to North America from Asia, one would expect to find early forms of their distinctive tools, of the right age, in Alaska or eastern Siberia. We don't. But we do find such artifacts in Europe and parts of Russia.

Bruce Bradley is the country's leading expert on Paleo-Indian flaked-stone technology. In 1970, as a recent college graduate, Bradley spent time in Europe studying paleolithic artifacts, including those of the Solutrean people, who lived in southwestern France and Spain between twenty thousand and sixteen thousand years ago. During his stay in Europe, Bradley learned how to flake out a decent Solutrean point. Then he came back to America and started studying stone tools made by the Clovis people. He noticed not only striking visual similarities between the Old World Solutrean and the New World Clovis artifacts, as many researchers had before, but also a strikingly similar use of flaking technology.

"The artifacts don't just look identical," Bradley told me. "They are *made* the same way." Both the European Solutrean and the American Clovis stone tools are fashioned using the same complex flaking techniques. He went on, "As far as I know, overshot flaking is unique to Solutrean and Clovis, and the only diving flaking that is more than eleven thousand years old is that of Solutrean and Clovis."

To argue his case, he drove from Cortez, Colorado, where he lives, to see me, in Santa Fe, bringing with him a trunkful of Solutrean artifacts, casts of Clovis bone and stone tools, and detailed illustrations of artifacts, along with a two-pound chunk of gray Texas flint and some flaking tools.

Silently, he laid a piece of felt on my desk and put on it a cast of a Clovis knife from Blackwater Draw, New Mexico. On top of that, he put a broken Solutrean knife from Laugerie-Haute, in France. They matched perfectly—in size, shape, thickness, and pattern of flaking. As we went through the collection, the similarities could be seen again and again. "It isn't just the flaking as you see it on the finished piece that is the same," Bradley explained. "Both cultures had a very specific way of preparing the edge before striking it to get a very specific type of flake. I call these deep technologies. These are not mere resemblances—they are deep, complex, abstract concepts applied to the stone."

I remarked that according to other archeologists I had talked to the resemblances were coincidental, the result of two cultures—one Old World, the other New World—confronting the same problems and solving them in the same way. "Maybe," Bradley said. "But a lot of older archeologists were not trained with technology in mind. They see convergence of form or look, but they don't see the technology that goes into it. I'm not saying this is the final answer. But there is so much similarity that we cannot say, 'This is just coincidence,' and ignore it."

To show me what he meant, he brought out the piece of gray flint, and we went into the back yard. "This isn't just knocking away at a stone," he said, hefting the piece of flint and examining it from various angles with narrowed eyes. "After the initial flaking of a spear point, there comes a stage where you have almost limitless choices on how to continue." He squatted down and began to work on the flint with hammer stones and antler billets, his hands deftly turning and shaping the material—knapping, chipping, scraping, pressing, flaking. The pile of razor-sharp flakes grew bigger, and the chunk of flint began to take on a definite shape. Over the next ninety minutes, Bradley reduced the nodule to a five-inch-long Clovis spear point.

It was a revelation to see that making a Clovis point was primarily an intellectual process. Sometimes ten minutes would pass while Bradley examined the stone and mapped out the next flaking sequence. "After thirty years of intense practice, I'm still at the level of a mediocre Clovis craftsman," he said, wiping his bloodied hands and reviving himself with a cup of cocoa. "This is as difficult and complex as a game of chess."

Those are not the only similarities between the Old World Solutrean and the New World Clovis cultures. As we went through Bradley's casts of Clovis artifacts, he compared them with pictures of similar Solutrean artifacts. The Clovis people, for example, produced enigmatic bone rods that were bevelled on both ends and crosshatched; so did the Solutrean. The Clovis people fashioned distinctive spear points out of mammoth ivory; so did the Solutrean. Clovis and Solutrean shaft wrenches (tools thought to have been used for straightening spears) look almost identical. At the same time, there are significant differences between the Clovis and the Solutrean tool kits; the Clovis people fluted their spear points, for instance, while the Solutrean did not.

"To get to the kind of complexity you find in Clovis tools, I see a long technological development," Bradley said. "It isn't one person in one place inventing something. But there is no evolution in Clovis technology. It just appears, full blown, all over the New World, around eleven thousand five hundred years ago. Where's the evolution? *Where did that advanced Clovis technology come from?*"

When I mentioned the idea of a possible Old World Solutrean origin for the New World Clovis to Lawrence Straus, a Solutrean expert at the University of New Mexico, he said, "There are two gigantic problems with it—thousands of years of separation and thousands of miles of ocean." Pointing out that the Solutrean technology itself appeared relatively abruptly in the South of France, he added, "I think this is a fairly clear case of mankind's ability to reinvent things."

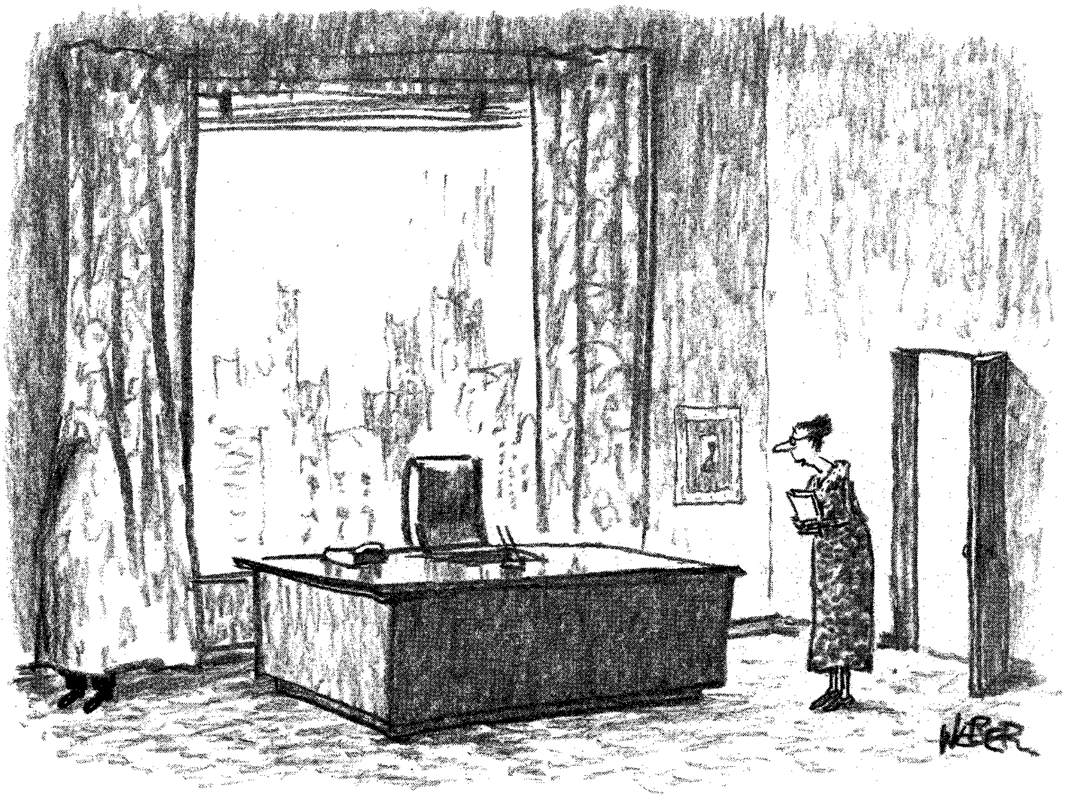
But Bradley and other archeologists have pointed out that these objections may not be quite so insurmountable. Recently, in southern Virginia, archeologists discovered a layer of non-Clovis artifacts beneath a Clovis site. The layer dates from fifteen thousand years ago—much closer to the late Solutrean period, sixteen thousand five hundred years ago. Only a few rough tools have been found, but if more emerge they might provide evidence for the independent development of Clovis—or provide a link to the Solutrean. The as yet unnamed culture may be precisely the precursor to Clovis which archeologists have been looking for since the nineteen-thirties. The gap between Solutrean and Clovis may be narrowing.

The other problem is how the Solutrean people—if they are indeed the ancestors of the Clovis—*might* have reached America in the first place. Although most of them lived along riverbanks and on the seacoast of France and Spain, there is no evidence that they had boats. No Paleo-Indian boats have been found on the American side, either, but there is circumstantial evidence that the Paleo-Indians used boats. The ancestors of the Australian aborigines got to Australia in boats from the Indonesian archipelago at least fifty thousand years ago.

But the Solutrean people may not have needed boats at all: sixteen thousand years ago, the North Atlantic was frozen from Norway to Newfoundland. Seasonal pack ice probably extended as far south as Britain and Nova Scotia. William Fitzhugh, the director of the Arctic Studies Center, at the Smithsonian, points out that if human beings had started in France, crossed the English Channel, then hopped along the archipelago from Scotland to the Faeroes to Iceland to Greenland to Newfoundland, and, finally, Nova Scotia, the biggest distance between landfalls would have been about five hundred miles, which Fitzhugh says could have been done on foot over ice. It would still have been a stupendous journey, but perhaps not much more difficult than the Beringian Walk, across thousands of miles of tundra, muskeg, snow, and ice.

"For a long time, most archeologists have been afraid to challenge the Beringian Walk paradigm," Bradley said. "I don't want to try to convince anybody. But I do want to shake the bushes. You could put all the archeological evidence for the Asian-Clovis connection in an envelope and mail it for thirty-two cents. The evidence for a European-Clovis connection you'd have to send in a U.P.S. box, at least."

Robson Bonnichsen, the director of the Center for the Study of the First Americans, at Oregon State University, is another archeologist whose research is challenging the established theories. "There is a presumption, written into almost every textbook on prehistory, that Paleo-Americans such as Clovis are the direct ancestors of today's Native Americans," he told me. "But now we have a very limited number of skeletons from that early time, and it's not clear that that's



"No man is an island, Mr. Napier."

true. We're getting some hints from people working with genetic data that these earliest populations might have some shared genetic characteristics with latter-day European populations. A lot more research is needed to sort all this out. Now, for the first time, we have the technology to do this research, especially in molecular biology. Which is why we *must* study Kennewick."

This summer, Bonnichsen hopes to go to France and recover human hair from Solutrean and other Upper Paleolithic sites. He will compare DNA from that hair with DNA taken from naturally shed Paleo-American hair recovered from the United States to see if there is a genetic link. Human hair can survive thousands of years in the ground, and, using new techniques, Bonnichsen and his research team have been finding hair in the places where people worked and camped.

BONNICHSEN and most other archeologists tend to favor the view that if the ancestors of Clovis once lived in Europe they came to America via Asia—the Beringian Walk theory with somewhat different people doing the walking. C. Vance Haynes, Jr., the country's top Paleo-Indian geochronologist, who is a professor of anthropology at the University of Arizona, and is a plaintiff in the lawsuit, said to me, "When I look at Clovis and ask myself where in the world the culture was derived from, I would say Europe." In an article on the origins of Clovis, Haynes noted that there were extraordinary resemblances between New World Clovis and groups that lived in Czechoslovakia and Ukraine twenty thousand years ago. He noted at least nine "common traits" shared by Clovis and certain Eastern European cultures: large blades, end scrapers, burins, shaft wrenches, cylindrical bone points, knapped bone, unifacial flake tools, red ochre, and circumferentially chopped mammoth tusks. He also pointed out that an eighteen-thousand-year-old burial site of two children near Lake Baikal, in Central Asia, exhibits remarkable similarities to what appears to be a Clovis burial site of two cremated children in Montana. The similarities extend beyond tools and points buried with the remains: red ochre, a kind of iron oxide, was placed in both graves. This suggests a migratory group carrying its technology from Europe across Asia. "If you want to speculate, I see a band moving

SHOWCASE BY RICHARD AVEDON

GOLDEN HORNE

SHE is one of the great beauties of this century, Lena Horne. The face has been floating before us for fifty years, and it has never seemed to change. There are the high cheekbones; the widely spaced eyes, capable of shooting out serious or comic rays; the left eyebrow, always slightly higher than the right, lending her a subtle quizzicality; the perfect chin; and the astonishing two-tiered smile, an effulgence that only Louis Armstrong matched. Lena Horne's talents shone in her joyous, sometimes rampaging performances as a singer, an actor, and a celebrity who sailed through Hollywood, Broadway, and every classy night club in the Western world. But at her center was her swinging, unclassifiable singing, its roots somewhere in Ethel Waters, and perhaps even in Armstrong. She had a lovely contralto, a fine, tight vibrato, and a sense of dynamics that allowed her to whisper and wheedle and shout. She could sing behind the beat and in front of it. And her diction was enchanting: clear, even though it moved between sly Southernisms and Park Avenue lockjaw.

She began, in 1934, as a sixteen-year-old chorus girl at the Cotton Club in Harlem, passed through several big bands, and appeared notably at Barney Josephson's Café Society Downtown. Josephson tried to get her to sing with more feeling and to forget about being black. (Whites considered her black, blacks white.) She met Billy Strayhorn and they fell in love and, barring Strayhorn's homosexuality, would have married. "I wasn't born a singer," she told David Hajdu, in "Lush Life," his biography of Strayhorn. "Billy . . . taught me the basics of music." When she was twenty-six, she sang the title song in the all-black film "Stormy Weather" and became a star.

Lena Horne's eightieth birthday is being celebrated at Avery Fisher Hall on June 23rd by Rosemary Clooney and Peggy Lee and Bobby Short, among others. Her loves have long since vanished—Strayhorn died in 1967, and her husband, Lennie Hayton, in 1971—and her beauty's at rest. But she might sing. Listen.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

Lena Horne, New York City, March 7, 1972.

"Now that you mention it, I've never seen him roll over and play dead before, either."

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eastward from Europe through Siberia, and meeting people there, and having cultural differences," Haynes said to me. "Any time there's conflict, it drives people, and maybe it just drove them right across the Bering land bridge. And exploration could have been as powerful a driving force thirteen thousand years ago as it was in 1492."

ONCE the Clovis people or their predecessors reached the New World, what happened to them? This is the second—and equally controversial—half of the theory: that the Clovis people or their immediate successors, the Folsom people, may have been supplanted by the ancestors of today's Native Americans. In this scenario, Kennewick Man may have been part of a remnant Caucasoid population related to Clovis and Folsom. Dennis Stanford, of the Smithsonian, said to me, "For a long time, I've held the theory that the Clovis and the Folsom were overwhelmed by a migration of Asians over the Bering land bridge. It may not just have been a genetic swamping or a pushing aside. The north Asians may have been carrying diseases that the Folsom and the Clovis had no resistance to"—just as European diseases wiped out a large percentage of the Native American population after the arrival of Columbus. Stanford explained that at several sites the Paleo-Indian tradition of Clovis and Folsom was abruptly replaced by Archaic Indian traditions, which had advanced but very different lithic technologies. The abruptness of the transition and the sharp change in technology, Stanford feels, suggest a rapid replacement of Folsom by the Archaic cultural complex, rather than an evolution from one into the other. The Archaic spear point embedded in Kennewick Man's hip could even be evidence of an ancient conflict: the Archaic Indian tradition was just beginning to appear in the Pacific Northwest at the time of Kennewick Man's death.

OWSLEY and other physical anthropologists who have studied the skulls of the earliest Americans say that the living population they most closely match is the mysterious Ainu, the aboriginal inhabitants of the Japanese islands. Called the Hairy People by the Japanese, the Ainu are considered by some researchers to be a Causasoid group who, before mixing with the Japanese, in the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries, had European faces, wavy hair, thick beards, and a European-type distribution of body hair. Early travellers reported that some also had blue eyes. Linguists have not been able to connect the Ainu language with any other on earth. The American Museum of Natural History, in New York, has a collection of nineteenth-century photographs of pure-blood Ainu, which I have examined: they stare from the glass plates like fierce, black-bearded Norwegians.

Historically, the Ainu have been the "Indians" of Japan. After the ancestors of the Japanese migrated from the mainland a couple of thousand years ago, they fought the Ainu and pushed them into the northernmost islands of the Japanese archipelago. The Japanese later discriminated against the Ainu, forcing their children to attend Japanese schools, and suppressing their religion and their language. Today, most Ainu have lost their language and many of their distinct physical characteristics, although there has recently been a movement among them to recapture their traditions, their religion, their language, and their songs. Like the American Indians, the Ainu suffer high rates of alcoholism. The final irony is that the Ainu, like the American Indians for Americans, have become a popular Japanese tourist attraction. Many Ainu now make a living doing traditional dances and selling handicrafts to Japanese tourists. The Japanese are as fascinated by the Ainu as we are by the Indians. The stories are mirror images of each other, with only the races changed.

If the Ainu are a remnant population of those people who crossed into America thirteen or more millennia ago, then they are right where one might expect to find them, in the extreme eastern part of Asia. Stanford says, "That racial type goes all the way to Europe, and I suspect that originally they were the same racial group at both ends. At that point in time, this racial diversification hadn't developed. They could have come into the New World from two directions at once, east and west."

There is a suspicion among anthropologists that some of the people behind the effort to rebury Kennewick and other ancient skeletons are afraid that the bones could show that the earliest Americans were Caucasoid. I asked Armand Minthorn about this. "We're not afraid of the truth," he said calmly. "We already know our truth. We're not telling the scientists what *their* truth is."

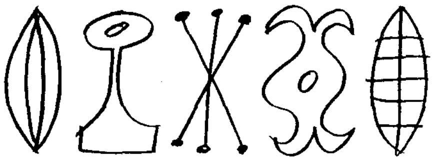
The Umatillas were infuriated by the research that Chatters did on the skeleton before it was seized by the Corps. "Scientists have dug up and studied Native Americans for decades," Minthorn wrote. "We view this practice as desecration of the body and a violation of our most deeply-held religious beliefs." Chatters told me that he had received "vitriolic" and "abusive" telephone calls from tribe members, accusing him of illegalities and racism. (The latter was an odd charge, since Chatters's wife is of Native American descent.) A client of his, he said, received an unsigned letter from one of the tribes, telling the client not to work with Chatters anymore. "They're going to ruin my livelihood," the forensic consultant said.

In a larger sense, the anger of the Umatillas and other Native American tribes is understandable, and even justified. If you look into the acquisition records of most large, old natural-history museums, you will see a history of unethical, and even grisly, collecting practices. Fresh graves were dug up and looted, sometimes in the dead of night. "It is most unpleasant to steal bones from a grave," the eminent anthropologist Franz Boas wrote in his diary just around the turn of the century, "but what is the use, someone has to do it." Indian skulls were bought and sold among collectors like arrowheads and pots. Skeletons were exhibited with no regard for tribal sensitivities. During the Indian wars, warriors who had been killed on the battlefield were sometimes decapitated by Army doctors so that scientists back in the East could study their heads. The American Museum of Natural History "collected" six live Inuits in Greenland and brought them to New York to study; four of them died of respiratory diseases, whereupon the museum macerated their corpses and installed the bones in its collection. When I worked at the museum, in the nineteen-eighties, entire hallways were lined with glass cases containing Indian bones and mummified body parts—a small fraction of the museum's collection, which includes an estimated twenty thousand or more human remains, of all races. Before NAGPRA, the Smithsonian had some thirty-five thousand sets of human remains in storage; around eighteen thousand of them were Native American.

Now angry Native Americans, armed with NAGPRA and various state reburial laws, are emptying such museums of bones and grave goods. Although most anthropologists agree that burials identified with particular tribes should be returned, many have been horrified to discover that some tribes are trying to get everything—even skeletons and priceless funerary objects that are thousands of years old.

An amendment that was introduced in Congress last January would tighten NAGPRA further. The amended law could have the effect of hindering much archeology in the United States involving human remains, and add to the cost of construction projects that inadvertently uncover human bones. (Or perhaps the law would merely guarantee that such remains would be quietly destroyed.)

Native Americans have already claimed and reburied two of the earliest skeletons, the Buhl Burial and the Hourglass Cave skeleton, both of which apparently had some Caucasoid characteristics. The loss of the Buhl Burial was particularly significant to anthropologists, because it was more than ten thousand years old—a thousand years older than Kennewick Man—and had been found buried with its grave goods. The skeleton, of a woman between eighteen and twenty years old, received, in the opinion of some anthropologists, inadequate study before it was turned over to the Shoshone-Bannock tribe. The Northern Paiute have asked that the Spirit Cave mummy be reburied.



If these early skeletons are all put back in the ground, anthropologists say, much of the history of the peopling of the Americas will be lost.

When Darwin proposed his theory of natural selection, it was seized upon and distorted by economists, social engineers, and politicians, particularly in England: they used it to justify all sorts of vicious social and economic policies. The scientific argument about the original peopling of the Americas threatens to be distorted in a similar way. Some tabloids and radio talk shows have referred to Kennewick as a "white man" and have suggested that his discovery changes everything with respect to the rights of Native Americans in this country. James Chatters said to me, "There are some less racially enlightened folks in the neighborhood who are saying, 'Hey, our ancestors were here first, so we don't owe the Indians anything.' "

This is clearly racist nonsense: these new theories cannot erase or negate the existing history of genocide, broken treaties, and repression. But it does raise an interesting question: If the original inhabitants of the New World were Europeans who were pushed out by Indians, would it change the Indians' position in the great moral landscape?

"No," Stanford said in reply to this question. "Whose ancestors are the people who were pushed out? And who did the pushing? The answer is that we're all the descendants of those folks. If you go back far enough, eventually we all have a common ancestor—*we're all the same.* When the story is finally written, the peopling of the Americas will turn out to be far more complicated than anyone imagined. There have been a lot of people who came here, at many different times. Some stayed and some left, some made it and some didn't, some got pushed out and some did the pushing. It's the history of humankind: the tough guy gets the ground."

Chatters put it another way. "We didn't go digging for this man. He fell out—he was actually a volunteer. I think it would be wrong to stick him back in the ground without waiting to hear the story he has to tell. We need to look at things as human beings, not as one race or another. The message this man brings to us is one of unification: there may be some commonality in our past that will bring us together." ♦

LIFE AND LETTERS

PLAYING OSCAR

Oscar Wilde had always been a strange presence in the author's life, but never more so than when he played him in a new movie.

BY STEPHEN FRY

A FEW years ago, I sat for the British artist Maggi Hambling as she painted a series of portraits of me. Not long afterward, she embarked on a series of drawings and sculptures of Oscar Wilde, and, as it happened, I was asked to play Wilde in a film of his life. Hambling, who has the true artist's ability to be simultaneously earthy and mystical, played with the coincidence by doing a series of drawings in which I "morphed" into Wilde. She has a very high and real sense of Wilde's importance to artists everywhere and was delighted at my good fortune, just as I was delighted when, a year later, she won a competition to create the first statue of Wilde to be erected in central London. I couldn't help feeling a tinge of envy, however. While I am not suggesting that to make a statue or a painting of Wilde is easy—far from it—the materials an artist uses allow a kind of displacement, a passionate, engaged objectivity, that is denied an actor. I was going to have to use my voice, my face, and my body. No wax, bronze, oils, or acrylics for me—just my own befuddled self.

"Playing Oscar" could be the title for as hellishly postmodern and self-reflexive a game as was ever devised. To pose as Oscar Wilde, the author of "The Truth of Masks," a man perceived by many (himself often included) to be posing as one who posed at being a poseur—how many Chinese boxes in a hall of how many mirrors does that make?

The first rule, I have discovered, when embarking on such a project is to block your ears and lock up all mailboxes, real or electronic. Letters arrive. Oh, how letters arrive.

Dear Mr. Fry, I hope you will not be forgetting that the key, the only key, to Oscar is that he was and is, first and foremost, *Irish*. . . .

Dear Mr. Fry, Wilde's works whinny and shiver with Victorian gay underground codes. Do not shirk the force of his sexual identity. . . .

Dear Mr. Fry, Wilde's love of his wife and family is consistently overlooked by biographers. I trust you will not fall into the same error. . . .

Dear Mr. Fry, Wilde's lifetime yearnings toward Roman Catholicism are central to any understanding of . . .

Dear Mr. Fry, I draw your attention toward Wilde's "Soul of Man Under Socialism." Oscar's unique brand of libertarianism is scandalously overlooked by contemporary . . .

Dear Mr. Fry, Oscar Wilde was in reality a woman. This secret was passed on to me by my grandfather, who had a lesbian affair with her in Bad Ischl, June, 1897. . . .

Dear Mr. Fry, It is a little-known fact that Oscar Wilde did not die in 1900 but in 1962, after pursuing a successful career in theatre and the electric cinema under the name Charles Laughton. . . .

Dear Mr. Fry, Oscar Wilde's soul entered my body on August 9, 1963. . . .

Dear Mr. Fry, Oscar Wilde and the Marquess of Queensberry were in reality one and the same man. . . .

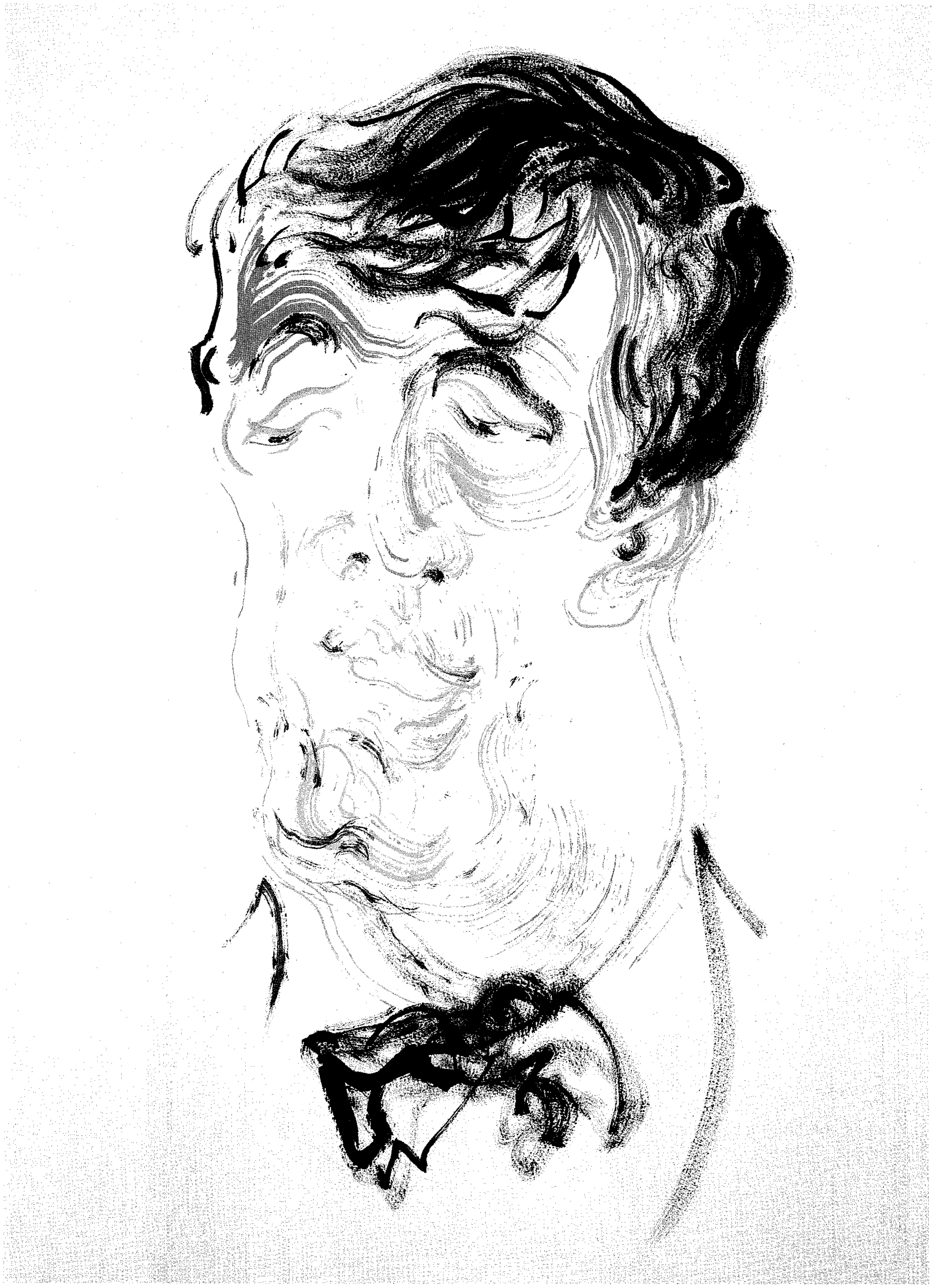
I have spared you the weird ones.

If I were to say that all my life had been a preparation for playing Oscar Wilde, I would (aside from sounding ridiculous) be laying my tender rear horribly on the line. Yet I had been made to feel for years that this might be true. I have had archly nudged into me the winsome phrase "born to be Wilde" more times than I care to remember. "The chubbier you get the more you look like him," I have been told. "If you can't, no one can." And "Let's be honest. With a face like yours, it's the only lead you'll ever get. Otherwise, it's a life of Gestapo interrogators, emotionally constipated cuckolds, and Bond villains."

It is certainly true that even if I had never been an actor I should have always felt drawn to Oscar Wilde. However, knowing that I was to play him; reading and rereading his works and the endless catalogue of Wildeana that surrounds him and his circle; listening to so many voices inside and outside my head telling me who he was, what he was, and why he was; and entering debates on hair, gait, accent, laugh, favored cigarette, average daily alcohol intake, and sexual position of choice—all this turned the six months that preceded Day One Principal Photography into a period of slightly trippy, disengaged fever.

Disengaged because our project, "Wilde," was a British film, which meant that I could never be certain it was going to happen. British production has no continuity. Each project has its own financial structure, its own checkbook, whatever the past credits of the filmmakers. The producers, Marc and Peter Samuelson, and the director, Brian Gilbert, had made "Tom and Viv," a film that was well received and profitable, but "Wilde" had to be put together from scratch. The perceived disappointment (financial disappointment, that is) of the film of Christopher Hampton's play "Total Eclipse," with Leonardo di Caprio as Rimbaud and David Thewlis as Verlaine, led me to believe, doomily, that the equation "literary faggots = box-office poison" was being chalked up on all Hollywood blackboards.

Without American money or promises of American distribution, our film would founder, and this was not the kind of film into which an American star could be even halfway convincingly sandwiched. I remember saying to Jeremy Irons at some industry wingding last year that I would believe I was truly cast, and not about to be replaced by a big name, only when a production car arrived to pick me up at my home and take me to the set for the first day's shooting. "No," Irons said. "When the car *returns you home* from the



Posing as one who posed at being a poseur. Stephen Fry going Wilde, in a portrait by Maggi Hambling.

UPON BECOMING A SENIOR CITIZEN

The day, another ice-pure blue installment
of slow spring in New England, turns my mind
to Pennsylvania, the growing boy
curled above the comics amid four elders.
Early, before I scamper off to school
to hear my peers sing out the usual song
to me and Harlan Boyer, my birthday twin,
my grandfather, a sly and toothless smile
tucked under his ashen mustache, slides forward
in soft black squeaking high-top buttoned shoes
to hold out in his onionskin-dry hand
a single, folded dollar bill. Why should
this creased and meagre gift outdo in magnitude
all gifts received since then? His wallet, thin
and polished, lived a secret life. He stirred
the fire in the cellar awake each dawn
and each spring turned the vegetable garden
chocolate shovelful by shovelful.
Older even than I am now, he capped
with a country wheeze the most reflective of
his spoken sentences. A thumbnail held
near enough to the eye blots out the sun.
We hug those first years and their guardians
so close to spite the years that took away
the days of trolley cars, coal furnaces,
leaf fires, knickers, and love from above.

—John Updike

first day. That's when you know." When the cameras finally did roll, then, it came as something more than a relief to wave farewell to the wretched world of preparation and to the imprisonment of endless choice. Filming is, at bottom, blessedly technical. It's about hitting marks, staying in frame, fighting light, and learning lines.

What is preparation, after all? Preparation and research are hot buttons hit by all interviewers when talking to film actors. "What research did you do?" "How did you prepare?" So far as I can tell, they don't ask concert pianists the same questions, but then concert pianists can't offer good copy along the lines of "I put on forty pounds in two weeks," or "I became a voluntary inmate in an asylum for the criminally insane," or "I lived among Kurdish rebels for ten years," or "I cut my head off and learned to talk by pulsing my navel in Morse code."

How did I prepare to play Oscar? The answer is that I really do not know. Acting, especially film acting, is simultaneously mysterious and banal. This is neither to raise it above nor to lower it beneath any other form of endeavor, for the same qualities, I suspect, hold true in tailoring, dentistry, and claims adjusting. Unfortunately, an emphasis on the mystery of acting sounds like hideously unacceptable pretension, and an emphasis on its banality sounds like disingenuous philistinism. The mediahedin's appetite for film information grows on what it feeds on. No one outside the worlds of engineering, carpentry, or insurance wants to understand their processes, but everyone, it seems, wants to be able to talk about magic hour, aspect ratios, Foley edits, jibbing, crabbing, panning, and actors' choices—whatever the hell they are.

Furthermore, any film of a more than minuscule budget these days comes with its own Electronic Press Kit, or E.P.K.—one of those featurettes about the making of the making of a movie. Before a film is out, we've all seen the storyboard, read the screenplay, marvelled at the SFX computer arrays in Seattle, and lived through the production crises with the producer, the director, and the actors. The unkind have suggested that some E.P.K.s, such as "The Making of 'Independence Day,'" offer a much more stimulating and coherent narrative than their parent movies. The real advantage for all, however, is that the interviews and the shootings of shootings which the E.P.K. contains can be controlled and efficiently channelled through to the numberless "Entertainment Tonight"-style programs that now litter the floor of global TV like used lottery scratch cards, which allows the big names to do a great deal of their interviewing in one hit, freeing them up to spend more time with their ranch managers and divorce attorneys. Most of them have no choice in the matter. It's all there in the contract, next to the moral-turpitude rider and the agreement to undergo spot urine tests for Class A drugs, but when explanation crashes through the front door, mystery creeps blushing out the back.

The irony—or the joke, perhaps—about making a film on Wilde is that the process described above is a refinement on Wilde's own celebrity of a hundred years ago: a created thing that might be offered as a boilerplate for all the celebrity mania that was to follow. Wilde was nationally famous before he had written a single memorable work—famous as an undergraduate, famous for being famous, and pilloried in the cartoons and comic cuts for his exotic dress sense and his too-utterly-utter aesthetic sensibilities. He was paid to tour the United States to publicize "Patience," a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta that guyed him and his circle. Certainly he earned his fame later, with the huge success and notoriety of his literary and dramatic works. But up until his trial, in 1893, the public view of Wilde was that the most famous thing about him was his fame—a logic loop all too familiar to contemporary celebrities.

I can remember the first time I heard of Beatrix Potter. I can remember the first time I heard of Harriet Beecher Stowe. I can recall with piercing clarity the moment when the name Fyodor Dostoyevsky first came to my ears. (It was in a Norwich café bearing the improbable name Just John's Delicatique.) No matter how hard I try, however, I am unable to think of a time before I had heard of Oscar Wilde. It is as if he had been with me always, like Christ and the Queen.

Not just with me, either. I have tried

this out with godchildren and nephews of the tenderest years and the most Disneyfied sensibilities. Just as offering "Scooby what?" will result in an immediate "Doo," so asking "Oscar what?" will produce an instant "Wilde." In our vulgar world, the name Oscar Wilde has become a logo. And the name has an existence quite independent of the life of Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, born 1854, died 1900—a man none of us have ever met. The name has a meaning wholly distinct, too, from the works of Oscar Wilde: plays, poems, criticism, articles, essays, short stories, children's tales, and a novel.

And what of Wilde the man? He stood for Art. He stood for nothing less all his life. His doctrine of Art was so high that most people thought he was joking. The English, who to this day believe themselves quite mistakenly to be possessed of a higher sense of humor than any other nation on earth, have never understood that a thing expressed with wit is more, not less, likely to be true than a thing intoned gravely as solemn fact. We British, who pride ourselves on our superior sense of irony, have never fully grasped the idea of fiction—of *ironism.* Plain old sarcasm is about our mark. When Wilde made an epigram, it was, at best, "clever." Clever, like funny, is an English insult of the deepest kind. That minority of English men and women who rejoiced in Wilde's downfall because they were truly sickened by the idea of one man's carnal association with another are almost to be admired, for there was at least a kind of honesty in their hysteria. Most of the hands that were rubbed in glee when Wilde fell were rubbed because all that he stood for fell with him. Damn Wilde for the dull and uninteresting crime of putting his organ of generation in certain places and there was no need to contemplate his real crime, which was not sexual inversion but moral, political, spiritual, and artistic inversion. His imprisonment allowed late-Victorian England to roll up into a sack the work he had done and hurl it like a poxed odalisque into the Bosphorus. In that sense, the public exposure of his homosexuality was a great intellectual disaster: it contaminated the greatness of his work in the eyes of the world, most especially his work in discursive prose.

A hundred years later, it is Victorian life that is disgraced in our eyes, and Wilde stands now as the Crown Prince of Bohemia: an almost messianic figure to those who want to show their allegiance to Art and Beauty; a saint to those whose recently legitimated sexuality needs its heroes and martyrs; a role model to those who in adolescence have glimpsed the possibilities of self-realization and now tremble terrified on the brink of bourgeoisification. To call Wilde messianic sounds overblown and risks nasty letters from the religious, but there are obvious parallels with the life of Christ. Wilde was despised and rejected; he made fools of the pharisaical elements of society; he had disciples; he was betrayed by one he loved; he sat in his red plush Chelsea Gethsemane knocking back the hock and seltzer while all those around him told him to flee before the entrance of the soldiers, a scene that was neatly retold by John Betjeman:

> "Mr. Woilde we 'ave come for tew take yew
> Where felons and criminals dwell
> We must ask yew tew leave with us quoietly
> For this *is* the Cadogan Hotel."

Then he rose again to become within a short time after his death the most widely read and translated English-language author in Europe after Shakespeare, and he lives with us now in boxer shorts, playing cards, coffee mugs, coasters, and pencil sharpeners.

In our age—which mistakes, as did Wilde's, style for culture and culture for art—is Oscar now just a symbol, however potent? Besides, how dare one assume that the case for Wilde is proved? Despite his hyperbolic image, there are millions out there who have only the dimmest sense of him.

A gentleman approached me one day when we were shooting "Wilde" in Hyde Park. "What's all this, then?" he wanted to know.

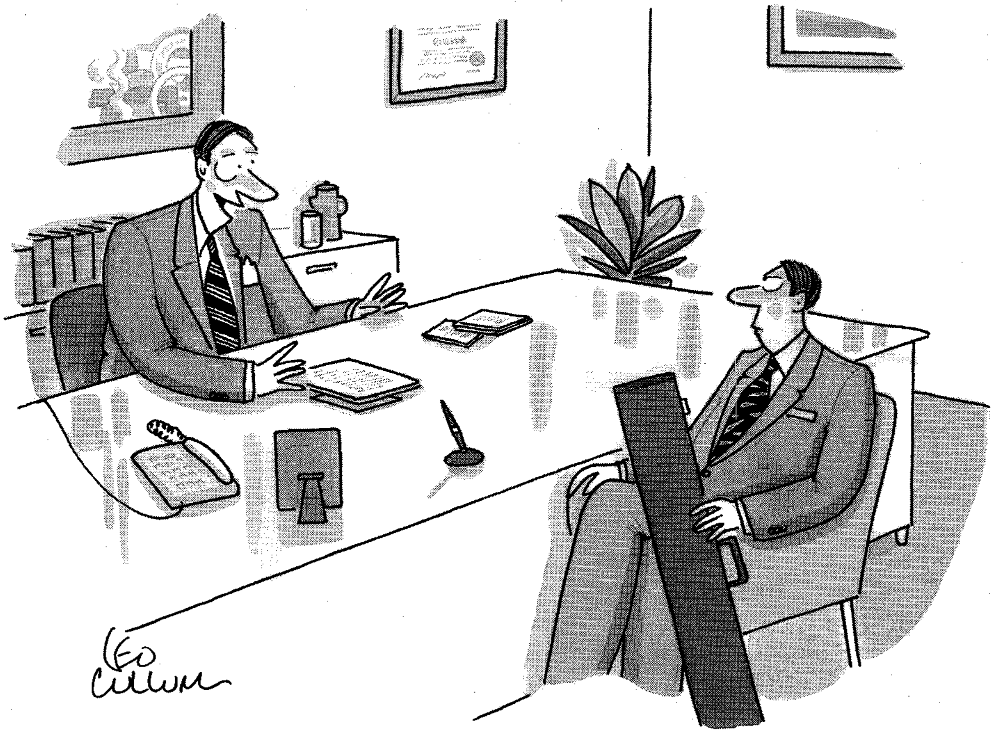
"We're making a film about the life of Oscar Wilde," I replied.

"Ah, the great man himself," the gentleman said, nodding wisely. "I have a record of him singing live, you know."

"Excuse me?"

"Yes, live at the Desert Inn, Las Vegas. The best version of 'Mad Dogs and Englishmen' you'll ever hear."

I HAVE said that there was never a time I could remember when I had not heard of Wilde. I had great need of him. Without trampling once more over the well-trodden ground of English public-school education, I must ask you to picture me at the age of thirteen, on a rugby field deep in the heart of the English countryside, shivering, scared, and miserable. Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields, but it was not the only battle to be fought there. I drew up lines between the athletic and the aesthetic, the barbaric and the beautiful, the prose and the passion, the inner and outer lives of



"As corporate sniper, you'll of course be given an office with a window."

"Howards End." "Only connect" was not my text, however. This was war. Early knowledge of my homosexuality only served to define the issue more clearly. There was a world of brutish shouts, mud, tribal intolerance, boasting about girls, and contempt for ideas, and there was another world, whose doorway stood in the school library.

God knows how many books I found there to endorse my tiresomely traditional solipsistic achings—biography, autobiography, and slim volume after slim volume cataloguing the pansy path to freedom. From Norman Douglas to Robin Maugham, by way of Gide and Peyrefitte, I read—jasper cigarette holder in hand and tasselled smoking cap on head—how the dark clouds of post-Victorian philistinism could give way to the Mediterranean sunlight in Florence, Capri, or North Africa. Beckford and Byron had travelled the same route a century earlier, but it was Wilde whose spirit reigned at these feasts of light and color and silks and poetry and carnal freedom.

That last point sticks, of course. Are we talking sexual tourism here? Is this what all that high talk comes down to—a greasy intellectual and pseudo-aesthetic justification for following the pervert's pilgrim trail to Tangier? Well, hypocrisy is never good, and I cannot deny that, as a flushed adolescent in a dusty library, much of the thrill I got from reading of the world of the aesthete came from the notion of a place where one could swan about in costly raiment with houseboys and ephebes in tow—and not a rugby player in sight.

Thank the Lord I was born too late for all that, for the sun has set on that world, and I can utter a pretty convinced good riddance to it. There was never anything greatly ennobling in the theory of it, and, frankly, the practice, for all its camp refinements, never endowed the practitioner with any more artistic glamour or literary credibility than calling a rent boy up to a hotel room does today.

YET, even in my relatively recent adolescence, Wilde—except for "The Importance of Being Earnest," which through the genius of its perfection was separated from the personality of its author and granted a kind of amnesty—stood only for the unspeakable vice, for secrecy, shame, and exposure. John Lehmann, who was a contemporary of Harold Acton, Cyril Connolly, and Brian Howard at Eton, in the twenties, recalled in his autobiography the day when the headmaster, Cyril Alington, "a man who delighted in intellectual surprises and paradox," took as the text for his chapel sermon Wilde's "The Happy Prince":

> When the name of the prisoner of Reading Gaol boomed forth in those hallowed surroundings one could immediately sense the change in the atmosphere. Scarcely any boy dared to look at the opposite pews except in a glazed, rigid way; jaws were clenched and blushes mounted involuntarily to innumerable cheeks. It was a moment of horror and panic: no one knew what was coming next, and everyone was thinking exactly the same thing.

Any gay man will recall the adolescent experience of watching television with his parents and flushing fiercely when a word like "homosexual" was used or when a gay-pride march was featured on the news. The name Wilde, even fifty years after Lehmann's schooldays, still sent fire to my cheeks when it was publicly spoken, for all the fire he may have lent my spirit when privately contemplated.

I admire, therefore—I truly admire—those heterosexual insiders who set a high value on Wilde. There is a purity in their motive. It was easy enough for a Jewish nancy boy like me to draw solace from Wilde the outcast, Wilde the sexual renegade, Wilde the Irishman, Wilde the mocker and baiter of the imperial values that still hung in the air above the parade ground like Crimean cannon smoke. Had I, by the tiniest genetic alteration, been good at rugby and stirred by girls, would I then have been able to see the real point of Wilde? Or would I, like so many of my countrymen, have thought of him (if at all) as not much more than a brittle, queeny wag with crimped hair, a possible source of inspiration when trawling the dictionary of quotations for a best man's speech, but of no more meaning and no more importance? Well, we have to start somewhere, and if nothing else will lead us toward truth the loins may as well. Just as long as the heart and the mind follow and finally overtake, then maybe nothing has been lost. Perhaps there is nothing so very bad after all in finding reality by following an illusion: there is at least gold at the end of Wilde's rainbow. To chase Judy Garland as a gay alternative to beastly real life may be warm and sweet and cozy, but there is nothing over her rainbow but the black-and-white reality of the familial back yard. The Munchkins don't exist; it was all a dream.

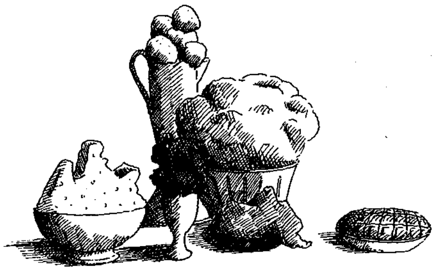
I was about seventeen when I emerged from my Firbank, Douglas, Acton, and Howard phases. I don't regret my teenage posturings and the fantasy years of collecting limp leather editions of decadent, consumptive poets and penning violet-inked diary entries, but these days I must confess that, if pushed, I would rather lose every Oriental silk dressing gown I own than a single pair of sensible corduroy trousers. *Autres temps, autres pantalons.*

I still retain affection for that luxuriantly poisonous style, but it is, I suppose, not much more than literary drag, and, like so many drag acts, it can become tiresome. At any rate, it has nothing whatever to do with Oscar Wilde or his works. Indeed, such images are only part of what the current jargon labels the "self-oppression" to which we are all prey. Wilde's courage lay not in his "alternative sexuality" but in the freedom of his mind. To picture him primarily as a gay martyr *avant la lettre* is, I think, to play into the very hands of those who brought him down a hundred years ago.

YET I know that it is the sexuality and, most especially, the sex that will excite the interest of the press—above all the British press—when "Wilde" is released. I have had advance notice. A few months ago, the Sunday edition of the *Daily Mail* published a piece on Jude Law, the astonishingly talented young actor in "Wilde" who plays Lord Alfred Douglas, Wilde's lover, the beautiful, petulant, and tempestuous youth known as Bosie. (It was Wilde's relationship with Bosie, the son of the Marquess of Queensberry, that brought him to trial and subsequent imprisonment.) The *Mail* decided that there was a story in the fact that I am gay and Jude is straight, and so it reported that during our "love scenes" together I had to have my penis taped to my stomach to spare my own blushes, not to mention those of Jude Law and the crew. I stared at this story (apparently given to the *Mail* by an insider on the set) amused and amazed, quite undecided as to whether to be flattered or insulted. The fact is that I never actually had to take all my clothes off during the shooting of the film. Wilde, it is generally agreed, did not like to have Bosie Douglas see him naked, for Bosie was not much aroused by Oscar's generous helpings of flesh. So the story was entirely, wholly untrue. For the *Mail*, however, it was a story too good to check. The newspaper wanted it to be true: it had to be true, for it reduced Wilde and his nature (and me and mine, not that that matters much) to the level of sexual beast. Fry is a whoopsy. He had to lie next to an attractive young man, therefore he must have sustained an ungovernable erection. It stands, as it were, to reason. "The penis mightier than the word" has long been the slogan of the British newspaper editor.

"In the old days men had the rack. Now they have the Press." So Wilde wrote in "The Soul of Man Under Socialism." "In France they manage these things better. . . . They limit the journalist, and allow the artist almost perfect freedom. Here we allow absolute freedom to the journalist and entirely limit the artist. English public opinion, that is to say, tries to constrain and impede and warp the man who makes things that are beautiful in effect, and compels the journalist to retail things that are ugly, or disgusting, or revolting in fact, so that we have the most serious journalists in the world and the most indecent newspapers." Wilde was very forgiving, however, and he went on to say of journalists that it was not their fault that they were obliged "to supply the public with what the public wants. . . . It is a very degrading position for any body of educated men to be placed in, and I have no doubt that most of them feel it acutely."

Wilde's forgiveness makes me ashamed of my own intolerance of and anger toward the ghastliness of tabloid journalism. I would like to hope that playing Wilde taught me the humility to be arrogant enough to empathize. It certainly confronted me with endless examples of that primary paradox of his greatness. Wilde's life was one of supreme individualism, but its effect was one of supreme generosity. To fulfill his real self—the eternal Socratic goal—he followed through in life the artistic technique of the imaginative penetration of the lives of others.



When his friend Oswald Sickert died, Wilde went to Sickert's home to comfort his bereaved wife, but was told that she was inconsolable and seeing no one. He persisted till the widow finally agreed to see him, and talked to her hour after hour about her husband, conjuring him back to life with memories and anecdote. Her wailing turned to laughter. Remarkably enough, Wilde even charmed the Marquess of Queensberry on their first meeting. Bosie and Wilde had been lunching *à deux* at the Café Royal when Queensberry came into the room. Bosie approached his father and invited him to Wilde's table. Queensberry reluctantly consented. After twenty minutes, Bosie left them together, deep in conversation, where they remained for the rest of the afternoon.

ODDLY, therefore, the chief memory I have of playing Oscar is not one of spouting epigrams and setting the table in a roar but one of listening and reacting. W. B. Yeats remarked what a great listener Wilde was, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is said to have once left a dinner party raving about the man's gift as a conversationalist. "But you did all the talking," his companion pointed out. "Exactly!" Conan Doyle said. To follow Wilde's life on film—often to be actually saying the very things he said in the very places he said them, in the Café Royal in Piccadilly, or walking along the same path he and Bosie Douglas walked along when they first got to know each other, in the gardens of Magdalen College, Oxford—is a disorienting experience. I couldn't possibly be Wilde, but, at further risk of pretension, I certainly feel that playing him has somehow allowed me to be more myself.

I am often asked what I think Wilde would make of our film. All I can be certain of is that he would be kind about it. When Wilde hit upon the idea of Dorian Gray, the beautiful youth who stays young while his portrait ages and takes on the scars of his dissipation, he kept quiet about it. He had once revealed another story idea at the dinner table only to find it written up in a magazine a month later. He wrote to the plagiarist to say that stealing the story was the act of a gentleman, but neglecting to tell Wilde that he had stolen it was not. Such affable chiding was as bitchy as Wilde got. Most people remember the story of Wilde's saying, in response to a witticism, "I wish I had said that," and Whistler's famous reply, "You will, Oscar, you will." That exchange tells us everything we need to know about the difference between Whistler and Wilde.

"DE PROFUNDIS," the letter that Wilde wrote to Bosie Douglas from prison, is, so far as I know, the greatest and most honest letter ever written. Its title means "from the depths," and it sets out in painfully beautiful language the history of Wilde's relationship with Bosie, his sense of how his life went wrong, and his interpretation of what prison and suffering had taught him. "The supreme vice is shallowness. Whatever is realised is right" was Wilde's last great chime, and he struck it again and again in "De Profundis." To discover the self and develop it to its full realization, that is our duty, Wilde wrote. He knew perfectly well that his downfall would be perceived as the downfall of this philosophy:

> People point to Reading Gaol, and say "That is where the artistic life leads a man." Well, it might lead to worse places. The more mechanical people . . . always know where they are going, and go there. . . . A man whose desire is to be something separate from himself, to be a Member of Parliament, or a successful grocer, or a prominent solicitor, or a judge, or something equally tedious, invariably succeeds in being what he wants to be.
>
> That is his punishment. Those who want a mask have to wear it. But with the dynamic forces of life . . . it is different. People whose desire is solely for self-realisation never know where they are going. They can't know.

This is the sticking point for many. To hear what they think of as their reward in life being described as a punishment infuriates them, and it could infuriate them only because they suspect it to be true. This is why Wilde is still the Crown Prince of Bohemia. We stand at a threshold in our lives where we look into our futures and see the permanent attachment of a mask, the final adoption of a set of values and "core beliefs" which will see us through to the end, and then we turn and look back at the gigantic, Promethean figure of Wilde—whether we picture him, cigarette in hand, at a table in the Café Royal, generous in wit and high on fame, or bowed over a deal table in a prison cell and cramped with dysentery—and ask ourselves if we have the courage to be like him, by which we mean the courage to be like ourselves.

WHETHER "Wilde" the movie will "take" or not I cannot possibly guess. Some may be furious over sins of omission or commission; others may balk at its candor or necessary compression of detail. I know there will be letters telling me, "When Wilde was arrested, Reggie Turner was in the room, yet you have him alone with Robbie Ross," or "You have him facing the jury in court, but in fact the jury was behind him," and so on.

We come down to this: Wilde was a great writer and a great man. Great in his kindness, great in his sympathy, and great in his courage. He is still enormously underestimated as an artist and a thinker, especially in his adopted land of England. The subject of "Wilde" the film is not Oscar Wilde's work but his life, yet if it turns any one person to his writings, and most especially to the essays, to the stories for children, and to "De Profundis," then it will have been of some service. For my part, I should be able to return to playing stock English foils, corrupt lawyers, Persian-cat-stroking villains, and epicene fools with a lighter heart. ♦

WAYFARER

Although the photographer Pierre Verger (1902-96) published more than forty books, mostly in France and Brazil, and left behind a vast œuvre of sixty-five thousand negatives, until recently he was little known here. Last year's American publication of two hundred pictures, in a volume entitled "Pierre Verger, le Messager, the Go-Between" (D.A.P./Revue Noire), offered redress, and now the artist is having his first New York show, at the Witkin gallery, in SoHo (through June 28th). Verger spent much of his long career en route to one or another port or terminal in Africa, South America, the Far East, or the South Seas. Maintaining an arm's-length relationship to photojournalism and to regular jobs allowed him the personal and artistic freedom to connect deeply with the people he framed in his Rolleiflex. Whether posed or candid (or in a bracing mixture), Verger's subjects, like this Manila port worker in 1938, look half involved in the pictures but at the same time fully aware of the photographer's watchful presence.

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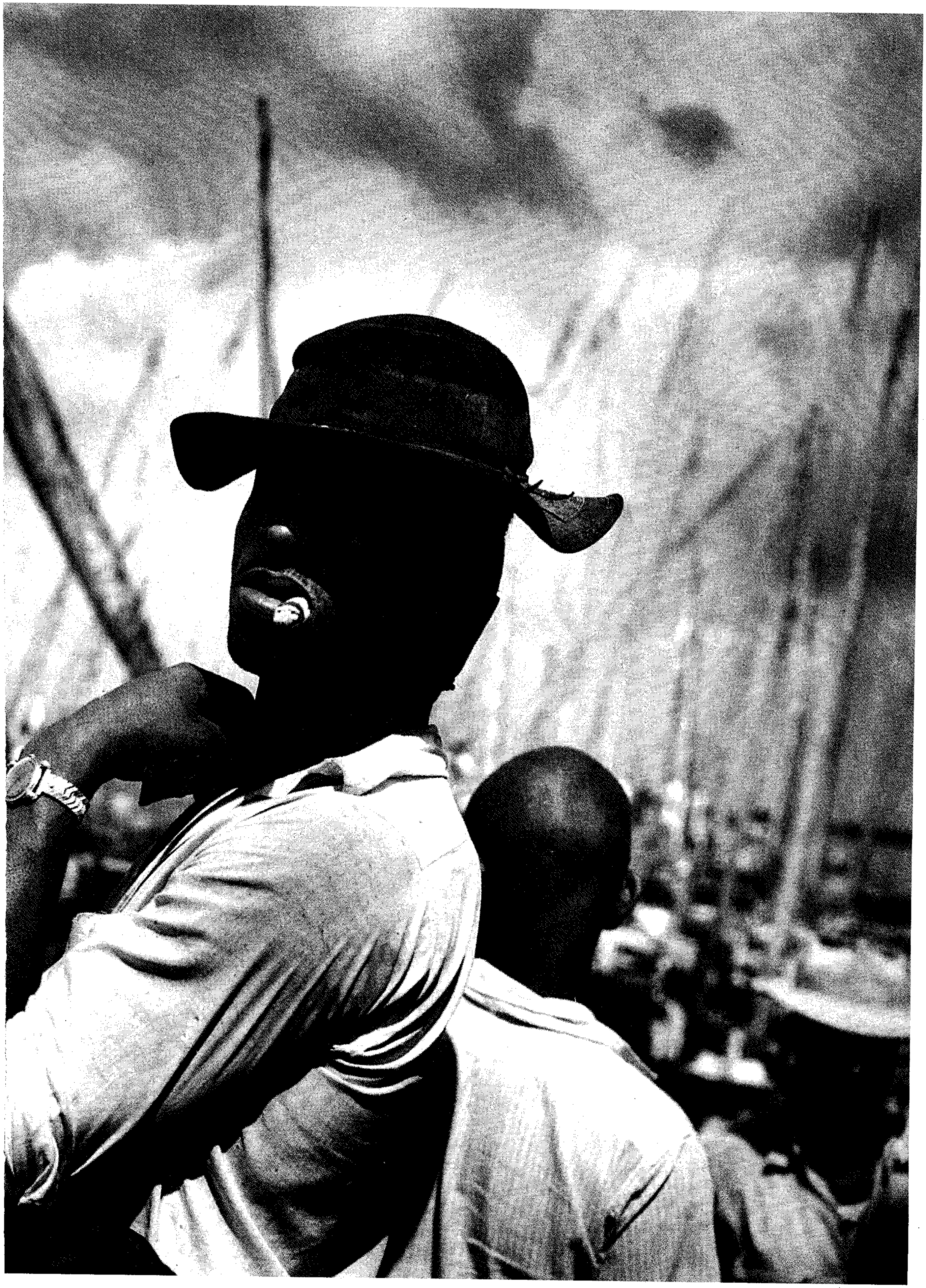

FICTION

THAT WAS ME

Two more strikeouts in the late-night romance department.

BY MICHAEL CHABON

four taverns of Grubb Island, Washington, were haunted almost exclusively by local drunks. The summer people did their drinking on the porches and decks of their summer houses or, when that paled, under the paper umbrellas at the bar of the Yang Palace. At the V.F.W., and at the Grubb Island Bow & Rifle Club, out on Cemetery Road, they poured gin and vodka, but to the summer people these places were to be avoided, being just a hair too laughable to be legendary. From time to time, particularly toward the end of August, when tedium, hot weather, and the dwindling promise of another summer agitated ancient Viking fibres in their brains, a party of adventurers from the pink and yellow houses along Probity Beach might attempt a foray into the Grubb Island Tavern, the Blue Heron, Peavey's, or the Patch. But they never stayed long. The local drunks—there must have been about sixty-five or seventy of them, many related by blood or sexual history—were a close-knit population, involved in an ongoing collective enterprise: the building, over several generations, of a basilica of failure, on whose crowded friezes they figured in vivid depictions of bankruptcy, drug rehabilitation, softball, and arrest. There was no role in this communal endeavor for the summer islander, on leave, as it were, from work on the cathedral of his or her own bad decisions.

It was unusual, therefore, to find not one but two attractive strangers at the bar of the Patch on a Friday night in early spring, studying the glints and gas bubbles in their beers: a man and a woman, with an empty barstool between them. It was not yet seven, and the Patch, a dank, ill-lit, cramped cement structure that had once served as the main building of a long-defunct strawberry-processing plant, was almost empty. In the corner across from the door, Lester Foley—elected by a plebiscite of local drunks to the mayoralty of Berthannette, a minute township made up of a general store and a post office, a failed Shell station, and the Patch—was sleeping, curled into a ball that did not seem large enough to be composed of an entire man.

The man at the bar spun away on his stool from the dispiriting sight of Lester, rolled up like a potato bug with his hair matted down and a mysterious rime of white feathers on his beard, and gave his attention to the Patch's décor: promotional posters listing the locations and dates of all the games the Seahawks had lost that season; the threadbare baize of the pool table; a small black-and-white photograph of a freak three-pound strawberry that had turned up in the summer of 1948; and the blinking, pink or blue names of several beers. The stranger was a dark-eyed young man, thickset but small of stature, better dressed than the usual Patch customer, even for a Friday night, in a tweed blazer worn over a crew-neck sweater that looked like lamb's wool but might even have been cashmere. Only the fresh wad of black tape that bound up his stylish bronze eyeglasses, and the day's growth of stubble on his cheeks, argued at all in favor of his admission, on a pro-tem basis, into the Grubb Island losers' guild. There was something in the way his handsome jacket strained at the shoulders, in the gray shadow on his jaw, that implied a deep reserve of resentment, a list of grievances carried around in the billfold, on a sheet of paper split and tattered with much refolding. He looked like the kind of customer who drinks wordlessly, and without apparent pleasure, all evening, like a patient given control of his own morphine drip. He looked like a man dangerously addicted to the correction of mistaken people.

"I thought this was a happening place," he said now, to nobody in particular, still gazing out into the neon gloom of the barroom.

Mike Veal heard the remark but took advantage of a continuing pressure problem with the Rainier tap to let it pass. The customer was drinking a bottle of Pilsner Urquell, which Mike had found only after much digging around on his hands and knees, with his arm plunged far into the icy recesses of the No. 2 cooler, behind the box of microwavable Honey 'n' Jalapeño Cheesy Pork Pockets. And of course Lester Foley had nothing to say on the subject of the happeningness of the Patch.

"Why don't you put a buck in the jukebox?" said the woman from her stool. "I bet they even have your favorite song."

She was a long, bony woman, with an intelligent face a little raw around the nostrils. In spite of her naturally blond hair and a backside that projected with a certain architectural audacity out over the rear edge of her stool, the predominant impression she seemed likely to leave in the mind of a man surveying a barroom on a Friday night was one of elbows and knees. Although she was dressed like a familiar type of weather-beaten, llama-raising, herbalistic island woman—denim overalls and duck boots, hair pulled back from her forehead by a plain blue elastic headband, face naked but for an uncertain streak of mauve on the lips—no one would ever have mistaken her for a native. She straddled her barstool with an equestrian aplomb that suggested both a genteel upbringing and an overeager attempt to look as though she belonged. A copy of "Un Sexe Qui N'est Pas Une," in the original French, protruded from the right pocket of the big shearling coat she had draped over the seat of the stool between her and the man. Her fingers were devoid of rings.

" 'It's a Man's Man's Man's World,' " she continued, with a vague wave toward the jukebox.

"Is that my favorite song?" said the

FILIP PAGOWSKI

man. He reached into the inside pocket of his jacket and took out a fat wallet. "I didn't know."

"It's on there," said Mike Veal helpfully. "James Brown's greatest hits, on CD."

The woman nodded. She raised her bottle of light beer to the man. " 'This is a man's world,' " she sang, in a cracked little high-pitched James Brown wail. Then she turned away from him, folding back up into herself, as if she didn't want him to get the idea she was flirting. The man took a dollar from his wallet and walked over to the jukebox. He fed several more dollars into the slot. "Sex Machine" began to play, as irritating and irresistible as a ringing telephone. The woman took a swallow of her watery, pale beer, her eyes comically wide, as if amazed by her own thirst.

"This your first time in here?" Mike asked her.

She nodded. "It always looked so hopping. Cars in the parking lot."

"It's early yet," said Mike, looking at his watch. "They'll be showing up any time."

The tides of carousal on a Friday night on Grubb Island could be unpredictable. In general, the flow from Heron to Patch, Tavern to Peavey's, was even and steady through the evening, but sometimes a special event, a darts tournament or a personal milestone such as a divorce, a birthday, or an acquittal, could bottle things up for an hour or two. "Unless all of them died in, like, a car crash or whatever." He smiled with unconscious pleasure at this thought.

She nodded again and took another swallow.

"From the island?" said Mike.

"No," said the woman, "but I've been coming here my whole life."

"Family has a house?"

"On Probity Beach."

"Nice."

"I have a house of my own now. On Rhododendron Beach. I've been living here almost six years."

"You're a year-rounder, and you never been in here before?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. I guess I never had a reason before."

Leaving the question begged by this statement unasked, Mike went on tinkering with the Rainier tap. The woman lowered her eyes to the scuffed veneer of the bar, which was giving off its faint early-evening sting of ammonia. Originally, it had been the bar of Rudolph's, a dive in a Quonset hut out at the old Navy airfield, which burned down back in 1956. There were some senior members of the losers' guild who claimed they could still smell the fire on it.

The woman dabbed an indecipherable sketch with her fingertip in the mist on her glass. "Do you know a guy called Olivier?" she said, not looking up.

"Sure."

"He comes in here?"

"Does he?"

"I thought he did. I thought . . ."

"Are you looking for him?"

"No."

"Here," said the man, returning from the jukebox with his wallet clutched in one hand and a twenty-dollar bill in the other. He handed the bill to the woman. "From yesterday."

"Oh, yes," said the woman. "But it was only seventeen."

The man nodded. "I'll take the difference in beer." He held up his empty bottle to Mike Veal and gave it a shake. "Olivier?" he said.

"Olivier Berquet," said Mike, studying the two with fresh interest. "I guess he's, what, a Frenchman?"

"And I've heard an awful lot about that little Frenchman, let me tell you," the man said. "The Phantom Frog of Grubb Island." He turned to the woman. "How's that for a title? Can you get a poem out of that?"

"What's your name?" the woman said to Mike Veal.

"Mike."

"Mike, am I allowed to say 'fuck' in this bar?"

"I wouldn't try to stop you."

The woman turned to the man. "Fuck you, Jake," she said.

The door opened and, as always happened on a cold night when someone came in from outside, a low, mournful moaning filled the bottommost levels of sound in the barroom, humming around the ankles of the customers like a roiling cloud. The Korg sisters, Ellen and Lisabeth, walked in, followed in short order by New Wave Dave Willard, Harley Dave Sackler, Debbie Browne, Ray Lindquist, Nice Dave Madsen, and a number of other employees of the Gearhead plant, just down the road from Berthannette. Gearhead made accessories and specialty parts for sport-utility vehicles. It was the island's largest employer and the source of a small but steady current of the Patch's income. There had been an employees' meeting tonight, after work, which was why the bar had remained empty for so long. Now, with a great deal of sorrowful moaning and gusts of cold wind, it filled up quickly.

Lester Foley was awakened. This was done by Harley Dave's cracking open a can of beer next to his ear, which was followed by uproarious general laughter when he scrabbled awake like a dog at the sound of a can opener grinding away on its evening Alpo. Lester grinned his foolish feathered grin, took the beer that was his reward for making everyone laugh, and started in on one of his trademark mayoral disquisitions whose interminability was relieved only by their total lack of sense. The former handyman had been drinking steadily since 1975. In June of that year, Lester had got a job putting up a boathouse and dock for a summer family named Lichty, whose handsome young son, a boy of fifteen, took to tagging along with Lester and helping him with his work. In the evenings they hid in the driftwood piles down at the dark end of Probity Beach, smoking marijuana and drinking beer. On the first of July, they drove out to the Nisqually reservation and for twenty dollars filled the hatch of Lester's VW squareback with illegal fireworks. On the fifth of July, at two o'clock in the morning, at the end of the sturdy fir dock Lester had built, a Silver Salute with a defective fuse burst prematurely, before Lester and the boy could get clear of it. The explosion, which the investigator from the Grubb Island Fire Department had estimated as equal to the force of half a stick of industrial-grade dynamite, killed the Lichty boy and blew off Lester's right thumb and forefinger. Since then he had not worked much. It was rare that anything he said managed to be succinct or intelligible.

"You can't trust a woodpecker," he was insisting now to the Korg sisters, with that special undissuadableness of his. "They're just too goddam unreliable. I could have told you that from the get-go."

"Who said anything about a woodpecker?" said Lisabeth Korg.

BY eight o'clock, there was not an empty stool at the bar, quarters were lined up seven deep on the lip of the pool table, and so many people were dancing around the jukebox that Mrs. Magarac, the owner, who had come straight from her twelve-step meeting, could barely navigate from the bar to the farthest booths with a sweating tray full of beer.

"Well?" said the woman at the bar to the man she had cursed. The crowding of the Patch had forced them onto adjoining stools. She drew her bottle of beer across the air before her, taking in the noise and laughter and smoke. "Any likely prospects?"

"Oh, my God," said Jake. He closed his eyes. There was a migraine translucence in the skin around his eyes. He rolled his bottle of Pilsner Urquell, his fourth, across his brow.

"What about her?" the woman said.

"Which one?"

"With the red hair. I know her. I think she works at the Thriftway."

"Oh, yeah." He still had not opened his eyes. "I've seen her. Curly."

"Cute, I think."

"I dislike this," said the man. "Can I just tell you that? I never came to a bar like this before. Why should I start now, just because—"

"You never came to this type of bar before, or you never came to a bar in this manner?"

"Grace, I think I'd better— I think I'm going to split."

"Don't be a wiener, Jake."

"No, I'm just—"

"Come on, weasel," she said, aiming at him with an index finger. Looking at it, he went cross-eyed for a moment. "We made a deal. About *tonight*."

"Yeah, I know I made a deal," he said. "And I know what's going to happen. I'm going to go home alone, with a big goose egg in the romance department, while you zip off with Monsieur Olivier, on his little scooter, with his scarf tucked into his lapels— "

"He's here. That's him."

Jake's eyes snapped open and he checked out Olivier Berquet, just walking into the Patch. If he had really been expecting a natty little loafer-wearer, crest embroidered on the pocket of his blazer, sweater knotted cavalierly around his neck, he must have been disappointed. Olivier Berquet was not French at all, as it happened, but Québécois—a big-handed carpenter with a tall man's stoop, long blond hair, and a massively handsome face, craggy and pitted, a face that looked as if it had been carved with a pneumatic drill by a tiny workman dangling from the sheer granite cliff of Olivier's forehead. He wore a black motorcycle jacket, ripped bluejeans, and Roper's boots. He was well known on the island both for the quality of his work, which was high, and for the terrible treatment his wife received at his hands, which—though never definitively established in a court of law or through some famous public incident of the sort popular among the Patch's patrons—ranged, by local rumor, from the merely callous to the outright mean. At one time or another, he had troubled the evenings of all the island's bartenders. Now he had begun dancing, working his hips and bobbing his big Gutzon Borglum head. He was a good dancer, consciously so, leggy and languid, his movements not so much in time to the music as in illustration of it.

"He has a big butt," said Jake. "I've noticed that's something you like."

"Jake," said Grace, not responding. She pointed to Jake's other side. He turned. The woman with the curly red hair, who was in fact a checker at the Thriftway in Probity Harbor, was standing beside him. He knew her after all: Brenda Petersen. She and some of her friends had washed Jake's car for him one Saturday morning almost six years earlier—his first summer on the island—to raise money for their senior-class trip. Since then their paths had crossed without issue or remark at least a couple of dozen times. Her bright red fusillade of skyrocket curls was her most striking feature, but her youth, her plumpness, and

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ACROSS

1	S(TIL)ETTO (*lit* rev.)
8	POE + M
9	U + PEND
10	CESAREAN (hidden)
12	S + AND
14	O + KAY (*yak* rev.)
15	SI(MULA)TE (*alum* rev.)
17	CAR(A)T
18	SUN + K
19	ON THE AIR (anag.)

DOWN

1	STUC + CO. (*cuts* rev.)
2	TOPE (*taupe* hom.)
3	L(UN)ACY
4	TO + RE AP + ART
5	TEJANO (*on a jet* rev.)
6	OMEN (rev.)
7	TEST + AMEN + T
11	SKIR(U)N (*rinks* anag.)
12	SOL(A + C)E
13	D(I)ETER
15	SO-S + O
16	T(AX)I (*it* rev.)

MONT BLANC

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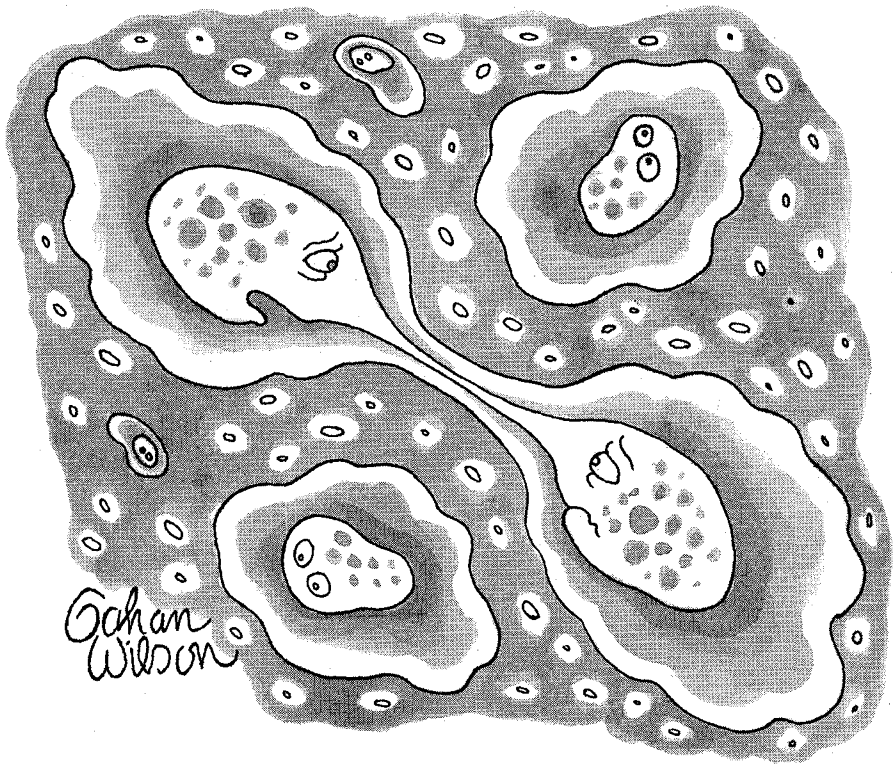

"I suppose this is goodbye."

• •

a startling lack of shyness all worked in her favor.

"Hi, there," she said. "Brenda."

She held out her hand, angled with a textbook display of confidence.

"Jake," he said.

"I was wondering if you wanted to dance with me—" She registered the way Jake's mouth hung open, the way Grace shifted a little on her stool. "But if you two are together I'll just go back over to my table there and shoot myself."

Jake turned to Grace, with a face that begged for mercy, his mouth forming inaudible words. Grace held out her hand to the girl and they shook.

"Grace."

"Hi. Brenda."

There was a wordless moment. "We're just friends," said Grace, with an embarrassed laugh. "Go on and dance, Jake."

The contrast between Olivier's and Jake's styles of dancing, had there been anyone in the bar sober or interested enough to notice it, was marked. Jake seemed somehow to wear not just his clothes but his entire body too tightly. He chopped at the air with his hands. He and Brenda didn't speak to each other—the crowd on the dance floor had forced them up against the jukebox, which was clanging loudly with Tom Petty's cover of "Feel a Whole Lot Better." Brenda's best friend, Sharon Toole, shimmied up alongside her at one point, rolling a mocking but not unfriendly eye in the direction of Jake's dogged, cramped performance, and the two of them exchanged a smile.

Jake's departure from his place at the bar seemed to increase the male traffic around Grace. She remained folded carefully up into herself, legs crossed at the knee and then again at the ankle, fingers fitted carefully around the throat of her beer, but there was a perceptible rise in the volume and good humor along the adjacent barstools in Jake's absence.

Among those whom Grace found herself talking to was Lester Foley, who had come right toward her, in his off-kilter headlong style, head angled one way, shoulders another, listing to one side like Groucho Marx after a severe blow to the head. He had been drinking for an hour now and was at the nightly peak, such as it was, of his physical aplomb and his powers of concentration. At some point he had gone back into the men's room to run cold water through his hair and comb it back neatly with his pocket comb. There were still a number of feathers in his beard.

He reached out his right hand, with its three grimy fingers.

"Now you stepped in it," he said. He laughed a wicked little laugh.

"Pardon me?"

"I told you this would happen. I told everyone. Hell, I even told myself!"

"Leave her alone, Your Honor," said Mike Veal, looking a little uneasy. "Just ignore him," he said to Grace.

She had not let go of his hand.

"Lester," she said. "They used to call you Les."

"No more or less," he said, automatically.

"Do you remember me?"

"Sure I do," said Lester, without any great sincerity.

"My parents had the place next door. Next to the Lichtys."

He pulled his hand from hers. "The Lichtys." He scowled and squinted at her as if trying to read a surprising text printed in very small characters on her face. His wrinkles smoothed out, leaving a staff of clean pink lines on his forehead. The color left his cheeks. He was working harder than he had in quite some time.

"I used to hang around with Dane a lot," said Grace. "Their son. I braided your hair once, you probably don't remember. I used to give Dane these crazy things, with seaweed braided in, and little sand dollars and junk we found on the beach." She had started to braid the air on either side of her head, but now she put a hand to her mouth and laughed, as if she had embarrassed herself again.

"Grace Meadows," he said. "Blond girl?" He looked for confirmation of this recollected scrap of a summer fifteen years before. "Dane's girlfriend? Used to ride around on that motorbike of his. Go swimming with him in that cold, cold water. Always smoking my cigarettes. Grace Meadows, that you?"

"That was me," said Grace, too softly to be heard over the music.

"Uh-huh. Well." Lester stopped squinting, and left off trying to read her face. He rummaged around in the pocket of his filthy down coat and pulled out a surprisingly crisp one-dollar bill. "Well. You were crazy then, and I don't doubt that you are probably crazy today. Everyone is crazy nowadays, which looking around I'm sure you probably noticed by now." He laid the dollar bill on the bar. "A beer, please, Mr. Mike."

"Put that away," said Mike, flicking the dollar back toward Lester. He drew a pint and handed it to him. "But after this one you're cut off."

Lester opened his mouth to protest, but a big blond hand clapped him on the shoulder.

"Good evening, there, Mr. Mayor," said Olivier.

"Oh, no," said Lester. He peeled himself out from under Olivier's hand, and, with a last squint sidewise at Grace, ducked around to the farthest corner of the bar, where he stood for a time with his knobby fingers wrapped around the untouched pint of Rainier.

"I love that guy," said Olivier without apparent affection. He looked avidly at Grace, his eyes crinkling in a way that some uncharitable islanders might have described as patented, or even ominous.

"I thought I'd see you here," he said.

"I'm having a hard time believing it, myself," said Grace.

"Why didn't you come tomorrow, like I told you? We aren't playing tonight."

Olivier was the drummer for a local band known variously as the Tailchasers, the Grubb Island Four Piece, and Olivier and Bo and Johnny. They had a more or less permanent ongoing engagement at each of the four island taverns, which is to say that they played nearly every Saturday night at one of them, until the complaints mounted or Olivier got into a violent dispute with the proprietors, at which point, sufficient time having elapsed in the interval since their last appearance, they moved along to the next stop in the circuit.

"I know," said Grace. "You said you play country music."

"Most of the time."

"Well, I don't really like country music."

Olivier cocked his head and stared at her, his forehead crumpled in mock perplexity at her chilly tone. He was smarter than he looked—a condition as rare on Grubb Island as it is anywhere else. Mike Veal handed him the beer he had ordered and Olivier drank down half of it in a swallow.

"I'm not bothering you," he said. "I should go?"

She shook her head.

"How's the car?" he said, after a moment.

He saw that her gaze was focussed on Brenda Petersen and the dark little jerking man she was dancing with. "Who is that guy?"

"That's my husband," she said. "His name is Jake."

"Your husband?" For a moment he

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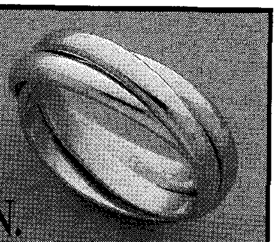
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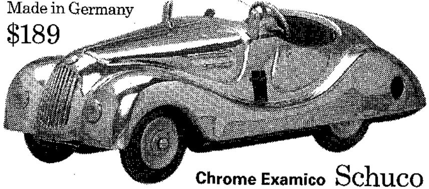
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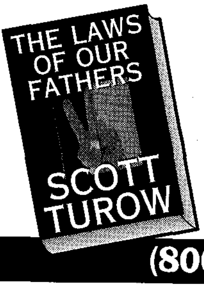

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What are the facts?

Israel's Commitment to Peace. Israel committed to grant wide-ranging independence to the Palestinians. Israel has meticulously adhered to its commitments under the Agreement. It has, unfortunately, opened vistas and expectations among the Palestinians that will never be fulfilled. Those are primarily that an independent Palestinian state would be allowed to come into existence, that Jerusalem would be divided, that the eastern part of the city would become the capital of such a state, and that the "refugees" — people who left Israel almost fifty years ago — should be allowed to return.

No peace can possibly come about until . . . the Palestinians . . . comply fully with the Agreement and . . . realize that violence cannot take the place of negotiation.

Thus, while Israel has meticulously kept its commitments under the Agreement, the Palestinians have lost no opportunity to foment unrest and bloody demonstrations in response to imaginary "violations" on the part of Israel. The first and most notorious was the rioting in response to Israel's opening an entrance to an archaeological tunnel in Jerusalem. Another pretext for violence was the construction of housing within the city limits of Jerusalem.

Total Disregard by the Palestinians. How have the Palestinians performed under the Agreement? The answer is: very poorly. Their disregard for virtually all of its provisions has been so egregious that it amounts to a mockery. Despite repeated assurances that they would amend their infamous Charter, which unequivocally calls for the destruction of Israel, this has still not been done. They have taken insufficient measures to combat terrorist activity — in fact the Palestinian Authority (P.A.) continues to release well known members of terrorist groups. Even though the Agreement demands an end of incitement to violence, Yasser Arafat and his lieutenants consistently whip up their followers to "jihad" (holy war). As the bloody riots in connection with the tunnel opening and with the construction of housing units have shown, such incitements always fall on receptive ears. It was also agreed that the P.A. should have no authority in Jerusalem. Even so, the Palestinians maintain (and the Israelis have so far suffered them to maintain) official presence in Jerusalem, especially the notorious Orient House, to which foreign visitors and diplomats like to make pilgrimages. One of the most egregious violations of the Agreement is the size of the Palestinian "police" force, which is now estimated at over 50,000 (virtually all of them former PLO terrorists). Incomprehensibly, Israel (always accommodating) has provided this "police" with an arsenal of attack weapons, which at the first trumped-up occasion (the opening of that tunnel entrance) were turned and used with deadly effect against Israeli civilians and military.

The list of violations of the Agreement goes on and on. There is the failure to confiscate illegal arms; the arrest and interrogation of Israelis by the Palestinian police; the abuse of VIP privileges; the movements of Palestinian "police" outside the so-called "Area A" without prior permission; the unauthorized construction of Dahaniye Airport; the unauthorized construction of Gaza Port; the failure to enforce visitors' permit requirements; and much more.

The Palestinians and the rest of the Arabs threaten at every hitch in the "peace process" to break it off or to resort to bloody violence. Regrettably, the United Nations, which takes scant interest in the mayhem, mass murder, and genocide that goes on all over the world, takes a totally disproportionate and one-sided (consistently pro-Arab) interest in this "peace process" and in the alleged "violations" of it by Israel, without considering the almost total disregard of virtually all of its provisions by the Palestinians. No peace can possibly come about until the world forces the Palestinians to comply fully with the Agreement and until they realize that violence cannot take the place of negotiation.

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#57

looked puzzled. "That's cool," he said, with the eye-crinkle on again.

"We're getting a divorce."

"Oh."

"We haven't had sex with each other in three and a half years," she went on, with a sudden sweep of her arm. "We stopped living together back in January. We haven't had sex with anyone else, either."

"Huh."

"No sex. At all."

Her husband had stopped dancing. He was standing in the middle of the dance floor, just standing there, watching Grace, looking as if—over the stomping of boot heels, over the labored whooping of off-duty sheriff's deputy Royce T. Sturgeon, over the dog-kennel laughter of a Friday night in the Patch, over sounds of the islanders all around him as they shook their hair, their long keychains, the fringes on their vests—he had heard or could guess every word that Grace had just said.

Grace saw Brenda Petersen pulling on his arm, asking him if everything was all right. "I have no idea why I just told you that," Grace said to Olivier. "I know I shouldn't be saying it at all." She turned and took hold of both his hands in hers. "I want you to forget what I said."

"Three and a half years," said Olivier. "Shit."

"Hard to believe, isn't it?" she said. She stood up, or rather toppled in a more or less controlled manner off the stool, landing somehow on both feet. She still had not let go of his hands. "Come on."

"Tell you what," said Olivier. "My buddy John just came in the door, over there. I have to get with him for just a minute and then I'll take you up on that, all right?"

Grace watched him go.

She looked over at Jake again and saw that he was watching Olivier, too. He was rocking a little on the soles of his feet, and a weird, broken smile emerged. When Olivier came within a few feet of him, Jake held out his hand vaguely.

Over the ten years since his arrival on Grubb Island, Olivier Berquet had been involved in seventeen minor altercations in taverns, and four out-and-out brawls, in which teeth were scattered to the night air and men went to the urgent-care center to have bits of parking-lot gravel tweezed from their palms and cheeks. His name had appeared twice in the police log of the local weekly, the *Clam*, and when he was convicted of battery there had been an item on page 1. It took less provocation than a drunken, jealous, hard-up man out on a despairing date with his estranged wife to get Olivier swinging, as everyone in the room well knew.

On the jukebox, Jim Morrison shouted the last words of "Break On Through" and the song cut off. People stopped dancing. The cue ball slammed into the nine.

"Is there a problem?" Olivier said, calmly, rubbing his chin.

Jake reached out for Olivier's right hand, and grasped it.

"I just wanted to wish you all the luck in the world," he said.

There was no great sarcasm in Jake's tone, and in its absence Olivier seemed a little confused. He nodded warily, letting Jake work his hand up and down, the way he might have shaken with a man in an airport holding a Bible and a stack of brochures.

"Yeah," said Olivier. "Whatever, dude."

As the next song, "Born on the Bayou," came on, he pulled his hand from Jake's and jived his way heavily across the Patch and over to John Bekkedahl, a fat, bearded man wearing a Sturgis T-shirt. "Fuckin' yuppies," he muttered. Somebody laughed.

Grace went to Jake, who was standing by himself, still holding his hand out.

"What happened to Brenda?" she said.

"I don't know," said Jake. "She thinks we're screwed up."

"We are."

"What's the story with Olivier?"

"I think I scared him off with my evident madness."

"Do you want to dance?"

"No," she said. "Let's go home."

"Meaning what?" said Jake.

NOT quite sure of the answer, they didn't leave. They stayed past last call, keeping each other company at the bar, while the Patch, one by one or in twos and threes, exhaled its customers. Olivier went home with Carla Lacy, whose husband was on a boat in the Bering Sea, working fourteen-hour shifts feeding tuna carcasses to a rendering vat. Brenda Petersen left with a tall, good-looking kid named Al or Alf from Tacoma.

At last, Mike Veal threw on the overhead lights, driving the remaining patrons from the inky crevices of obscurity and glamour into which they had tucked themselves. For them it was like coming to in an emergency room, and they went out, sour and incoherently sad. A few diehards headed down the road to Peavey's, where the bar clock was known to be kept only seven minutes ahead of Pacific Standard. Still Jake and Grace remained on their stools, waiting out the ten-dollar bill that Jake had fed the jukebox. Mike Veal went around snuffing the neon signs, stacking chairs, and upending the other barstools. When he pulled the plug on the jukebox, they took the hint and settled their tab. Jake waited while Grace went to the toilet, and then they made cautious progress down the back hall and out into the chilly night.

As they came through the back door Jake stumbled over Lester Foley, who was sleeping under a pile of blankets beside the Dumpster. Grace stopped.

"Grace," Jake murmured.

"Sh-h-h." She knelt down beside Lester, and then, gently so as not to wake him, peeled a lank strand of hair from his hollow cheek.

"Grace, what are you doing?" said Jake. "Come on."

"Nothing," she said. "Be quiet."

She drew two more strands of hair from the oily mass under his stocking cap and wove them with the first into a stiff, skinny braid. She looked around in the gravel and mud at her feet and picked up the discarded cap from a bottle of Oly. Biting her lip, she squeezed the cap between her fingers until it curved inward on itself like a jagged whelk. She threaded the tip of the braid through it, and pinched it closed. Looking at her handiwork, she rocked back and forth on her toes, the leather of her duck shoes creaking.

"He's just sleeping it off, Grace," Jake said. He gave a tug on her collar, and she tipped back onto her heels. "He'll be fine."

"He knew Dane Lichty," Grace said.

"Not the way I do," said Jake.

Jake's car, a Honda station wagon, was parked at the far end of the lot. Jake started toward it, then stopped, and seemed to sag a little to one side. "Can't do it," he said. "I think I've had too much."

"Just get in," called Grace, running under the steadily increasing rain toward her car. "I'll take you."

They climbed into a raked, round-finned old Volvo P-1800 that looked gray in the halogen glow of the Patch's security flood but was really an elegant pale yellow, somewhere between the color of a manila folder and the back sheet of a parking citation. Grace had bought the car three days before from Olivier Berquet, for six hundred dollars. A few years back, Olivier had flipped it over on Cemetery Road, racing to make the ferry, but he had not mentioned this to Grace, although everyone else knew the story. Olivier had suggested to Grace that she have someone look it over, knowing somehow that she never would.

There was a flat, dishpan rattle as Jake closed the door on his side. Grace switched on the radio but did not start the engine. The only sound that emerged from the speakers was a fly-wing hum in the left channel.

"You always wanted one of these," said Jake.

She nodded.

"Hey," she said. "Now I finally get to see your place."

"It's small," said Jake.

"Is it too small?"

"I'm all right," he said. He rested his left hand on the knob of the gearshift. After a minute she laid hers on top of his.

"Nobody knows," she said.

"Nobody knows what?"

"Nobody knows the trouble we've seen."

"It's nice that we can share that," said Jake.

The rain dripped from the fir trees that overspread the Patch's back lot, and seeped slowly in through the windshield frame on Jake's side. The remaining unbroken panes in the greenhouse of the old strawberry plant, a gaunt ruin on the other side of the parking lot, chimed with rain.

"Well," Grace said. "I guess neither of us got lucky."

She twisted the key in the ignition, and turned out of the Patch's lot, onto the island highway. The last ferry of the night, of course, had pulled in at the Eastpoint dock eighteen minutes earlier. The cars in the opposite lane were strung like Christmas lights for a mile, coming out of Berthannette, and it must have been hard for Grace and Jake to be in her car as it filled up with the flash of other people's headlights, then went dark again, and to know that everyone who passed them was headed for home. ♦

LIFE IN THE NINETIES

[*From the Austin* (*Minn.*) *Daily Herald*]

Since I've moved here people have plowed my drive for me, baked me Easter cookies, fixed my kitchen sink, invited me in while they were having intercourse and generally made me feel very welcome.

BOOKS

BLOOD FEUD

A mother takes the hemophilia tragedy to court.

BY ROBERT K. MASSIE

EIGHT years ago, Elaine DePrince, a mother of five sons living in southern New Jersey, was asked by Cubby, her youngest, whether he was going to die. Cubby, who was eight, had AIDS, and DePrince considered her answer carefully. "If you mean, will you die from this pneumonia and this herpes infection, then the answer is no," she told her son. "But I will not lie to you. . . . If you mean, will AIDS cause you to die while you are still a child, the answer is yes." In June of 1993, a few weeks before his twelfth birthday, Cubby DePrince died. Nine months later, Cubby's fifteen-year-old brother, Mike, died, also of AIDS. Elaine DePrince believes that her sons were murdered. Whether this is true or not, what has happened to the DePrinces is part of a national tragedy.

Cubby and Mike were hemophiliacs. Like thousands of Americans who have this blood disease, they had been treated for years with clotting-factor concentrates extracted from human plasma. In the late seventies and early eighties, the concentrates became contaminated by H.I.V., the virus that causes AIDS. As a result, ninety per cent of the eight to ten thousand severe hemophiliacs in the United States were infected; so far, more than forty-five hundred have died. In "Cry Bloody Murder: A Tale of Tainted Blood" (Random House; $23) DePrince accuses the F.D.A., the blood-banking industry, and four giant international pharmaceutical companies of killing her sons. She charges that at least one company was aware that its products were contaminated, but that it went right on selling. She also charges that techniques were available to purge their concentrates of H.I.V. and other viruses, but that the companies failed to adopt them.

DePrince is not alone in her beliefs and accusations: thousands of hemophiliacs in the United States and other countries vehemently agree with her, and hundreds of victims or their survivors in various countries have gone to court. In a nationwide suit brought on behalf of the thousands of H.I.V.-infected American hemophiliacs or their survivors, the principal defendants are Alpha Therapeutic Corporation, owned by the Green Cross Corporation, of Japan; the Armour Pharmaceutical Company, whose parent company is Rhône-Poulenc S.A., of France; Bayer A.G., of Germany, the owner of Cutter Laboratories; and an American company, Baxter Healthcare Corporation, which has its headquarters near Chicago. These pharmaceutical companies—"the Big Four," as DePrince refers to them—won the early legal battles. Now, in a compromise gesture not unlike those currently being made by the big tobacco companies, they have offered a monetary settlement. For Elaine DePrince, it is too little and, of course, too late.

I HAVE a son with hemophilia and a grandson with hemophilia. An ancient disease that, once it appears in a family, is most commonly transmitted by hereditary laws from mothers to sons, hemophilia, in its severe forms, still strikes more than thirty per cent of its victims haphazardly, by genetic mutation. This is what has happened in my family. Today, Bob Massie, Jr., is H.I.V.-positive as a result of receiving virally contaminated clotting factor. My grandson, having been born in 1990, after the clotting factor was cleansed of the virus, is H.I.V.-negative. Over the years, I have criticized some of the same pharmaceutical companies that DePrince attacks. But, because my battles were in the pre-AIDS era, my concern was not the medical safety of the concentrate but its high, almost out-of-reach cost. The fact is that when the clotting factor that killed DePrince's sons and infected my son first appeared, in the late sixties, it was almost universally hailed as a deliverance. We wanted as much of it as possible, but at a lower price.

There is a gap of almost a generation between my oldest son and DePrince's hemophiliac children. When Bob was born, in 1956, it was extraordinarily difficult to stop internal bleeding from a bruised or ruptured blood vessel anywhere in his body. The only technique available was to give him a transfusion of fresh frozen plasma. We took the fat yellow rock-solid frozen plastic transfusion bags, each containing five hundred millilitres of human plasma, and thawed them gradually in the bathroom sink. When they had liquefied, our pediatrician, Dr. Leroy Engel, who came to our house night or day, inserted a needle in my son's vein and let the stuff flow in. Over the first ten years of Bob's life, this happened seven hundred and fifty times. Even so, as treatment, bags of frozen plasma were dangerously inadequate. The amount of clotting factor in five hundred millilitres of frozen plasma was insufficient to stop most serious bleeding. On the other hand, it was often impossible to pour enough fresh frozen plasma into a child's small veins to halt the bleeding. As a result, blood would often continue to flow into the confined space of a knee, an ankle, or an elbow, pressing on the nerves and causing intense pain. Eventually, when the skin over the joint was tight with blood and the joint itself swollen to the size of a cantaloupe, pressure on the torn blood vessel would slow the hemorrhage and allow a clot to form. Over weeks, the process of reabsorption would take place and the joint would slowly resume its normal function. This was the central experience of our family life. There were lesser disadvantages, too; for example, we could never travel, because the bags of plasma had to be kept deep-frozen or the clotting factor would rapidly deteriorate.

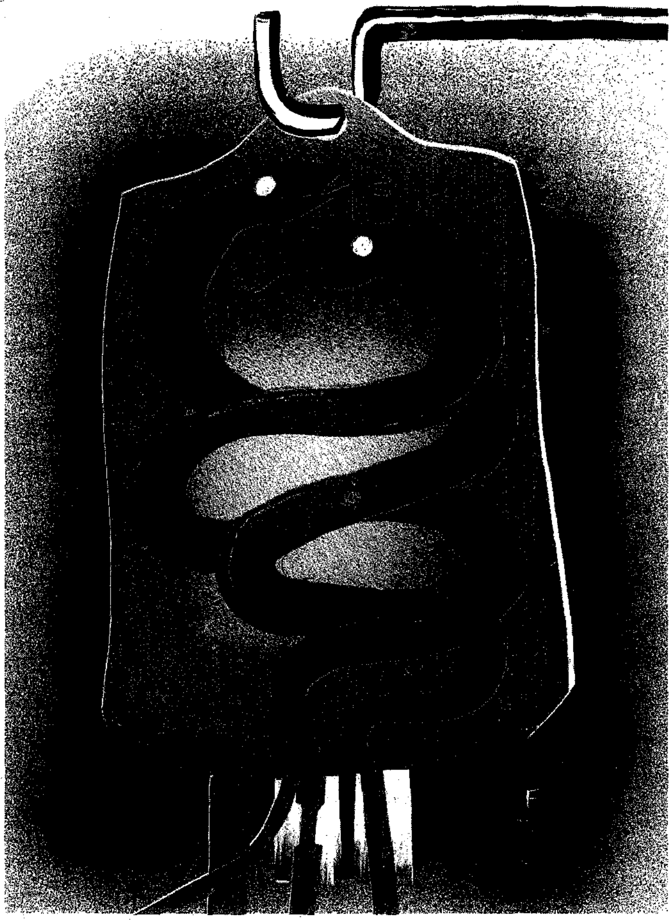
For these reasons, the appearance of a new clotting-factor concentrate seemed to us a godsend. The product was lyophilized, like freeze-dried coffee, and could be reconstituted simply by the addition of sterile water. It came in tiny bottles that could be stored in a refrigerator; before long, a more advanced product required no refrigeration at all. Most important, the new concentrate packed into a tiny amount of injectable fluid many times the clotting effectiveness of a large bag of fresh frozen plasma. Once I had learned how to insert a needle in one of my son's veins, we were free of doctors and freezers. We travelled to Europe carrying clotting factor in suitcases and backpacks. My son learned to infuse himself and went off to college, divinity school, and business school.

Elaine DePrince refers to those years—from the late sixties until the mid-eighties—as the "golden age of hemophilia." And it was because of the confidence that hemophiliacs had in the clotting-factor concentrate and the relative normality it gave their lives that she and her husband, Charles, who already had two biological sons with a blood disease, decided to adopt first one, then two more small boys with hemophilia.

In DePrince's part of New Jersey, the outer suburbs of Philadelphia and Camden sprawl into the countryside. One morning this spring, I drove down the New Jersey Turnpike, turned east through the shopping malls, then made my way along old country roads that were lined with clusters of new houses built by developers. DePrince lives in an older one of these homogeneous communities, the trees grown to full height, the houses on curving streets, the front yards garnished with shrubbery. Charles DePrince greeted me at the door. He is a quiet, slender man with trim gray hair, glasses, and a mustache. "Elaine will be down in a minute," he said politely, and he showed me into a room filled with bookshelves and books. Everywhere there were pictures of the five DePrince sons—Adam, Erik, Michael, Teddy, and Cubby. The boys were shown hiking, swimming, splashing, always wearing broad grins. This, the pictures told me, is, or was, a happy family.

Elaine DePrince came downstairs. She was fiftyish and chubby, with short blond hair and blue eyes behind her glasses. She offered me coffee, and I headed for the living room, where I spotted some comfortable chairs. She reappeared and steered me into the dining room: there were many things she wanted to show me, and she needed the table to spread them out on.

DePrince spoke deliberately and quietly even as she was recounting terrible things and describing excruciating experiences. She was prepared for every question, usually telling me the answer first, then reaching into one of her piles of research to hand me a corroborating document. The first few minutes, when she was describing herself and Charles, were easy. On the surface, if any middle-aged suburban couple can be said to come from the mainstream of American life it is Elaine and Charles DePrince. She was born in New Jersey, graduated from Rutgers, worked on a master's degree in education at Temple University, and was teaching in the Camden public schools when she met her husband, who was also a teacher, in 1970. Eventually, Charles left teaching, got an M.B.A., and began working his way up the corporate ladder at a company that processed food-and-pharmaceutical ingredients in southern New Jersey. From childhood, Elaine had been familiar with blood disease: she was born with a bleeding disorder called von Willebrand's disease, which is usually milder than hemophilia. Her two biological sons, Adam, now twenty-four, and Erik, now twenty-three, both have this disease.



Ninety per cent of severe hemophiliacs have been infected with H.I.V.; so far, more than forty-five hundred have died.

Nevertheless, in 1980, when the DePrinces learned that a young unmarried woman wanted to give away a baby boy with hemophilia, they volunteered to adopt him. This child became Michael DePrince. Five years later, when the state was unable to find a home for two hemophiliac brothers, four and five, the DePrinces volunteered again. These decisions might raise the question of whether Elaine DePrince is a saint or a kook. Her answer is straightforward and difficult to challenge: "I just wanted, as I grew older, to have a big family with a lot of children and grandchildren sitting around my table at Thanksgiving and Christmas." And so Teddy and Cubby DePrince entered the family.

For some years, they lived a complicated but relatively happy life. With three hemophiliacs plus her own medical problems and those of her two older boys, someone in the house was always getting an infusion. While putting a needle into the smaller children's veins could be traumatic—Elaine recalls an episode when doctors tried twelve times with Michael before succeeding—she eventually learned to infuse herself and her boys, and then they learned to infuse themselves. There were many good times. The family hiked on the Appalachian Trail and in the White Mountains. They visited Nova Scotia, the Tetons, Yellowstone National Park, and Mt. Rushmore.

When Elaine DePrince adopted her three youngest sons, she was not aware that the pestilence of AIDS, already attacking populations far larger than the hemophiliac community, would affect her family. AIDS, the world began to learn in the mid-eighties, could be transmitted sexually; it could be contracted from contaminated needles passed along by drug users; it could be carried in blood transfused during surgery. But hemophiliacs were to confront a problem unique to them. Ordinarily, a victim of AIDS had contracted it from a single other human being. People with von Willebrand's disease, such as DePrince and her two eldest sons, were treated with cryoprecipitate, an extract of plasma drawn from a single donor. Hemophiliacs, however, became infected by concentrate made from blood plasma that had been drawn from thousands, even tens of thousands, of other human beings.

SINCE the time clotting-factor concentrates were first developed, it was clear that an adequate supply could not be made from plasma that was drawn from single volunteer donors, or even from small groups of volunteer donors; there were not enough volunteers. Accordingly, the pharmaceutical companies sought paid donors. Often, they found them in places where people were poor, desperate, and, often, sick—in prisons in Arizona and Louisiana, in ghettos in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, and in Third World countries such as Haiti, Nicaragua, El Salvador, and Lesotho. They gathered thousands of litres of plasma a month from these donors, poured the liquid into giant vats, and extracted clotting factor from it. The larger the plasma pool was, the more economical the manufacturing process became: some pools contained plasma from twenty thousand donors. This was, however, a kind of technological bargain with the Devil: if a single donor among all those represented in the pool had a blood-borne virus, the entire pool could be contaminated.

Before the AIDS virus was identified, in 1983, hematologists and hemophiliacs had been concerned about transmission of the viruses that cause hepatitis. As DePrince notes, methods of killing viruses in blood components had long been known—human albumin was virally inactivated as early as 1945—and physicians and patients wanted such a process to be developed for clotting-factor concentrates. In the late seventies, a German company, Behringwerke A.G., developed a "pasteurized" clotting-factor concentrate by heating it in solution at sixty degrees Celsius for ten hours. In October, 1981, it offered to license its process to the United States plasma-fractionating industry; there were no takers. For one thing, the heat that destroyed viruses also destroyed some of the clotting factor, significantly reducing the yield and increasing the cost of an already costly product. There was also the fear that heated concentrate might actually render patients "immune" to the product, with the dire consequence that they would henceforth be unresponsive to the treatment. American companies were already working on lower-cost, higher-yield viral-inactivation procedures; the first of these was licensed by the F.D.A. in the spring of 1983. (Not until the following year did tests prove heat treatment to be effective against H.I.V.)

In July of 1982, Michael DePrince was three, Teddy was twenty-two months old, and Cubby was ten months old. All three had hemophilia; none had AIDS. But the storm was gathering. On July 6th of that year, Dr. Bruce Evatt, who is now the chief of the Hematological Disease Branch of the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, in Atlanta, wrote a warning letter to Dr. Louis M. Aledort, medical director of the National Hemophilia Foundation. The Center for Infectious Diseases had got reports of marked immunosuppression and opportunistic infections in three hemophiliacs, the letter said. The patients lived far apart—in Florida, in Colorado, and in Ohio—and in all three cases the suspected cause appeared to be a virus transmitted in a manner similar to hepatitis; that is, by transfusion of blood product. DePrince notes that none of the three reported cases had used concentrate made from the same production lot. The number of bottles of concentrate produced in each lot varied from five hundred to twenty-five hundred. If one made the worst assumption—that each of the three lots was entirely contaminated—this meant that thousands of hemophiliacs might already be infected.

In response to Evatt's warning, the National Hemophilia Foundation issued a "Patient Alert" on July 14, 1982. Hemophiliacs and their families were told about the three hemophiliacs and their symptoms. "I remember very clearly conversations that Bruce Evatt and I had," Dr. Donald Francis, a C.D.C. epidemiologist, later testified. "Both of us were saying that if our children were hemophiliacs we would take them off [concentrate] immediately." Even so, the foundation asserted that "at this time the *risk* of contracting this immunosuppressive agent is *minimal* and C.D.C. is not recommending any change in blood-product use."

On July 27th, three weeks after Evatt's warning letter, the United States Public Health Service summoned representatives from the blood-banking and pharmaceutical industries as well as other interested parties to a meeting to discuss the new disease and its implications for the blood supply. The disease, it was agreed, would be designated AIDS (acquired-immunodeficiency syndrome). Six months later, Dr. Francis drew a preliminary conclusion from the information that was coming in. If the data collected were, as he feared, reflective of a pre-AIDS condition, "one-third to one-half of hemophiliacs might already be exposed."

In December of 1982, the Food and Drug Administration's Blood Products Advisory Committee, a group heavily freighted with representatives of the blood-banking and pharmaceutical industries, held a meeting. Some participants urged that immediate, drastic steps be taken to apply heat treatment to factor concentrates in the hope that this would prevent AIDS transmission. But Dr. Aledort, of the National Hemophilia Foundation, did not believe that such drastic action could be justified. At the time, the causes of AIDS remained conjectural; his main concern then was hepatitis, and, in his opinion, the danger from the hepatitis virus was manageable. Most hemophiliacs, probably more than ninety per cent, had already been exposed to hepatitis viruses, and although hepatitis infections were sometimes severe, leading occasionally to liver failure and death, the incidence of this was relatively low. Balanced against the dramatic improvement in the treatment of hemophilia offered by clotting-factor concentrates, Aledort believed the risk to be acceptable. Treating plasma in drastic ways to kill viruses would, he declared, lead to a huge loss of yield—"up to about ninety or ninety-five per cent." Dr. Robert J. Gerety, of the Food and Drug Administration's National Center for Drugs and Biologics, immediately challenged Dr. Aledort: "I would just like to . . . see if I really heard what I thought I heard. You would rather leave the viruses in the product . . . than attempt to remove [them]?" Gerety argued that techniques were available to inactivate viruses with only an eighteen-per-cent loss.

On December 21, 1982, the National Hemophilia Foundation recommended that concentrate—usually the clotting protein known as Factor VIII—not be given to newborns, to children under four, to mild hemophiliacs, or to people with newly diagnosed conditions. The foundation's focus, however, remained on the need to use concentrates to prevent bleeding and consequent joint damage. Accordingly, for the bulk of the hemophilia population, it advised, "By all means, one should not withhold the use of clotting factor therapy when needed."

By January of 1983, more than eight hundred cases of AIDS had been reported in the United States. Most of the victims were homosexual men, intravenous-drug users, and recent emigrants from Haiti. Eight were hemophiliacs. That same month, the C.D.C. informed the N.H.F. that about half of the hemophiliac population demonstrated abnormal T-cell function and was expected to develop AIDS. Nevertheless, throughout 1983, as evidence continued to accumulate, the N.H.F. continued to advise the use of concentrates. On May 11th, the N.H.F. expressed concern that media coverage of AIDS was causing some patients to abandon the use of blood products because they feared contracting the disease: "The N.H.F. AIDS Task Force considers this an inappropriate response and urges hemophiliacs to maintain the use of clotting factor." Hemophiliacs were also assured that "there is no evidence that AIDS is associated with any specific blood product or manufacturer."

At the October, 1983, annual meeting of the foundation, Dr. Margaret Hilgartner, the chief of the hemophilia clinic at Manhattan's New York Hospital, reportedly told assembled hemophiliacs and their families that the chance of injury to a person riding a bicycle was one in fifty, whereas the chance of contracting AIDS through a blood transfusion was one in a million. On January 24, 1984, the N.H.F. reaffirmed that hemophiliacs should continue using the clotting factor. My son Bob followed these recommendations. In the spring of 1984, he tested positive for H.I.V. In 1985, Elaine DePrince telephoned Dr. Hilgartner and said she was concerned that the two small boys she proposed to adopt might be H.I.V.-positive. "Don't worry about it," she remembers Dr. Hilgartner replying. "Even if they are H.I.V.-positive, hemophiliacs aren't getting AIDS." (Hilgartner denies saying this.) Then, in July, 1986, Elaine DePrince came to Dr. Hilgartner's office in New York to be filmed for a Midwestern television program. On that occasion, DePrince recalls, Hilgartner said that AIDS was not a major threat to hemophiliacs. DePrince supported Hilgartner's statement by telling the camera that she had little fear that any of her sons would ever contract AIDS.

LOOKING back, DePrince says that she cannot believe her own medical innocence. In 1991, when a member of the hemophilia community approached her and asked her to join in a class-action suit against the pharmaceutical companies, she refused, because she did not believe that the manufacturers should be held responsible for what was happening. "This was an act of fate," she said. "What could the manufacturers have done about it before it happened?" But when Cubby died she decided to find out what really had gone wrong and who was responsible. "I informed the entire hemophilia community in the United States and Canada that I was going to write this book," she says. "I sent letters to every chapter bulletin, asking them to print my request for information. I wanted personal stories, medical records, and courtroom documents. Before long, a huge nationwide network of people began sending me stuff."

As DePrince pieced the material together, she began to form an opinion as to what had happened. She read a list of suggested recommendations made in early 1983 by Dr. Francis, of the C.D.C. He had emphasized the need for more stringent donor screening in order to reduce contamination of the blood supply. The C.D.C. had urged that clotting-factor concentrate be extracted only from small pools of plasma, taken from carefully screened donors, and had recommended that—since there was at that time no specific test for H.I.V.—the test for hepatitis B be used as a surrogate, because the risk factors were similar. These recommendations were resisted by the blood

"Don't you understand? I love you! I need you! I want to spend the rest of my vacation with you!"

banks, who were concerned about reducing their supply, and by the commercial plasma-collection centers, whose revenues depended on volume.

Many of DePrince's worst fears about the behavior of the pharmaceutical companies would be echoed by the testimony of a former C.E.O. of Alpha Therapeutic, Dr. Thomas Drees. "In November, 1983, the president of Green Cross, our parent corporation, came over from Japan and said, 'We're going to let you go,' " Drees told me. "I was insisting that we use direct questioning to screen out infected donors. He said that I was too aggressive about safety." In a 1993 affidavit, Drees said that "it is my opinion that the four major pharmaceutical companies which manufacture Factor VIII Concentrate acted to conceal the true facts of their negligence in the procurement, screening, testing, and manufacturing of their products."

IN 1985, Armour was given worrisome information about its heat-treatment process's efficacy against H.I.V. In a study commissioned by Armour that year, Alfred Prince, a virologist at the New York Blood Center, deliberately "spiked" some of the company's Factor VIII clotting concentrate with H.I.V. He reported "limited ability to inactivate" the virus by procedures similar to the one Armour was using. Armour quickly invoked a confidentiality provision in Prince's contract and forbade him to release his results. Meloy Laboratories, a Virginia company affiliated with Armour, confirmed Prince's findings. Armour continued to sell its clotting-factor concentrate in the United States for two additional years. The Armour product was also distributed in Canada, and Canadians, according to Elaine DePrince, "were so excited to get what they thought was a virally inactivated product that they gave it first to their children." Several of them became infected with H.I.V.

Why was Armour slow to change its production techniques? The process they used—though less stringent than that used by their major competitors—was F.D.A.-approved and validated by a C.D.C. study. Besides, they reasoned, the problems that arose with a spiked sample wouldn't necessarily arise with the commercial product. By contrast, the drawbacks to switching to a more intensive heat treatment were real and immediate. One Armour internal document, dated October 15, 1985, paraphrases comments made during a discussion:

> We are in danger of losing a large part of our market share to our competitors. . . . The F.D.A. has not required data on current market products so long as the manufacturer affirms the products are heat-treated. . . . If we modify our heat treatment process at Kankakee, we're going to incur potentially major expenses. . . . [It] could cost in the range of $6-20 million.

At the time, of course, hemophiliacs did not know about these internal debates or about the F.D.A.'s failure to provide sufficient regulatory supervision. "We knew only that after 1983 some of the blood product was being heat-treated, and we assumed that this meant that it was safe," DePrince says. Although there were warnings from the N.H.F. as well as from the manufacturers as to the possibility of risk, what was the alternative? In fact—and this is where the tale takes on elements of tragedy—DePrince and the hemophilia community were given no choice; they had to use what was available, safe or unsafe.

DePrince believes that the reason the F.D.A. and the National Hemophilia

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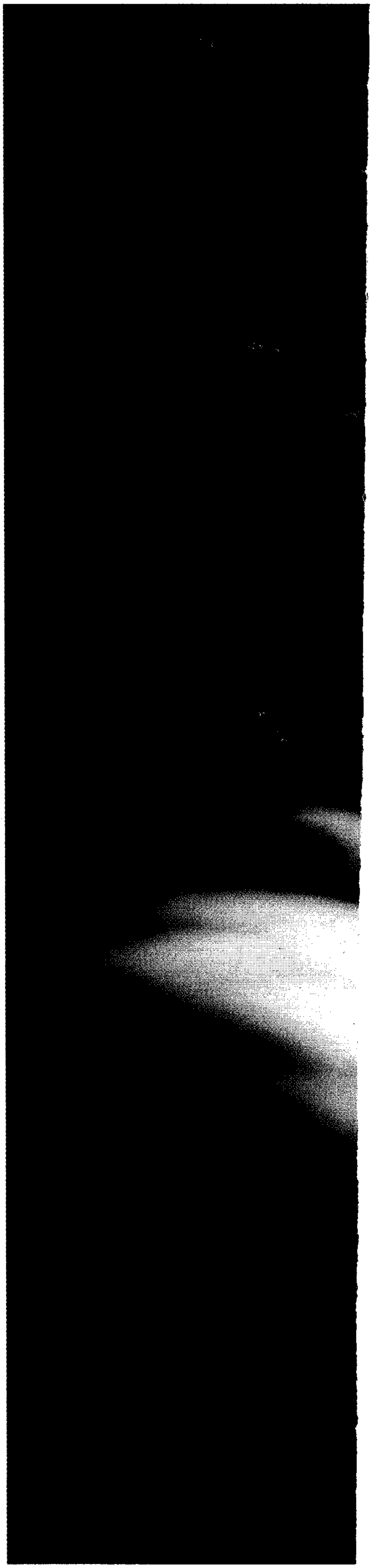
VEILED ALLURE

Seldom have the postwar years looked as decadent, or as appealing, as they do in Lillian Bassman's impressionistic fashion photographs from the forties and fifties. A self-taught photographer, Bassman became interested in the medium as an art director of Junior Bazaar, and she began experimenting in the darkroom there of George Hoyningen-Huene. Working with tissue and gauze and ferrocyanide bleach, she found her way toward her own distinctive print style—at once soft and harsh, and often, as in this 1952 shot of Suzy Parker, suggestive of illustration more than of photography. The effect, especially in her recent reinterpretations of older prints, is of a smoky, delicate eroticism lurking beneath veils, hats, furs, gloves, corsets, and mascara. Bulfinch Press has just published a volume of her work, and related exhibitions open on June 17th at the Fashion Institute of Technology and on July 2nd at Gallery 292, in SoHo.



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FIRST NOVELS

COLD MOUNTAIN, by Charles Frazier (Atlantic; $24). After Inman, a Confederate soldier, is gravely wounded outside Petersburg, he decides to flee the war. With his fearsome LeMat's pistol for protection, he sets out for Cold Mountain, where he was raised and where he left Ada, the woman he loves, on uncertain terms four years earlier. In the meantime, Ada, a preacher's daughter transplanted to the country from Charleston, has begun to learn the hard reality of a farmer's life. This novel's landscape is finely drawn, full of dark beauty and presentiment, and so are its characters. They give voice to a classical, peculiarly American feeling of nostalgia—the pain of returning home.

THE STORY OF JUNK, by Linda Yablonsky (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $23). This novel is about drugs, but it manages to avoid both the fist-in-your-face naturalism and the dharma-bum vaporizing that tie down the two ends of the genre. The heroine is an East Village type who, finding it hard to write her novel, instead drifts into heroin dealing, and heroin addiction. Things fall apart—morals, hygiene—but the tone stays sweet. Yablonsky's tragicomedy is also a social history of lower Manhattan in the eighties: easy money, art boom, the rise of AIDS and of the VCR.

READING IN THE DARK, by Seamus Deane (Knopf; $23). A Catholic boy growing up hard by the border between Donegal and Derry is fascinated by the local ghost stories and neighborhood lore, and this fascination leads him to secrets at the heart of a family feud. His search for the truth runs through a labyrinth of Irish detours and delights: elaborate catechisms, mad poets, mute idiots, drunken hyperbole, deathbed revelations, and a clever reprisal involving an unwitting bishop.

LIVES OF THE MONSTER DOGS, by Kirsten Bakis (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $23). In the year 2008, some hundred and fifty talking malamutes in Victorian dress appear in New York, install themselves at the Plaza, and become instant celebrities. The realization of a mad nineteenth-century Prussian scientist's ideal, the dogs can write, embroider, and even compose operas. "But we are still monsters," their resident philosopher confides to a hip N.Y.U. student, who will become both his biographer and his nemesis. The author makes an astonishing and elegiac case for the dogs' assertion that "it's a terrible thing to be a dog and know it."

ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD, by Robert Anthony Siegel (Random House; $23). Early in this novel, there is a wonderful scene—rich with embarrassment—in which Louis Glasser, the altogether unlikely hero, helps his Harvard-educated son buy a new suit. The son's fortunes founder, but that's nothing compared with the perils that overwhelm his father—a lawyer who operates on the margins and becomes the target of a criminal investigation. Siegel's plot holds few surprises, but his portraits (loving and otherwise) of the Glassers, New York prosecutors, and various lowlifes are right on the money.

Foundation ultimately failed hemophiliacs is that they succumbed to the influence of the pharmaceutical companies. In the case of the F.D.A., DePrince ascribes the failure to cronyism. She has a Cutter internal memo, dated December 21, 1982, that seems to bear this out: "Donohue"—Dennis Donohue, then the director of the F.D.A.'s biologics division—"requested that we send him some official notification of our plans so that he could use this as ammunition that voluntary efforts of the industry precluded the need for any further regulation or activities in the F.D.A. compliance area."

The National Hemophilia Foundation was the organization on which hemophiliacs relied. Why, against growing evidence of danger, did the N.H.F. continue to urge the use of concentrates? It was not until October, 1984, that the N.H.F. recommended using heated concentrates, although all four product manufacturers had received licenses for heat-treated concentrates at least eight months before. DePrince believes that, essentially, the manufacturers bought the foundation. She says, "Armour and Cutter gave large donations to the N.H.F. They paid for insurance and travel costs for annual foundation meetings. They advertised heavily in the foundation's publications. In return, they demanded and were given exclusive control over N.H.F. publications."

Fairness requires elaboration. The N.H.F., a small, underfunded organization struggling to make ends meet, did in fact accept substantial sums from pharmaceutical companies. The companies did finance some—not all—N.H.F. publications. A pharmaceutical-industry spokesman says, "Did the companies work with the N.H.F. to promote use of concentrate? We're guilty." But he adds, "Conventional medical wisdom and patient preference were for concentrate." Nevertheless, a report by the Institute of Medicine of the National Academy of Science criticizes the industry's relationship with the foundation: "The N.H.F. and the plasma fractionaters had developed close ties that may have compromised the independence of the N.H.F. treatment recommendations," so that hemophiliacs "lost faith in the N.H.F. as the rightful steward of their interests." At present, forty-eight H.I.V.-infected hemophiliacs or their survivors are suing the National Hemophilia Foundation.

More painful for both sides is the wedge that the H.I.V. tragedy has driven between its victims and many of the physicians they trusted absolutely. For the doctors, as well as for their patients, there seemed to be no choice. Until well into 1983, most physicians treating hemophilia believed that the primary threats to their patients' lives and quality of life came from traumatic hemorrhage and damage to joints. Hepatitis was perceived as a danger, but a danger under control. As the spectre of AIDS began to loom, these physicians faced a dilemma. On the one hand, the statistics were growing more ominous month by month. On the other hand, the constant recommendation of the N.H.F. and its medical advisers—presumably the experts—was to continue to infuse concentrates. Unsure how to balance the risks against the benefits, unable to imagine an alternative treatment—returning to the pre-concentrate era seemed unthinkable for many—the overwhelming majority of treating physicians continued to do what they had always been doing: they regularly infused clotting concentrate into their patients' veins.

Today, the pharmaceutical companies argue that the nature of the products used in treatment in 1982 and 1983 is largely irrelevant; the majority of hemophiliac victims, they say, probably were infected before 1983, when the virus was isolated, or even before 1982, when AIDS first appeared in hemophiliacs. (From 1979 to 1981, Cutter collected plasma from prisons and poured it into pools used to manufacture clotting concentrates. It discontinued this practice in December, 1982.) Today, most hemophiliacs have no way of pinpointing when they were infected, but this does not deflect their anger. Universally, the hemophilia community condemns the fact that, without having complete information, it was urged to continue using concentrates even after hemophiliacs had begun to die of AIDS.

Hemophiliacs feel most bitter toward those doctors who not only continued to urge the use of clotting concentrates but years later, when hemophiliacs were dead or dying, took the witness stand in one trial after another to testify on behalf of the pharmaceutical companies. Sitting in DePrince's dining room, I asked for the names of these physicians. Without speaking, she handed me a single-page document prepared by a hemophiliac who later died of AIDS. It listed the names of twelve hematologists who, it said, had either served or been listed as expert witnesses to testify against hemophiliacs on behalf of the drug companies. I read the names of four of the hematologists on whom my son had relied through his childhood and youth.

I telephoned a physician on the list for whom I had great respect—a pediatric hematologist who had often stayed long after clinic hours to attend to my son. This doctor had encouraged patients to use the clotting factor. "Everybody was doing what they considered to be best at that time," the doctor told me. "And the manufacturers, not recognizing that there was another virus that was potentially lethal, didn't, I'm sure, go to the extremes that would have been necessary at the time. . . . If you look at it from Elaine's point of view or from your point of view, what the manufacturers did was probably not good. But think about it from the manufacturers' point of view—I mean, they have shareholders that they are responsible to." It is unlikely that this last consideration would carry much weight with Elaine DePrince.

EVEN if DePrince can't put people behind bars, she wants somebody to help pay for what happened to her sons and to almost ten thousand other victims. "Over the years, the Big Four drug companies have steadfastly maintained that they were not at fault and that they had no intention of providing compensation to hemophiliac victims," she says. Eventually, as a result, several hundred hemophiliacs in a number of states began to sue the pharmaceutical companies. At first, they had little success. One set of obstacles to hemophilia lawsuits was a series of blood-shield laws that had been passed decades earlier in forty-seven states—laws that protected blood products from strict product liability. "Automobiles, clothing, toys, toothpaste, deodorant—all are subject to strict product liability," DePrince says bitterly. "You don't have to prove negligence; you just have to prove harm. Yet blood dripped into a patient's vein is exempt." To make things even more difficult, most states do not permit a potential plaintiff to file suit for damages more than a few years after an injury was incurred. In the case of most hemophiliacs, this limitation is absurd: by the time they knew that they were ill and knew why and could find an attorney and initiate a lawsuit, it was usually too late.

Though an earlier attempt at mounting a federal class-action suit was derailed by an appellate court, in 1996 a settlement offer was made by the four manufacturers who had been defendants. Stipulating that they "do not admit liability," they proposed a nationwide settlement that would pay a hundred thousand dollars to every hemophiliac who had been infected with H.I.V. or, if the hemophiliac was dead, to his beneficiaries. The settlement would be overseen by Judge John F. Grady, of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

The offer presented hemophiliacs and their families with a choice. If they took the hundred thousand dollars, they were waiving their right to sue individually. If they did not accept that offer and continued their own lawsuits, they could lose and wind up with nothing. Ultimately, more than sixty-two hundred hemophiliacs chose to accept the offer. Five hundred and fifty other hemophiliacs opted not to participate in the settlement. Choices depended on personal factors, such as age and current state of health. One woman said, "My son is dying. He's seventeen years old. All I want is enough money to buy him a new car. That's all I need to bring a little happiness into his life. I'll agree to a hundred-thousand-dollar class-action settlement." A man whom DePrince spoke to in Texas told her, "You know, out here a hundred thousand dollars goes a long way." DePrince explains, "Generally, parents who have lost children are more likely to continue to fight by filing individual lawsuits. They are angry and bitter. The death of a child means that part of their future is lost. Surviving spouses—widows, primarily—often want closure. But each case is individual." My own son, Bob, whose H.I.V. has not progressed but who has lived for thirteen years under the sword of the disease, chose not to sue.

On May 6, 1997, Judge Grady conducted the final hearing on the settlement. The high-ceilinged, wood-panelled federal courtroom in downtown Chicago was crowded with almost two hundred people. There were plaintiffs' lawyers and defendants' lawyers; hemophili-

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acs with AIDS; spouses and parents of victims who had died; a National Hemophilia Foundation lawyer; and physicians ready to testify to what had been done right and what had been done wrong. Every seat was occupied, including the jury box. I sat with Elaine and Charles DePrince.

Judge Grady, a gray-haired, quiet-spoken man, used the six-hour hearing both as an inquiry to educate himself further and as a forum for a final airing of legal arguments and personal anguish. "If I could wave a magic wand to make it two hundred thousand dollars, that would be one thing, but I can't," he said finally. "I have no magic wand here. It is either up or down. I either approve it or I don't, as is." He approved it. The settlement terms thereby took on the authority of a court order. This summer, barring an appeal, more than six thousand hemophiliacs or their families will receive a hundred thousand dollars apiece. Elaine DePrince will not receive a penny. She and her husband have decided to take the story of what happened to their three sons before a jury.

American hemophiliacs also hope that someday the United States will pay them compensation, not as an act of charity but as restitution, because they became infected using an F.D.A.-approved product. Already, governments around the world compensate those infected by clotting factor. In addition, other countries have placed makers and distributors of contaminated clotting factor in prison. In Japan, more than eighteen hundred hemophiliacs contracted H.I.V., many after being given Japanese-manufactured clotting-factor concentrates, which were not virally inactivated until long after American-made concentrates were. That medical crisis became a political scandal. Among the fallout, the former president of Green Cross, Renzo Matsushita—the man who forced Dr. Thomas Drees to resign, in 1983—has pleaded guilty to negligence.

One repercussion has been a court-recommended settlement under which each of Japan's H.I.V.-infected hemophiliacs received about four hundred and thirty thousand dollars; about half of this came from the drug companies and half from the Japanese government. In addition, every H.I.V.-infected hemophiliac who develops AIDS will receive fourteen hundred dollars a month for life.

Perhaps even more remarkable, the Japanese government and the makers and distributors of clotting-factor concentrate in Japan confessed a sense of shame. Prime Minister Ryutaro Hashimoto apologized in Parliament to H.I.V.-infected hemophiliacs. The president of Baxter Ltd., Bob Hurley, announced, "We cannot express in words how deeply we have reflected on what we did." Executives of Green Cross went further. Kneeling on the floor of their headquarters office in the presence of hemophiliacs, their families, and their survivors, the executives bowed their heads to the floor and begged forgiveness.

WHILE Elaine DePrince was writing her book, she continued to work in public on issues affecting hemophiliacs, including a successful effort by the Hemophilia Association of New Jersey to extend the state's statute of limitations as it applied to H.I.V.-positive hemophiliacs. But she believes that her activism came fully to the attention of the pharmaceutical companies back in January of 1996, when the executive director of the New Jersey Hemophilia Association gave a deposition to attorneys for the pharmaceutical companies. In the course of it, she mentioned that Elaine DePrince was the source for many of her documents and that DePrince was using those documents to write a book. Within a month, DePrince recounts, her husband found himself in trouble with his employers, who complained about his performance and subsequently fired him—despite his having served twenty years with an excellent record. Charles DePrince was operations manager for a company that produced starch binders for pharmaceutical pills; Bayer was among its largest customers.

The pharmaceutical companies were clearly responsible for what happened next to Elaine DePrince. On March 4, 1996, a Bayer subsidiary requested that she produce the manuscript of her book, and it was joined the following month by Alpha and Baxter. The drug manufacturers, as defendants in her suit for the wrongful death of Cubby and Mike and the illness of Teddy, argued that this was part of their pretrial discovery process. "It was transparent," DePrince scoffs. "They haven't even taken my deposition yet. The first five cases to be heard in New Jersey have already been chosen; mine isn't one of them. The first of those cases won't go to court until late in 1997, and my children's cases probably won't see the inside of a courtroom until 1998 or 1999." DePrince wrote to Judge Douglas Wolfson that she feared that the drug companies' real purpose was to violate her freedom of speech "by reading my manuscript, discovering things they didn't like, getting an injunction, and preventing the book from being published." Ordered to produce the manuscript by March 21, 1997, DePrince remained adamant. "The book will be published in July," she told me and, in a nicer way, the Judge. "They can buy it then." On April 21st, Judge Wolfson told the defendants they'd have to wait until late July.

THE DePrinces and I went for a walk. Across the street, Elaine DePrince showed me the house of a neighbor who had refused to permit his son to play with Cubby. When Cubby asked the reason, the child had returned to his house to question his father. Soon the little boy had returned and said, "My daddy said you can't play with me because he hates your guts."

Toward the end of the afternoon, Teddy came home from school. Having read much in DePrince's book about Cubby and Mike and less about Teddy, I was unprepared for his charisma. A sixteen-year-old high-school junior, he was a handsome young man with black curly hair, a bright smile, and intelligent eyes, and he lit up the room. When he left for another part of the house, Elaine told me how happy she was with his school district. "They have educated the families and the children so that Teddy is accepted as a boy with a health problem, not treated as a pariah," she said. "He has lots of friends, boys and girls. If I let him, he'd be out every weekend night and all the afternoons, too."

That night Teddy had been invited to the freshman dance. He came into the dining room so that his mother could approve the sweater he was wearing and his father could help him tie his necktie. When he left, I congratulated his parents. Elaine DePrince said, "Yes, he looks wonderful. But his T-cell count is coming down and his viral load is shooting up. Two of the three anti-AIDS drugs he's been taking are not working. We hope something new comes along before it is too late." ♦

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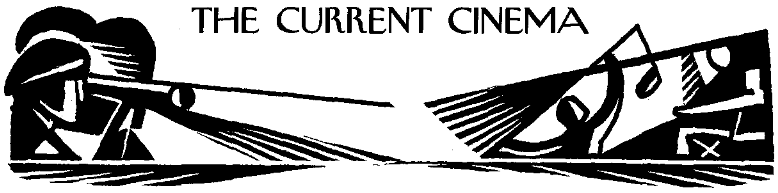
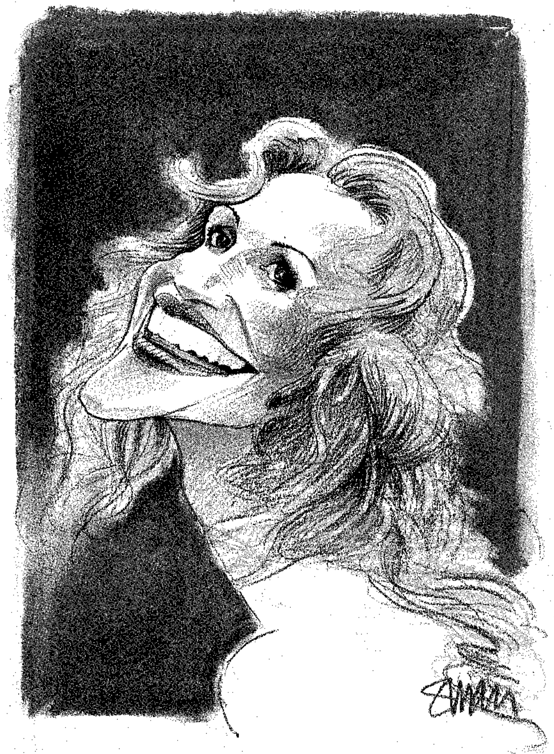


CELESTIAL NAVIGATION

Julia Roberts in "My Best Friend's Wedding," and Peter Fonda in "Ulee's Gold."

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

IN P. J. Hogan's "My Best Friend's Wedding," Julia Roberts looks gorgeous and, for long stretches, almost happy; for the first time in quite a while, she doesn't seem to *mind* being a star. She doesn't try to deglamorize herself by playing a glum, timid character (as in "Mary Reilly") or to muffle her unique appeal by pretending to be merely a conscientious repertory actor in a large ensemble (as in "Ready to Wear," "Michael Collins," and "Everyone Says I Love You"). Roberts can't be faulted for taking on roles that deviate from the audience's expectations, or even ones that deliberately frustrate its desire to see her always as the ebulliently sexy Cinderella of "Pretty Woman." That movie, after all, came out seven years ago, when she was only twenty-two, and between then and now the pressure of screen goddesshood has obviously taken its toll: she may never fully recover the sweetness she radiated then, or altogether lose the wary, slightly melancholy aura she has since developed. And the movie audience does make peculiar and unreasonable demands on those whom it designates as stars: it wants them to stay the same from picture to picture until it's tired of them. Or until the performer lucks into a role that uses her singularities in a new and unexpectedly satisfying way—that allows her to reinvent herself without wholly negating herself. This is a tricky proposition, and trickier still for actors who, like Roberts, are not just stars but sex symbols. Although the audience's spirit is willing to accept a star's transformation, the flesh is weak; as far as the moviegoing public is concerned, Julia Roberts can change all she wants to as long as she consents to be an object of desire.


Grin and bear it: Julia Roberts unleashes her star power.

What's fascinating about "My Best Friend's Wedding" is that the story—an original screenplay by Ronald Bass—requires Roberts to turn on all her charm and then declines to reward her for her efforts. She gives a big, dazzling star performance in a movie that ultimately punishes her for the extraordinary force of her personality (and implicitly chastises us, too, for succumbing to it). In the picture's opening scenes, Roberts' character, a food critic named Julianne Potter, learns that her former lover and current best friend, Michael (Dermot Mulroney), is engaged to be married. Julianne, to her surprise, realizes that she's in love with him, and resolves to sabotage the nuptials by any means necessary. She flies to Chicago, where the ceremony is to take place, a few days early, obviously confident that Michael can be recaptured with no more than a swift, surgical strike on his affections; initially, she seems to believe that all she has to do is show up and he'll surrender. Her self-assurance is shaken slightly by her first meeting with Michael's intended, Kimmy (Cameron Diaz), who is blond, beautiful, good-humored, not stupid, and, worst of all, genuinely and unself-consciously nice. This is a classic screwball-comedy situation, most reminiscent, perhaps, of "His Girl Friday"—Howard Hawks's 1940 version of "The Front Page"—in which Cary Grant snatched Rosalind Russell from the jaws of marriage to Ralph Bellamy. Cameron Diaz, however, is no Ralph Bellamy, and the audience immediately recognizes this as a good thing. Because the contest isn't the walkover that Julianne assumed it would be, she's going to have to use everything she's got—unleash her entire arsenal of seduction.

That, of course, is exactly what everyone in the theatre wants to see Julia Roberts do, and in the first half of "My Best Friend's Wedding" she cranks herself up for maximum irresistibility, flirting shamelessly both with Michael and with the audience. The picture's central joke is that we're much more easily won over than the hero is. Julianne, looking for an opening to deliver the knockout blow to Kimmy, finds herself losing round after round to her apparently overmatched rival. Everything she tries backfires: amusingly at first, because we understand that the hero and the heroine have to take at least ninety minutes to get together, and because Julianne's puzzlement and frustration actually make her more attractive. (We like to see a little insecurity in beautiful people; when they're too sure of themselves, we start resenting their power over us.) In these early scenes, Roberts alternates hilariously high spirits, as Julianne cooks up underhanded schemes to awaken her beloved's "true" feelings for her, with the absurdly low spirits that follow every small defeat. The manic-depressive rhythm of her performance disarmingly funny.

Up to a point. For the first hour or so, cture seems to derive all its energy oberts' enthusiastic, sexy clown- dialogue isn't particularly deft ious screenwriting credits in- Man," "Waiting to Exhale," and "Dangerous Minds"), and Hogan's direction is often annoyingly perky (as it was in his only other feature, "Muriel's Wedding"). But Roberts' star presence keeps this shaky vehicle zipping along, until the filmmakers, perversely, yank her out of the driver's seat and force her to become a passenger on what proves to be a pretty pointless ride. As the heroine's desperation increases to the all's-fair-in-love-and-war level, the filmmakers contrive to spoil our enjoyment of her deviousness: one of her ploys turns ugly, and the picture stops dead to witness the spectacle of her remorse—which isn't at all the sort of spectacle that audiences for romantic comedies expect, or deserve. If Cary Grant's Walter Burns, in "His Girl Friday," had ever felt bad about his unscrupulous tactics, that movie's marvellous, intricately constructed fantasy would have fallen apart completely. This is not a moralistic, or even a conspicuously moral, genre: writers and directors who can't find delight in the low cunning that lovers resort to should leave romantic comedy alone. Like love itself, the form is all about personality and irrational, inarguable attractions: that's why it needs stars—people with the ability to sweep us off our feet, in defiance of our better judgment. In the second half of "My Best Friend's Wedding," better judgment, in all its anti-glory, asserts itself over the less defensible claims of Julia Roberts' outsized appeal, and dull good sense triumphs. What a letdown: you feel as if you'd been seduced and abandoned. It's hard to avoid the suspicion that the movie's ultimate subversion of "star quality" is precisely what attracted Roberts to this role—that the cautionary message at the end enables her to justify uncorking in the first hour all the charm and vivacity that she has kept bottled up in her recent performances. Maybe that's what it takes, these days, to get Julia Roberts to be Julia Roberts, even for only half a movie. And moviegoers might forgive this movie for its killjoy moralizing—might even feel, against their better judgment, that the pleasure is cheap at the price.

PETER FONDA, the star of Victor Nunez's "Ulee's Gold," was never a sweep-you-off-your-feet performer. In his signature role, as Captain America in "Easy Rider" (1969), he functioned more as an icon, a piece of statuary whose long, lean shape suggested at least some visual affinity between his character's outlaw-biker values and the all-American frontier spirit that his father, Henry, had so frequently embodied on the screen. His laconic appeal faded quickly, though, when the counterculture's moment passed; he always acted as if he were standing for something, and history just seemed to leave him standing where he was in 1969, like a monument in an increasingly deserted town square. In Ulee (short for Ulysses) Jackson, a widowed beekeeper living in the Florida panhandle, Fonda has, after all this time, a role that suits his rocklike demeanor perfectly and makes virtues of his expressive limitations. Ulee is a weary-looking loner: he's estranged from his son, who is in the state penitentiary; he's rather stern and remote with his two granddaughters, who live with him; and he interacts with his employees, his customers, and his neighbors only when he has to. The screenplay, by Nunez, is designed to draw the hero out of his emotional hibernation and get his blood running again. To that end, the movie introduces a couple of lowlife thugs—former cronies of the hero's son—who threaten Ulee and his family and thus force him into action.

This may sound like a thriller, but if you've seen any of Nunez's previous pictures—"Gal Young 'Un" (1979), "A Flash of Green" (1984), and "Ruby in Paradise" (1993)—you know not to expect nail-biting suspense. Nunez's pace, at its speediest, could be described as ruminative; at its slowest, his rhythm can seem the cinematic equivalent of one of Zeno's paradoxes—you feel as if it might actually be impossible to cover the distance between any two points. The movie is sluggish, but its sluggishness doesn't hurt Fonda's performance; for once, his very deliberate style seems appropriate. He looks at home in this lush, sun-dazed world, as if he were comforted by the realization that no one here is going to move any faster than he does. His stillness is surprisingly resonant: there's pain in it, and fear, and an awful kind of resignation. In "Ulee's Gold," Peter Fonda seems to be posing not for a monument but for a portrait. ♦

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MUSICAL EVENTS

RUSSIAN SOUL

The exotic grandeur of Sofia Gubaidulina.

BY ALEX ROSS

A GOOD argument can be made that the twentieth century is the Russian century in music. The long-standing German monopoly seemed to expire with the death of Richard Strauss, in 1949; Germany and Austria have produced some well-regarded names in the last few decades, but no one who can stand up against a monumental tradition. Russian composers, by contrast, have not been overshadowed by the past. Stravinsky became so regally renowned that Frank Sinatra once asked for his autograph. Shostakovich and Prokofiev appear more often than Schubert and Mendelssohn on orchestral programs (according to statistics compiled in recent years by the American Symphony Orchestra League). Alfred Schnittke and Sofia Gubaidulina have broken out of the "new music" ghetto to win the attention of a broader audience.

Why has music mattered more in Russia than in other places? A few anecdotal explanations suggest themselves. One is historical: composers were among the most gaudily celebrated Russians of the nineteenth century, and an obsessive culture of musicianship evolved in their wake. A second explanation might be called ethnic-geographical: music has thrived on the country's sprawling cultural incoherence, absorbing and stylizing a whole subcontinent of folk sources. A third explanation, the tricky one, is political. Composers mattered to a wide public because they were able to speak—or seemed to speak—thoughts about repressive regimes which were not allowed in print; audiences of the Soviet era scanned works of Shostakovich and Schnittke for ironies, tragedies, farces, and fake triumphs. (I say "seemed" because the concept of musical irony—music saying one thing and meaning another—presumes that we can agree on what music is saying in the first place. Usually, we cannot.)

The Russian sound dominates twentieth-century music, but it remains maddeningly difficult to define. A brilliant attempt is being made by the musicologist Richard Taruskin, who, following up his massive study of Stravinsky, has a new collection of essays, entitled "Defining Russia Musically." The book shows Russians struggling to reconcile or overcome the contradictions of identity: Tchaikovsky immersing himself in Viennese classicism, Stravinsky reaching for a primal folkish tone, Scriabin preaching abstract apocalypse and transcendence, Shostakovich caught in a gruellingly ambiguous relationship with Soviet ideology. Taruskin destroys romanticized conceptions of Russianness, yet still insists on the need for definitions, for perceptions of difference. In a discussion of Schnittke he talks about "heroic subjectivity": this suffices as shorthand for what the best living Rus-

FEDERICO BOTANA

sian composers offer. They are still unafraid of the grand, dark-syllabled phrase.

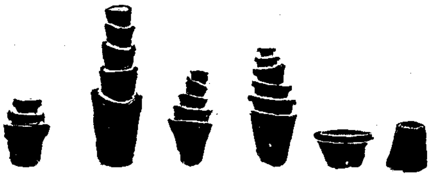
SOFIA GUBAIDULINA, a woman of contradictions, is a central voice in Russian music. She was born in 1931, in the Tatar Republic, the granddaughter of a mullah. Although her music rarely cites Tatar folk sources note for note, it seems to remember a world outside the European tradition. At the same time, she is a devout and outspoken Christian. Soviet cultural bureaucrats of the sixties and seventies did not approve of her religiosity; they also condemned her intermittent experimentalism. But Shostakovich encouraged her, issuing one of his typical gnomic utterances: "I want you to continue along your mistaken path." Like her contemporary Alfred Schnittke, she was neglected in Soviet concert halls and had to make a living as a film composer. She found an audience in Europe in the eighties and now makes her home outside Hamburg. Her Viola Concerto had its première at the Chicago Symphony in April; I attended its subsequent run at the Boston Symphony. It was the strongest new work I have heard this season.

Schnittke and Gubaidulina are often paired, but they are not alike. Where Schnittke reacts to a swirl of preëxisting styles, Gubaidulina isolates and reinvents the basic materials of music. She can take something as familiar as a major triad and send it spinning through all registers and tone colors until it becomes a new creature. When her players take moves from the avant-garde manual—cascades of overtones in the strings, raucous woodwind flutter-tonguing, tone-bending brass glissandos—the effects are controlled and developed until they become characters in a drama. As a painter in sound, this composer has learned not only from Webern's eerie pointillism but also from the bold, clean strokes of Britten.

She is, most of all, a genius of narrative, marshalling sounds in a free, vital, and unstoppable procession. Sometimes she operates in conditions of quiet: Webern-like wisps of timbre hover in all registers, arabesques curl through small groups of instruments. At the next moment, she may unleash a tumult of tam-tams, tubas, and electric guitars. Her structures often culminate in what she calls "transfigurations," moments of abrupt clarity. A now famous example is the chant for strings which enters toward the end of her "Offertorium," for violin and orchestra: it's like a holy icon at the end of a procession, and what sets it apart from the streamlined neo-medieval sound of Henryk Górecki and Arvo Pärt is the activity surrounding it. There are rustles and rumbles, like the flow of robes and the tread of feet.

Since the success of "Offertorium," in the eighties, Gubaidulina has been much in demand as a composer, with at least one big work arriving every year. Her music appears on dozens of recordings: two essential disks are "Offertorium," on DG, and the symphony "Stimmen . . . Verstummen," on Chandos. A couple of important recent pieces have yet to be recorded or performed locally; I've heard them with help from her American publisher, Schirmer. A cello concerto entitled "And: The Festivities at Their Height" has a Brucknerian fanfare at its center and a wild, high-pitched cadenza at its close. "Figures of Time" threatens to turn into a world-class cartoon score: in one sequence, a romantic melody that would have pleased Rachmaninoff is run over by battling bass guitars and roaring trombones. Gubaidulina seemed to be seeking ever-greater brightness and boldness—but the new Viola Concerto takes a darker tone.

The work is dedicated to the phenomenal violist Yuri Bashmet, who played it in Chicago and Boston and will bring it to the London Proms this summer. The soloist begins alone, testing all possible permutations of the note D. Strings steal in with a typical chantlike theme, somewhat fragmentary and forlorn. Flutes answer with a gently lapping four-note minor-key figure—an idea that has appeared in other Gubaidulina works and seems to have some undisclosed significance. A long developmental sequence begins with the pitch-black sound of a trio of Wagner tubas: they snake upward in register and gather a hoard of menace. A contrasting section dilates on the flutes' falling theme, now doubled by celesta (a combination that brings to mind Morton Feldman). Then the fury returns: a trudging figure in the double bass incites a full-orchestral stampede.



The last minutes of the concerto are riveting and unsettling. The orchestra lets its rave-up dissolve into eerie downward glissandos. The Wagner tubas slither back, making a move into the key of A-flat minor, distant from the original D by the diabolical interval of a tritone. The timpani play a beat distinctly reminiscent of Siegfried's Funeral Music, and the strings echo that rhythm in ghastly fashion, tapping out A-flat-minor chords with the woods of their bows. A last viola cadenza is spelled out in the score only with a seismographic scrawl; Bashmet, who led a Russian rock band before mastering the viola, somehow makes it sound like feedback on a guitar. (Despite such unconventional effects, the viola keeps a meditative distance from the orchestra throughout. This is not a concerto of conflict. To quote Eliot's "Four Quartets," which serve as the text for a Gubaidulina song cycle, the solo voice is the still point of the turning world.)

What could be the import, though, of those closing cries and whispers? Having just heard the "Ring" cycle at the Met, I wondered particularly about Wagnerian echoes—how A-flat minor in the "Ring" signifies rage, repression, and deception, how the tubas recall the sinister sound that follows Hagen, the arch-villain of "Götterdämmerung." I also heard—or thought I heard—coded references to Shostakovich, who quoted the same bit of Wagner in his Fifteenth Symphony, and of Schnittke, who wrote a haunting viola concerto for Bashmet in 1985, just before suffering a stroke that nearly killed him. Does this music say something about the fate of Soviet composers? Is it right to hear links with Gubaidulina's overpowering choral work "Now Always Snow," with its fantasia on the words "terrible Moscow night"? (That music must not be missed by anyone at or near the Tanglewood festival on August 10th.)

There are strict limits to this kind of interpretation. Gubaidulina, unlike Shostakovich and Schnittke, does not deal in satire and lament. She is an honest-to-God mystic, transmitting holy symbols through precise technique. The Viola Concerto even lacks a cryptic clue by way of a title, like "Figures of Time." Still, the music exerts great pressure of significance; meanings are felt, if not grasped. Spiritual exhilaration is followed by intellectual panic. The composer could have come from nowhere but Russia. ♦

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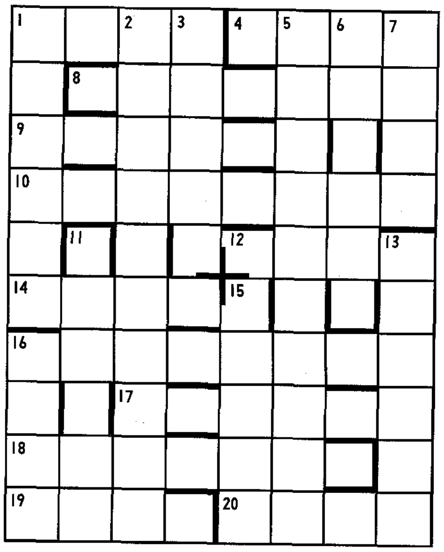

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4 Group of road workers made a morning call (4)
8 "A pathologist works here," doctors state (7)
9 Mark a black beetle (6)
10 O.K., fathers valued fur (8)
12 Claim Armstrong returned (4)
14 Bother removing two middle pieces from brain teaser (4)
16 Relishes travels without kids? (8)
17 Collects $1,000 plus tips (6)
18 Essentially, he invested in a pie (2,5)
19 Information a bit backward (4)
20 Liberal arts leader (4)

DOWN

1 California politicians brought up spooky character? (6)
2 Spelunker's tool hit hard in airplane trip (10)
3 Modern Persian well off, if in France (5)
5 Teacher drops TV antenna (6,4)
6 Assemble men holding a sign (6)
7 Reportedly contemplated walk through deep water (4)
11 Sleep in busiest airport (6)
13 Criminal snares former Egyptian leader (6)
15 In strike, laborers initially make foolish remarks (5)
16 Principal had consuming energy (4)

• •

This week's puzzle is by Fraser Simpson. The solution to the last puzzle appears in this issue's R.S.V.P. section. For a free copy of "The New Yorker's Guide to Solving Cryptic Crosswords," please send your fax number or a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Solvers' Guide," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

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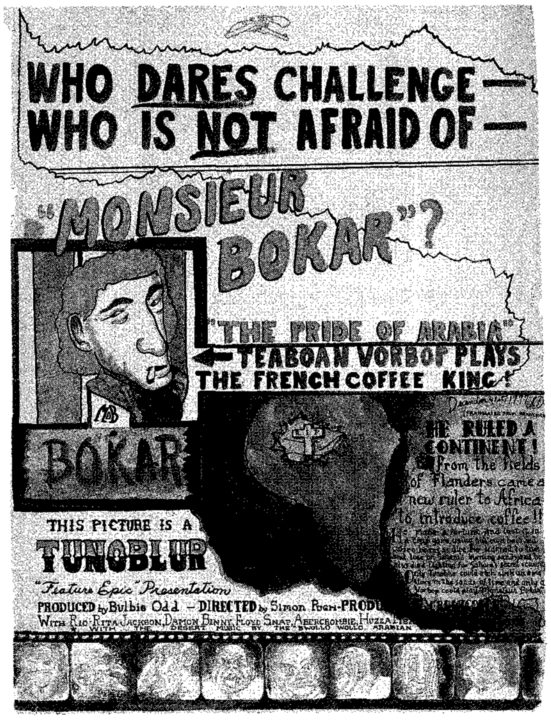
SHOUTS & MURMURS

CAVE PAINTINGS

BY BRUCE McCALL

A HOGARTHIAN mob claws at rotten food slithering down a chute into a cellar in a 1950 pencil drawing titled "The Garbage Eaters." In "Christmas at the Cabbagetown Orphanage," in ink line and watercolor, pig-faced wardens menace a queue of hangdog boy ragamuffins who think Santa's brought them gifts. He hasn't.

I was thirteen years old when I began compulsively rendering such tableaux noirs, and fragile. Our family of eight had just transplanted itself from a big old house in a small Ontario town to a five-room flat in the asphalt wastes of east-end Toronto. My parents' roaring early start in life had fizzled; bafflement hardened into bitterness. Dad turned increasingly angry, Mother increasingly drunk, and our close quarters inflamed their conspicuous distaste for kids and family life, which they seemed to regard as a kind of booby prize. I retreated to the ten-by-twelve-foot bedroom I shared with my two older brothers—there was just space enough for a two-decker bunk and a single bed, separated by a small bureau with a fold-down desk top—where I furiously drew and wrote, wrote and drew, for the next few years.


WHO DARES CHALLENGE—
WHO IS NOT AFRAID OF—
"MONSIEUR BOKAR"?
"THE PRIDE OF ARABIA"
←TEABOAN VORBOF PLAYS THE FRENCH COFFEE KING!
MB
BOKAR
HE RULED A CONTINENT!
From the fields of Flanders came a new ruler to Africa to introduce coffee!
THIS PICTURE IS A
TUNOBLUR
"Feature Epic" Presentation
PRODUCED by Bulbie Odd – DIRECTED by Simon Pugh-PRODU
With Rio Rita Jackson, Damon Binny, Floyd Snap, Abercrombie, Huzza
WITH THE DESERT MUSIC BY THE BWOLLO WOLLO ARABIAN

Pictures, stories, pamphlets, cartoons, comic strips, ads, sports columns—visions of urban misery flowed like sewage. It helped, somehow, to drag even the glamorous world of the movies down to my level, to which end I invented Tunoblur Studios, its stars, its features, and the advertising posters that extolled them. "Monsieur Bokar, the Pride of Arabia" probably plucked its protagonist from the same air then full of Chaplin's Monsieur Verdoux. (Bokar and Pride of Arabia were brands of coffee sold at A. & P. and Loblaws stores.) The copy fit into every leftover chink of space was half satire of Hollywood swashbucklers and half Dadaist orgy of nonsense phrases, crammed with even more nonsensical names—which for some reason induced transports of hilarity in me.

Sated at last with urban misery, I moved on to found a distant domain named Punerania, a torpid backwater, squalid, of course, but also strangely benign and even friendly, ruled by the ineffectual boob King Gus. It was as if I were giving my roiling psyche a breather, preparing myself for a return to the slums of Toronto and my Homeric epic—a comic strip starring a dwarfish street urchin with a doorknob head and a perpetual grin, Li'l Grubber. The strip quickly blossomed from pencil to ink line and on to full color in almost daily installments. I began to talk like him, in a froggy croak, and his saga brought tears to my eyes: up from despair and privation, to escape and prosperity, to—at last!—a dream of early-fifties bourgeois Toronto life as close to bliss as it was within my ability, or courage, to imagine. My final drawing depicts him in a banker's double-breasted suit and homburg, waving from the doorway of his mock-Tudor house, sun shining and a brand-new Nash Airflyte gleaming in the white-gravel drive.

Over the next forty years, I seldom looked back, and when I finally did I cringed. Those early-adolescent scribblings now seemed as shameful as a sheaf of dirty pictures. The fevered infatuation of that thirteen-year-old with garbage eaters, vermin, slums, and cretins seemed a kind of visual Tourette's syndrome. And mine had been so timid a drawing hand: thin, spiderwebby lines, as fearful of a bold stroke as of a broad vista; muddy color; the figures passive, static, spiritually crushed. I had been squeezing creative sustenance from roots so gnarled and toxic that later, when I began drawing and writing for eyes other than my own, I had to start all over again.

But, ultimately, so what? Those years of beavering away at that tiny desk top probably kept me sane. In that non-stop squalorama, indeed, a progression can be traced: initial struggle to overcome depression by ridiculing depression itself; experiments in feeling unafraid; and, finally, daring to embrace optimism. Neutralizing inner demons in the solvent of art became a habit that, with modifications, eventually shaped a career. "Nobody else does quite what you do," people say. Well, no bloody wonder. ♦

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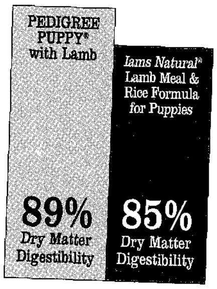

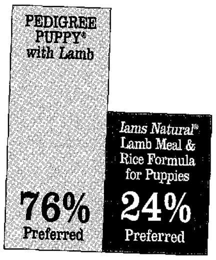

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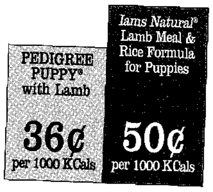

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